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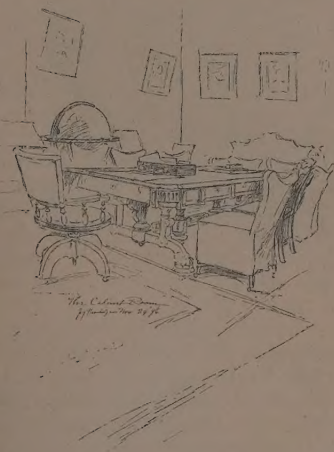
MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.



OUR FELLOW-CITIZEN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE OFFICIAL CARES OF A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

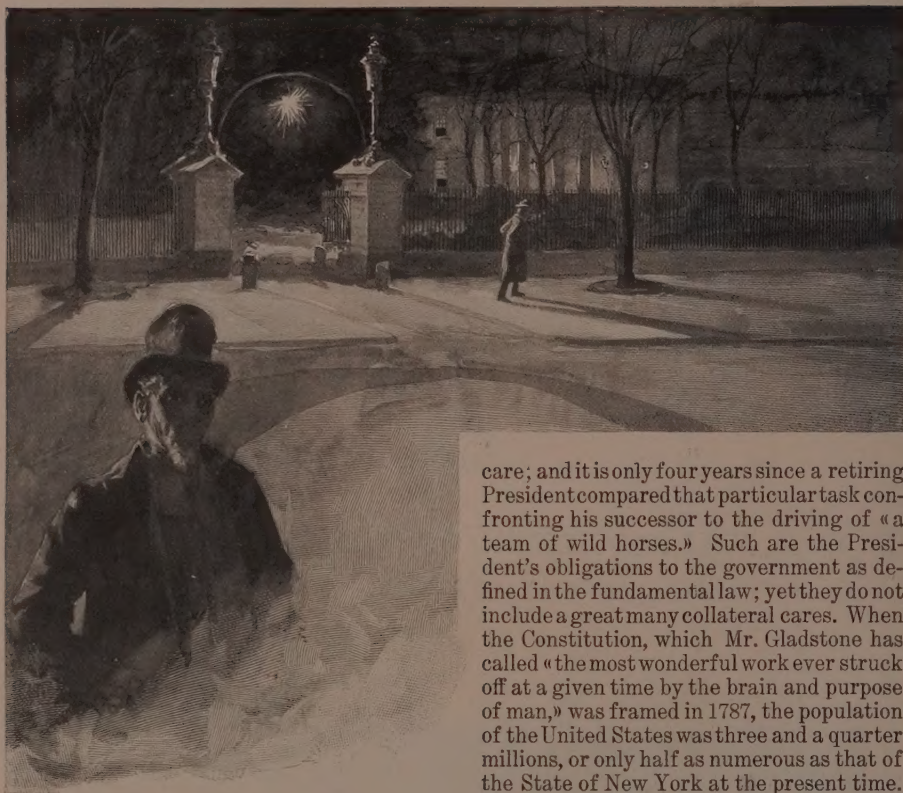


A PRESIDENT who should not carry into the White House a relish for drudgery, business habits of the nicest discrimination, and a constitution of iron, would be President only in name, even as regards his more important duties. His signature on the papers which he is told will not otherwise be legal might be as good as the custodian of his bank account would require, but within the meaning of the law it would be as often as not a moral forgery. Yet no complaint should be offered on this

account. Presidents are made for better or for worse. Such as they are in natural faculties and strength, so they must serve—some of them leaning on official advisers and bureaucratic clerks in every step they take; and some of them putting the stamp of their own individuality on the papers and acts which make up an administration.

When a President-elect, facing the Chief Justice, has repeated the Constitutional oath, «I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States,» he has indentured himself for four years of the heaviest servitude that ever fell to the lot of any mortal. By comparison the «hired man» talked about in the last canvass would lead a pampered existence, and a constitutional monarch is a man of leisure. A President equal to his oath is both king and premier; he reigns and he rules; he is bowed down by the crown of authority and is encompassed by the mantle of care.

A paragraph in the first article of the Constitution, and the section in the second article following the oath, define the meaning of a promise to «execute the office of President.» As commander-in-chief of the army and navy he is accountable to the people for the personnel and efficiency of both services; he is the supervisor of the acts of the members of



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBSIDGE.

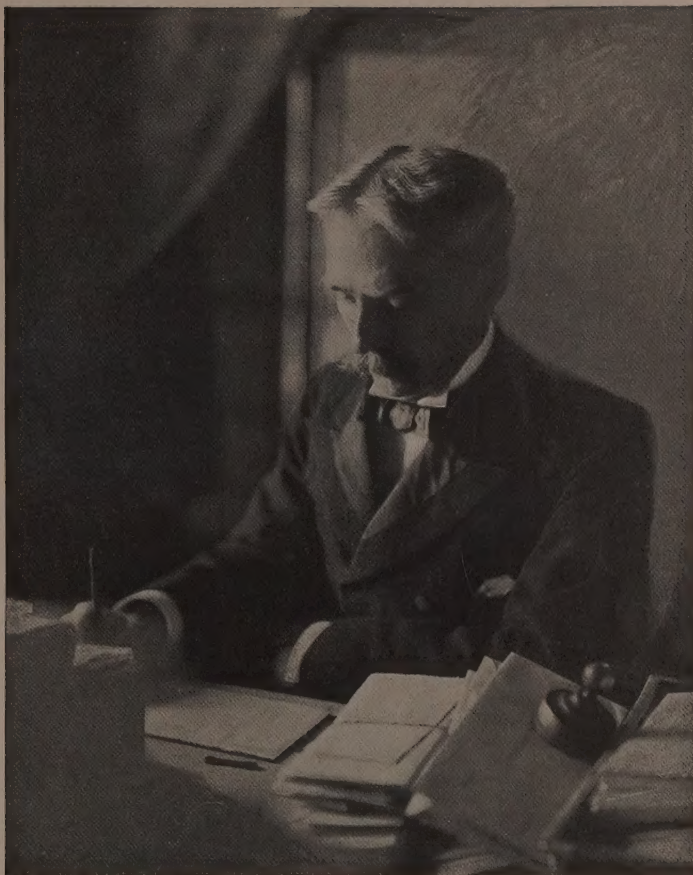
THE WHITE HOUSE AT NIGHT, FROM THE EAST
CARRIAGE ENTRANCE.

the cabinet, who are the heads of the executive departments; with him rests the power to grant reprieves and pardons; on him devolves the responsibility of our relations with all other nations; with few exceptions among the higher officers, and not including the minor clerks, who are responsible to the heads of departments, he must select men to fill all vacancies in the vast army of public officials, from a judge of the Supreme Court to a third-rate postmaster. Furthermore, after the selections have been made he must undergo the clerical drudgery of signing every nomination and commission; and finally, it is his duty to sit in judgment on all legislation, to impart information to the houses of Congress on the state of the Union, and to suggest measures necessary to the furtherance of the domestic and foreign policy of his administration. Even in Lincoln's time, with a powerful majority behind him, the legislative feature of the President's rule was a galling

care; and it is only four years since a retiring President compared that particular task confronting his successor to the driving of "a team of wild horses." Such are the President's obligations to the government as defined in the fundamental law; yet they do not include a great many collateral cares. When the Constitution, which Mr. Gladstone has called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," was framed in 1787, the population of the United States was three and a quarter millions, or only half as numerous as that of the State of New York at the present time. If it may be said that under the original instrument a President is still able to shepherd seventy million souls, it is also undeniable that a large distribution of his cares to responsible officers is inevitable and near at hand.

After a fellow-citizen has been, as it were, condemned to the herculean task, he looks about him for a man whose tact will serve for a private secretary, and whose capacity will master the crowd of the anteroom and the rushing stream of executive business. As a rule, the stress of the canvass has brought the right man to the right hand of the President-elect. This was true of Lincoln's secretary, Mr. Nicolay, who also conformed to a view which frequently commends a trained journalist to that office. General Horace Porter accompanied his war chief to the executive mansion as "military secretary," though General Grant once said jocosely, "I suppose in a railway company he would be called Assistant President"; Mr. Phillips had been private secretary to General Arthur as collector of the port of New York; while Daniel S. Lamont is an example of a jour-

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

PRIVATE SECRETARY THURBER AT HIS DESK.

nalist who has stood on every rung of the ladder of executive advisement. As chief clerk in the office of Secretary of State under John Bigelow during the administrations of Governors Tilden and Robinson, and as secretary of the Democratic State Committee of New York, he revealed tact and energy which marked him as the fittest man for private secretary to Governor Cleveland; and when the latter broke the spell which for a generation had barred Democratic candidates from the White House, his secretary accepted the same office with the higher responsibility. On the return of Mr. Cleveland to the White House in 1893, Mr. Lamont again became an official adviser as Secretary of War, the only other man who has passed from the laborious anteroom to executive functions being Lincoln's assistant private secretary, Colonel John Hay, who, after long diplomatic service abroad, was Assistant Secretary of State un-

der President Hayes. In view of the unusualness of Mr. Lamont's promotion from the inner circle of executive experience, it is worthy of note that army officers give him credit for being the only civilian secretary in their generation who has mastered the complex details of that department, instead of being largely a signature clerk to the heads of the different bureaus.

For his new private secretary President Cleveland went to his own profession, choosing Mr. Henry T. Thurber, a law partner of his former Postmaster-General, Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, who has filled this difficult position with most essential cheerfulness and courtesy. When it became known that Mr. Lamont would not return to his former position, it is said that a journalistic caller undertook to do Mr. Cleveland a service by way of suggestion.

"We are hoping," said the journalist, "that



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

HALL BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICES ON A BUSY DAY.

you will appoint a man who will be good to us newspaper men."

"I had a notion," replied the President-elect, "of appointing a man who would be good to me."

Cabinet-making is a more difficult matter. A private secretary, it is safe to assume, will adapt himself to the views and methods of his chief; but the official advisers of the cabinet, according to their political stature and idiosyncrasy, are liable to have policies of their own, or even ambitions, which will not exactly dovetail one with another around the council-table. Mr. Lincoln, with a wisdom suited to a peculiar emergency, gathered about him his political rivals, who were to some extent rivals among themselves; but in discomforting one another they very largely spared him, and their abilities were so extraordinary that the work he had in hand prospered in spite of family jars. The one who persisted in presidential aspirations, Mr. Chase, finally left the cabinet, and suffered the usual failure of aspirants for the chieftaincy by way of the cabinet door. Mr. Blaine's success in securing the nomination was no exception to the rule, for he left the cabinet a few months after the tragic succession of President Arthur, and by securing the nomination in 1884 effected the latter's humiliation. A different outcome to the indomitable secretary's candidacy of 1892 was partly due, no doubt, to his position in the cabinet and to President Harrison's determination that his official family should be loyal to him or wage open warfare on the outside. Blaine's resignation came late, but none the less it placed him in the position of a secessionist whose following was in a minority.

By contrast, President Cleveland's two cabinets have proved not only free from these ambitions, but also remarkably harmonious and single in purpose. Evidently they were chosen for work. Each of his cabinets has shown the coöperation of strong individualities with complete subordination to the official head. It is safe to say that more industrious cabinets, reflecting the disposition of the President, were never gathered around the council-table.

Even when political reasons do not shape the choice of a cabinet officer, a deference to the geography of the nation is always discernible. Aspirants are expected to be as mum and as coy as a maiden pining for a young man, and as a matter of fact they are not as persistent as those who aspire to the other offices; for tradition enforces upon a cabinet officer the attitude of conferring a

favor; still a President is not wholly deprived of suggestions from the friends of willing statesmen; nor are the go-betweens always on the side of the wooer; and it will be remembered that the celebrated conferences at Mentor were attended by circumstances suggestive of the negotiations of a matrimonial agency.

Still, the official family of a President-elect is seldom known with accuracy before the inaugural day. A variety of tactful reasons prescribe this, and determine also the purely formal intercourse between the outgoing and incoming Presidents. For one thing, it is felt that a dignified aloofness on the part of a successful adversary is only a proper deference to the zeal of his supporters in belittling the expiring administration; and where the latter belongs to the same political party reasons of a more personal nature are apt to prevail. But this attitude seldom interferes with an exchange of pleasant courtesies; for instance, in 1885 President Arthur invited Mr. Cleveland to dine with him the night before the inauguration, but in this case Mr. Cleveland had made arrangements which compelled him to decline. In 1889 General and Mrs. Harrison dined with the President and Mrs. Cleveland, alone, on the eve of the transfer of power; and when Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland returned to Washington to resume their life in the White House, the same courtesy was extended to them, and with the same privacy.

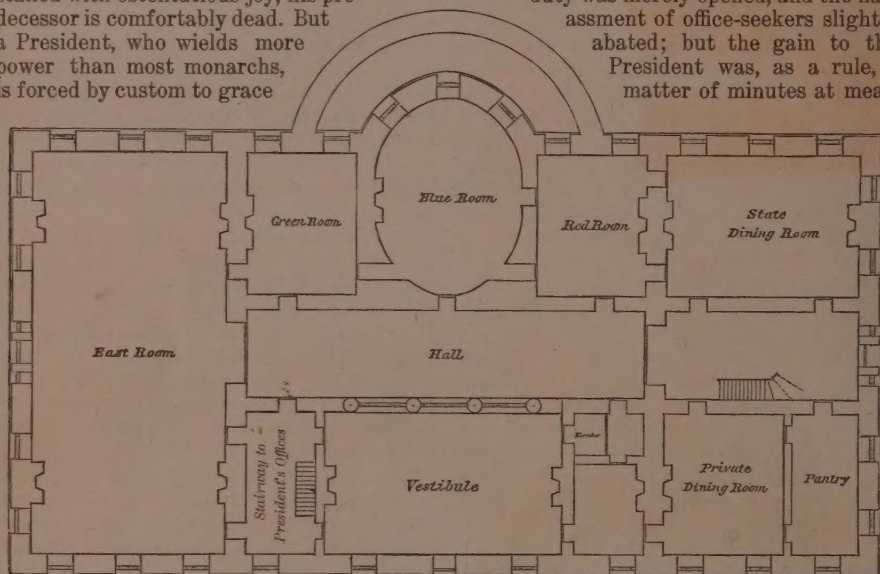
On March 3, 1889, at an hour privately arranged by the secretaries, and according to the established usage, General Harrison and his private secretary, Mr. Halford, drove to the White House, and were received by President Cleveland and Mr. Lamont in the Blue Room, reserved for diplomatic and official courtesies. While the chief magistrates conferred for a moment, the secretaries exchanged greetings at one side, and the interview was soon over. About an hour later Mr. Cleveland and his secretary returned the call at the hotel. Four years later these civilities were repeated exactly, with the exception that the order was reversed, and Mr. Cleveland was accompanied by Mr. Thurber, this being the only instance in our history where a retiring President has succeeded his successor.

With the shifting of such gigantic cares there is a peculiar poverty of helpful suggestion; affairs of state are avoided with graceful dexterity. In receiving Mr. Cleveland, President Arthur alluded jocosely to the daily ordeal in store for his successor, and said: "You will suffer most from two classes of

visitors: the man who desires to pay his respects, and the man who wants to catch a four-o'clock train." Mr. Arthur had the reputation of holding a firm check on fellow-citizens with such aspirations, believing as he did that the personal comfort of a President had something to do with the dignity of the office.

When a ruler of the old royal order is installed with ostentatious joy, his predecessor is comfortably dead. But a President, who wields more power than most monarchs, is forced by custom to grace

remind him that the United States expect every President to do his duty by the party which elected him. With a large experience of this sort of thing, extending over a longer series of years than ever before fell to the lot of an American executive, Mr. Cleveland began his second term with months of labor, broken each day in the small hours of the morning. By this effort the path of executive duty was merely opened, and the harassment of office-seekers slightly abated; but the gain to the President was, as a rule, a matter of minutes at meal-



his successor's triumph; unless, like John Adams, he chooses to be frank with whatever feelings of disgust he may have for the new situation, and bolts the ordeal. On the way from the White House to the Capitol he occupies the right-hand seat of honor, but when the procession is ready to return he takes the seat of retired greatness on the left, and breathes more freely. Soon after reaching the White House the ex-President bows himself out into private life.

After the fatigue of reviewing the vast procession that followed him «home,» and of leading the promenade at the inauguration ball, the President is left alone in his glory, the first manifestation of which is a stack of boxes reaching half-way to the ceiling, filled with applications for office. Now he is President indeed. Those preliminary boxes, nearly every caller, letters by the thousand, and large willow trunks full of papers delivered with regularity from the departments,

time, and a half-hour with his family after dinner, with a return to his desk between nine and ten in the forenoon, while the midnight toil continued.

This habit of working in the quiet of midnight is the secret of Mr. Cleveland's ability to understand for himself the nature of every paper which receives his signature. It is a habit which he acquired in Buffalo, where his living-rooms were over his law offices, his tendency to a sedentary life heightening the attractions of midnight oil for reading and work that required quiet. First as sheriff, and then as mayor, these hours were devoted to the studious part of the public business; when he reached the gubernatorial mansion the habit had become a second nature; and on taking the reins of national government it alone enabled him to discharge his duty in the light in which he sees it—as a personal and literal responsibility. Accordingly, President Cleveland has been so little seen in Washing-

GROUND PLAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

ton outside the White House for recreation or amusement, that in the minds of many credulous people his personality is shrouded in mystery. The mystery has attached even to the occasional outings for a little rest at shooting, the secrecy attending them being made necessary by the fact that little privacy is accorded him except by a dash through the pickets of the press for a government steamer and a disappearance into unsuspected waters; for if his coming were heralded, the object of the outing would be partly defeated by the well-meant attentions of the citizens of the neighborhood. In vacation time he enjoys the reputation of a devoted fisherman, whereas the daily package from the White House entails as much business, even at that season, as a man of ordinary strength would care to do in the active season. Providence and government never rest from their labors.

Within the White House there is no mystery except as to the copiousness of the work that is done. There is even little ceremony which would not be observed in an ordinary business house. The average citizen strolls up the imposing oval walk to the magnificent portico with the ease with which he would approach his own front door. His general view was indicated in the conversation of two young men approaching to examine the home surroundings of "our President."

"It's fine," said one.

"We pay for all this," said the other; "every time we smoke a cigar we help to keep it going."

The only restriction on these gentle masters is that the cigar may not be smoked within the doors; and in fact there are but few free-men who do not leave their internal-revenue tobacco at the gates.

No soldier walks his beat before the portal, as before all executive offices and palaces in other lands. Several years ago, a Spanish gentleman who was being conducted over the lower floor in the hour when visitors were shown the state apartments, inquired in the dining-room after the immediate whereabouts of the President, the fact of his being in the room where that great personage actually dined implying to his mind executive absence. When told that at that moment the President was in the room overhead, he exclaimed with surprise, "But where are the soldiers?" When told that there never were any about the White House in the capacity of guards, his ideas of propriety underwent a shock.

There have been no soldiers as guardians

under the shadow of the great Ionic columns since the war; and even then, on one fierce winter night, the boy in blue who was on guard was not allowed to maintain professional decorum. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and turning to him, said: "Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside, and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

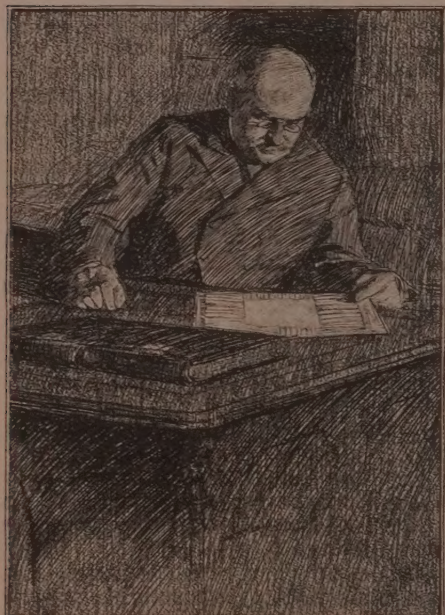
"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone; "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; "it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside."

At ten o'clock a hardly discernible sign against the glass of the barrier announces to the citizen who has arrived under the grand portal that the executive mansion is "open" to visitors; at two o'clock the sign is changed to "closed." The doorkeepers swing the doors open to everybody. Within the large vestibule nothing is seen which indicates the arrangement and purposes of the different parts of the mansion. It was not always so, for originally the now concealed corridor, or middle hall, with the staircase on the right was a part of the entrance-hall; now the spaces between the middle columns are closed with colored-glass partitions, and the vestibule is simply a large square room pleasant to get out of. No way appears to open to the state apartments in the center, or to the west wing, which is devoted to the private apartments; yet glass doors are there, though as imperceptible to the stranger as a swinging panel. To the left there is a door which is always open. It admits to a small hall across which a similar door is the side entrance to the great East Room. About this splendid room, comprising the whole east end of the mansion, the visitor may wander at will before the portraits, or enjoy from the windows the beauty of the Treasury building to the east or the impressive landscape to the south, including the tower-

ing shaft of the Washington monument, and, beyond, the ever-charming Potomac spreading with enlarging curves toward Mount Vernon; and in the private garden under



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBOIGE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY PRUDEN ARRANGING THE SEATING FOR A STATE DINNER.

the windows he may chance to see a merry band of little ones, two of them the President's older daughters, with a few playmates belonging to a kindergarten class.

From the small hall between the vestibule and the East Room a stairway ascends toward the medial line of the building to a wide middle hall, on each side of which are the offices of the President. The arrangement is simple, and in the floor-plan covers the space occupied below by the East Room and the Green Room, the latter being the counterpart of the small hall with the public stairway, just mentioned. At the head of these stairs, over the Green Room, is the Cabinet Room, which is the first apartment on the south side of the hall; a jog of two steps, at the private door into the President's room, marking the raised ceiling of the East Room below. The President reaches his office through the Cabinet Room, entering the latter from the library, which corresponds on the second floor with the Blue Room of the State apartments. President Arthur, indeed, used the library as

his office, and the cabinet chamber for an anteroom, while his private secretary was domiciled in the traditional office of the President. During his first term Mr. Cleveland preserved the same arrangement; but General Harrison went back to the office hallowed by Lincoln's occupancy, and Mr. Cleveland, on his return, found the arrangement so satisfactory that he continued it.

Beyond the President's large square office is the corner room where Private Secretary Thurber is always either wrestling with the details of executive business or standing with his shoulder braced against the crowd struggling to see the President. It is a narrow apartment, and might be called appropriately the «Hall of the Disappointed», the suggestion being emphasized by portraits of the greatest of presidential aspirants, Clay and Webster, to which Mr. Thurber has added, as his private property, an engraving of the closest contestant for the office, Governor Tilden.

On the north side of the hall there are two rooms which correspond to those on the south side just described, the small one being occupied by Mr. O. L. Pruden, the assistant secretary since General Grant's time, and the custodian of the office books as well as of the traditions which govern the public social routine of the executive mansion; in his room sits the telegraph clerk at his instrument, and by the window is a telephone, which saves a great amount of messenger service between the President and the departments. Occasionally a congressman, with less ceremony than discretion, attempts to get an appointment with the ear of the President over the telephone, and there is record of a stage earthquake produced in the private secretary's room by a furious congressman who found the telephone ineffective, and his Olympian style even less so.

The large room on the north side, corresponding to the President's office south of the hall, provides for the mail clerk and his assistants, and the stenographer and letter secretary; it is also a store-room for official papers and the office books, a new set of which is made ready by each private secretary for his successor.

In the hallway there are always several attendants, among them the colored messenger who was recommended to President Lincoln by Secretary Stanton.

On this historic floor the weary Lincoln buoyed desponding patriots with hearty hope and merry joke; here have been discussed and formulated the policies which have saved and

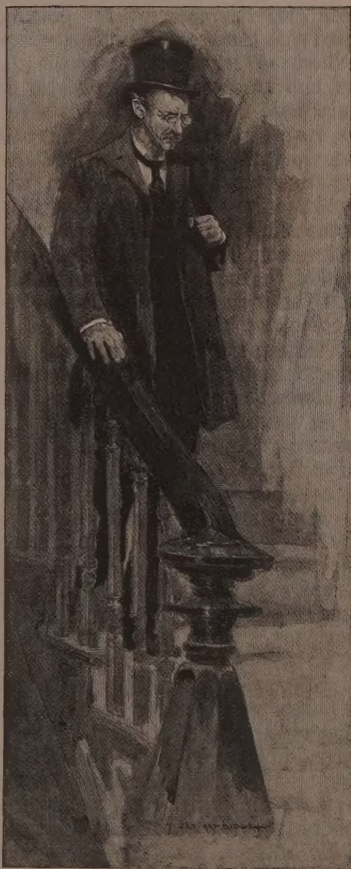
maintained the republic; here the strong men of the country have chafed at the barriers to the source of appointments; and here the queue of office-seekers, stretching from the private secretary's door, has drawn its weary length, most of them departing with a hollow straw of hope, and some of them, after many calls, taking the stairs with the lingering step of despair.

More accommodation for the President is a necessity; but the White House, from the point of view of beauty and tradition, is one of the relics of our past which belong unimpaired to posterity. The perfect inadequacy of the executive offices to the present demands is apparent at a glance; nor is the lack of room less obvious at the social functions which custom as well as reasons of state impose upon the President.

At every large public reception in the White House the guests are taken in with a limited amount of style; but their departure is virtually over a stile, since the halls could not be cleared if the guests were not passed out by steps to a window-sill from which a bridge spans the basement area. These receptions and dinners occur much in the order of the winter fêtes of 1895-96, which were ushered in with the President's usual drag-net levee on New Year's day, beginning at an early hour with the cabinet, the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, the army and navy, Congress, heads of departments, etc., according to cast-iron rules of precedence, and finishing with the unofficial citizen.

As it happened in 1896, the cabinet dinner occurred the day after New Year's; and on January 9 the diplomatic reception, from 9 to 11 P. M., which is looked upon as the brilliant function of the year. About three thousand invitations are issued, which go to every person of some degree of responsibility in the government services and in the departments, and to the social friends of "The President and Mrs. Cleveland," as the invitation reads. This is the reception for which every new aspirant to social position hungers and thirsts, since it is felt to be so inclusive as to leave the stamp of negative gravity on anybody of social pretensions who has been overlooked. But the number of invitations indicates sufficiently the perfunctory character of the entertainment. The members of the cabinet and their wives assemble in the private apartments on the second floor. At nine o'clock, when the Marine Band begins to play, they march down the west staircase, the President and his wife at the head of the procession.

Passing from the corridor into the Blue Room, the President and his wife take position near the door leading from the Red Room, with the ladies of the cabinet at their right, the cabinet members themselves passing into the background. Meantime the diplomatic corps have assembled in the Red Room. As they are received by the President and his wife, they pass behind the line and join the cabinet. Then the members of the Supreme Court and other dignitaries are received, and afterward the invited guests in general pass in a steady stream from the anteroom by the group of honor, through the Green Room into the East Room, and crowd



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

A DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER.

the halls and corridors, emerging, often with a considerable sense of relief, through the aforesaid window.

On January 16, 1896, the diplomatic dinner

was given; January 18 Mrs. Cleveland gave a large private reception; January 23 occurred the reception to Congress and the Judiciary; January 30 the Supreme Court were dined; February 1 was the date of Mrs. Cleveland's public reception, from 3 to 5 P. M.; February 6 the usual evening reception was held in honor of the officers of the army and navy and marine corps; and on February 13, from 9 to 11 P. M., the so-called "public reception" crowded the White House and marked the close of the official social season.

Thereafter Mrs. Cleveland continued to receive friends and special visitors on Mondays at 5 P. M., her day "at home," which is made also the occasion for getting acquainted with the wives of diplomats recently accredited to Washington. According to etiquette, the ambassador or minister sends a formal note inquiring when his wife may pay her respects to the wife of the President; and the private secretary replies, in the third person, that Mrs. Cleveland will be happy to receive the lady at a given time.

For the official family dinner, so to speak, to which the members and ladies of the cabinet are invited, the state dining-room is still adequate. The ordinary table will seat thirty-six persons, and if widened at the ends with curved indented sides, fifty may be accommodated, though there will be no room between chairs for political or other animosities. As there are always officials who are wifeless or daughterless or for a time deprived of family companionship, a hostess of Mrs. Cleveland's tact and generosity will ask the necessary number of matrons and young ladies of her social acquaintance to complete the requisite couples and honor the serious gentlemen of state with their conversation. Yet this resource sometimes fails to balance the company, owing to eleventh-hour accidents.

At the Supreme Court dinner on January 30 thirty guests appeared, but the even number does not necessarily indicate that the grave and reverend signiors were all provided with partners; nor does it follow that the dignity of the Supreme Bench does not conceal a humor equal to every prandial situation. As a matter of fact, the judges always have partners, because, under the rules of precedence, they are first considered; and if a man goes in alone, it will be the Attorney-General or one of the chairmen of the Committees on the Judiciary.

An incident of one of President Arthur's dinners to the Supreme Court will illustrate

some of the perplexities of such a ceremonious occasion. The Attorney-General, then Mr. Brewster, was a gentleman of decided character and brilliancy, who in society looked upon converse with the ladies as quite indispensable to his happiness and dignity. On finding that the envelop bearing his name in the gentlemen's dressing-room inclosed a table-card which merely denoted his chair at the board, his sense of a profound emergency was aroused, and instead of joining the other guests he made straight for the dining-room, where his suspicion was confirmed by the plate-cards, which showed that he was to be sandwiched between two other lone adjuncts to judicial greatness. Then he spoke in accents, not of anger, but of calm commiseration, that some one should have made so unheard-of a mistake. It was courteously explained that, owing to the limited number of ladies, some of the gentlemen must necessarily go in alone. But this did not impress him as applying logically to himself. And when it became apparent that he was not carrying the situation by storm, he proceeded to try a state of siege by dropping into a chair by the door, and near the foot of the President's stairway. His plaintive reproach, "They have even taken my wife away from me!" reached the ears of the Chief Magistrate, who, alarmed by the controversy below, had come out into the upper hall.

President Arthur summoned the assistant secretary, and on learning that the trouble had been caused at the last moment through a redistribution of the guests by the private secretary, the President exclaimed, "This is an outrage on Attorney-General Brewster, and he would be justified in leaving the house."

But how could the fault be remedied? Only by a dash on the dressing-room, in the hope that some congressman who had been accorded a partner had not yet arrived! Fortunately, one card remained which allotted to General Logan the wife of a distinguished congressman.

"It won't do," sighed the President. "General Logan is one of the most sensitive men in the world."

But the strategy had to be tried; and so it happened that the card bearing the lady's name was handed to the gallant Attorney-General, who, wholly appeased, joined the company in the drawing-room and proceeded to claim his partner with the courtly elegance which always distinguished him; while General Logan, unaware of the deed, marshaled the odd guests, and helped to relieve

with his jollity the seclusion of his end of the table.

An incident of this kind cannot happen at a diplomatic dinner such as was given on January 16, 1896,—at least not among the foreign guests who have seen their names printed in the « diplomatic list » provided by the Department of State, in which their rank and the date of their presentation are indicated, the two facts which determine the precedence to which, if accurately followed, there can be no demur. At that dinner sixty-six guests were present. For the second time the table was set in the long main hall which separates the Red, Blue, and Green rooms from the vestibule. Though of course not designed for such a function, the decorative effect was fine.

The seating of the guests devolves upon the assistant secretary, who has invented a table-plan which serves for all such occasions. An oblong piece of pasteboard has many slits on the four sides near the edges; into these slits are thrust narrow cards on both sides of each of which has been written the name of a guest. At the diplomatic banquet the seating begins with the President, who sits in the middle of the north side of the table, with Lady Pauncefoot on his right, and Mrs. Cleveland, who sits opposite with the British ambassador at her right, since Sir Julian is at present, by priority of reception, at the head of the list of ambassadors. The other ladies and gentlemen are placed, according to precedence, alternately with reference to the President and to Mrs. Cleveland. The problem is so complicated as to be equal in the laying out to a game of solitaire; the four ambassadors are in a class apart from the ministers, and the absence of a chief relegates his representative to a less prominent place. If a mistake has been made with one of the cards, it may be moved, or by turning it over shifted to the other side. When the seating has been both proved and approved, table-cards for the gentlemen are prepared by writing in the center the name of the lady to be escorted, and checking off with a pencil the chair numbers printed on the edges of the small diagram of the table which is given to each guest; also, the name of each guest is written on a plate-card bearing a gilt eagle with stars, which is the crest of the United States and is used on the stationery connected with state ceremonies. Here and there a social difficulty appears, as when the Chinese minister and his wife, out of supporting distance of each other, convey by smiles and signs the good humor they

feel, and the quips and oddities they would be glad to exchange.

It was at the entertainment to the diplomatic corps that Mrs. Hayes inaugurated her anti-wine policy. The Presidential dinner to the Grand Duke Alexis had impressed her unpleasantly; so it was decided to blend the diplomatic reception with the diplomatic dinner, and to serve a collation lavish in elegance and quality, and abounding in every kind of liquid refreshment that was free from alcohol. As a consequence the party broke up with amazing punctuality, some of the diplomats reconvening at the State Department opposite, where the waggish Secretary of State had made provision against a chilly condition of our foreign relations.

The weekly routine of executive business is at its highest pitch during the two winter months of social activity. Congress is then in session, the diplomats are pressing whatever business they may have with the government, and the capital is full of visitors, promoters, and the higher order of birds of prey. A reading of the « Executive Mansion Rules » which adorn Mr. Thurber's mantel will give the impression, of themselves, that the President leads a methodical and social existence not unmixed with the joyful consciousness of bestowing the gifts of a great father on seventy millions of grateful children; but the facts do not give credit to this view.

What could be more indicative of leisure than the first rule, which says that « the cabinet will meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 o'clock A.M. »? As the eight gentlemen of the cabinet, each of whom has too much business on his mind for one man, have the entrée at any hour of any day or night, and actually avail themselves of it according to the gravity of their business, the two formal meetings of the cabinet each week are given up mainly to the discussion of questions of domestic policy and foreign relations. And as the cabinet hour approaches, as likely as not the chair by the President's desk will be occupied by some caller who is too important a personage for abrupt dismissal, and who may not dislike the sensation of seeing the cabinet officers, one by one, popping like impatient apparitions up the steps of the cabinet doorway, and receding with an air of « O Lord, how long! » Separate interviews with the members of the cabinet occur almost every day, and the difficult work, such as consultations over the papers involved in a fight for a post-office, usually takes place at night, when the President and the Postmaster-General

will be closeted for hours, with the cabinet table loaded with applications and flanked by willow trunks filled with relays of papers. This is labor, and not to be compared with the deliberations of the full cabinet, which may involve a burden of care, but are often relieved by amusing incidents.

«Mondays will be reserved by the President for the transaction of public business requir-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY'S DOORKEEPER.

ing his *uninterrupted* attention,» is the second rule; but the raid on the private secretary's office continues just the same, and persons will call who, in exceptional cases, do get into the big room if the President happens to be alone with his never-ended task.

The third paragraph lays down this rule: «The President will receive Senators and Representatives in Congress from ten to twelve o'clock on other days, except cabinet days, when he will receive them from ten to eleven o'clock.» And what a variety of human nature and irrelevancy that rule covers! As fast as they can be passed in and listened to, the merry round of importunity goes on. A local sarcasm, that a new congressman, impressed by the importance of his surroundings, spends his first day at the Capitol wondering how he ever got there, and the second day wondering still more how his colleagues

ever got there, is true enough as a key to the *raison d'être* of the «errand-boy» business of a congressman. With the eyes of his constituents upon him, the average congressman accepts as a blessing the chance of having «leave to print,» and of using the inalienable privilege of running errands to the departments and telling the President about the worthy men in his district who want, actually need, and in fact ought to have, berths in the ship of state. As the last or sixth paragraph of the rules is a gentle admonition to congressmen, it should be given here. It reads: «The President intends to devote the hours designated for the reception of Senators and Representatives *exclusively* to that purpose, and he requests their coöperation in avoiding encroachments upon the time set apart for their benefit.» And yet the impressive act of leading magnates of the cross-roads into the presence of their President goes merrily on.

Much gentleness is couched in the fourth rule: «Persons not Senators or Representatives *having business* with the President will be received from twelve to one o'clock every day except Mondays and cabinet days.» But in the working of the rule there is plenty of room for more oil, and for less sand, which the private secretary is constantly sprinkling on the cogs. It is his duty to learn if the line of callers really «*have business*» with the President, and in nine cases out of ten he discovers that they would like to have, but that a prior condition to that state is a siege of some one of the departments. He briefly interests himself in the case, points out the road to be followed, and tells them to come back when their ambition has been actually furthered as far as the President's threshold. These quixotic enterprises are frequently pitiful, and sometimes amusing; it follows, also, that oftentimes they are successful. Many a President who has dropped his fist on his desk with the vocal declaration that «if that man calls again I won't give him the place,» has been thwarted by the hypnotic influence of magnetic «cheek.»

But the majority of these visitors «having business» with the President wish merely to pay their respects. They are moved by a conscientious desire to do their duty as citizens who placed him in power. Some of them know the number of their vote in the small majority which secured him the electors of their State. «It's blanked strange I can't see *my* President,» roars some disgusted politician from the back districts, after several offered reasons for doing so have been parried. A few of this type yield grace-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

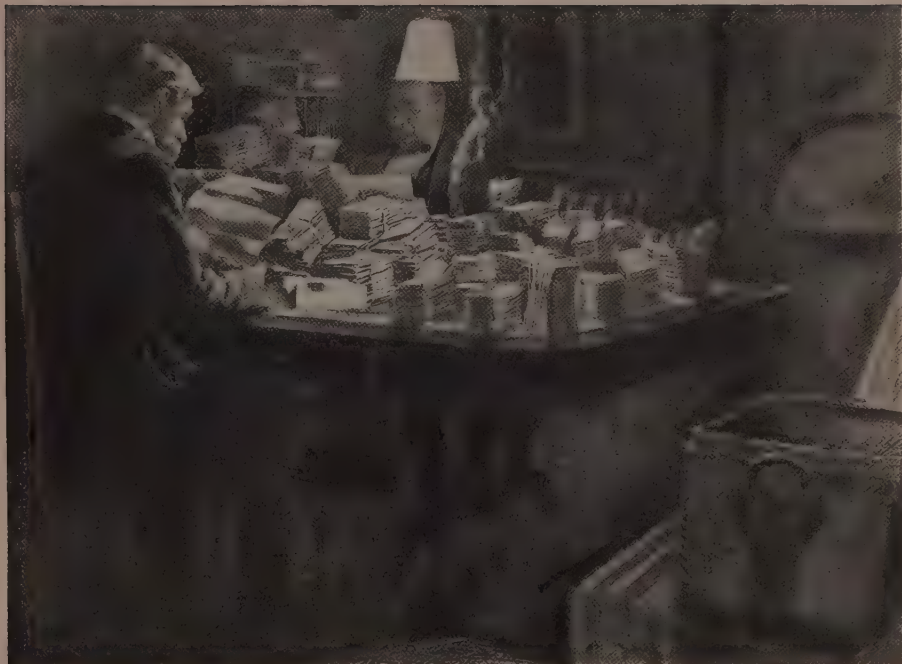
IN THE PRIVATE SECRETARY'S ROOM—WAITING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT.
VOL. LIII.—83.

fully, and retire with the remark, "Tell the President I called; I want him to know that I have n't forgotten him." Then there are delegations with "organized" claims on the President's courtesy, and estimable people who bear the same surname of whom he never heard; for at this hour "relatives" are visited upon a President back to the fourth and fifth generation. Most appealing of all are the people, some of them influential in the professions, who are in Washington on their wedding trip, and would like to grasp the President's hand—it would so please the bride to observe that the President remembered her husband. Then there are the large class who accept the ear of the private secretary as a substitute, and fill it with advice on the weightiest measures of state, including suggestions for the annual message, particularly when they are told that the bar is up because it is November, when the President has to devote much time to the constitutional duty of "informing" Congress. This work President Cleveland always does with his own hand, sometimes making several drafts. He also writes his own Thanksgiving proclamation, which most Presidents have had drafted by the Secretary of State. "Tell the President to use these suggestions freely," said one adviser on the message, adding, "I can't help it if people detect the ear-marks."

A great many visitors who ascend to the offices to pay their respects are referred to the fifth rule, which says: "Those having no business, but who desire merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 o'clock P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays." No part of his social duties, it is said, gives President Cleveland more pleasure than this public levee, which brings him in contact with visitors to Washington from all parts of the country and from abroad. A line forms about the East Room, the President emerges from the double doors of the main hall, and without ceremony extends his hand to the head of the line, which is soon moving so rapidly as to disconcert those who have primed themselves for a chat. Often the smile on the President's face will represent more than his kindness of feeling, for the effort of the visitor to be impressive (as in the case of the young lady who, in her self-consciousness, waltzed by) is often amusing. Recently an old lady in the line with something to say was struck dumb by the suddenness of her arrival before the President; but after she had been propelled past she recov-

ered herself, and, turning, condensed the expression of her solicitude over a delicate international complication by shouting back, "How 's Cubay?"

In the message season there is a marked increase in the President's mail, and, indeed, every important public question calls out hundreds of letters of advice from watchful patriots. Upward of a thousand letters a day arrive in the busy season, and two hundred or more are received in the duller times. During the first year of Mr. Cleveland's second administration the letters averaged over fifteen hundred a day. Eighty per cent. of them are referred by the clerks to the different cabinet officers, a type-written blank of acknowledgment being sent, for instance, to the applicant for office who has forwarded letters of recommendation. Polite type-written expressions of the President's inability to meet all the demands made upon his charity are mailed to the incredible number who feel that the President's salary is too large for the needs of his family. These appeals have often aggregated twenty thousand dollars in a day. Exaggerated rumors of what the President has done for some namesake always bring out letters reminding him that other namesakes, just as worthy and probably in greater need, have been overlooked; and there is a popular impression that triplets are rewarded by the government. The "baby compliment," so to speak, and the attendant correspondence, with which every President is honored, amount almost to a special department of the public business, and more than ever when there is a baby in the White House. This is carried on by persons who are actuated by one of the finest human sentiments, but who overlook the fact that the sentiment is too general to be safely indulged in toward a public officer who is constantly in the thoughts of seventy millions of people. Nor does the President escape being taken for a very capable errand-boy. It occurs to a great many veterans that if he would drop in on the pension officer and mention their claims, it would cost him little trouble and do them a great service. The friends of a public clerk who is in difficulty appeal without compunction for the President's personal interest in the case; and a public officer in another town once asked him to run into a bank in Washington just to say that it would be safe to renew a loan, since the President was aware that the officer's official sureties were good. Not a little humor percolates through the mass, as when an office-seeker wrote: "If,



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBLIDGE.

MIDNIGHT SESSION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND POSTMASTER-GENERAL WILSON WITH THE APPLICATIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS OF WOULD-BE POSTMASTERS.

after the poor and dependent relatives of Senator —— are satisfied, there is anything remaining to the quota of our State, I would like to be considered.» Occasionally letters are received from England and Ireland inquiring as to the whereabouts of persons who emigrated to this country years before. As a matter of necessity, the President sees only a small part of the letters addressed to him; but every letter of special interest and importance reaches the private secretary, and through him receives the President's attention. The merely complimentary letters are politely acknowledged, while, with the aid of Mr. Thurber and his own pen, the President each day accomplishes a large correspondence.

The executive record-books of each administration are also an index of the vast business which burdens the life of a President. One book is a register of all appointments made by the President; and as in making the appointments for the different departments Mr. Cleveland is not in the habit of depending on the briefs of the recommendations submitted in behalf of applicants, the task of selecting from among many the man best fitted for public service at home or abroad

may be imagined. Another book contains a record of recess appointments which must be renewed when the Senate reconvenes.

One book is devoted to laws approved or vetoed, and this discloses another field of labor which President Cleveland has broadened by applying for reports and opinions of the different departments as to the expediency of legislation submitted to him for approval, and when the time for his final action arrives by requiring that the reports of congressional committees on the bill shall be included with the papers for his private study. A book is set apart for the entry of congressional resolutions of inquiry, another for executive orders and proclamations, and still another for copies of the President's indorsements on the business of the several departments requiring his decision. A stick of fallen timber on a public acre or on an Indian reservation cannot be sold for the benefit of the treasury or for the relief of the wards of the nation without the President's approval of the contract. It is not long since it fell to the President to discover that the terms of such a contract implied a misapprehension of the law—a case of minor impor-

tance, perhaps, but indicative of the slips that may be made, despite the efforts of able and faithful officers, if a President discharges his duty without legal experience and in a perfunctory spirit.

A most impressive chapter of the record-book last mentioned is that relating to pardons. Prior to President Cleveland's first term it was the custom of Presidents to follow the recommendations of the Attorney-General, through whom applications for pardons and reprieves must come. In Lincoln's time a large part of the pardon business pertained to the army engaged in war, and the whole world knows how he gave it his personal attention, and how his great heart was wrung by the conflicts of mercy and duty. In President Arthur's time the pardon papers seldom, if ever, reached his table. The record of 295 cases from March 4, 1881, to March 4, 1885 (which includes a few months of President Garfield's service), does not show a single case considered by the President and "denied." According to usage, the clerks noted that the Attorney-General recommended the pardon, and affixed the executive order, "Let a pardon issue."

But when President Cleveland came into the White House he soon let it be known that he would assume a personal responsi-

bility for pardons. To him "the quality of mercy" enjoined by the Constitution was one of the most sacred trusts reposed in a President; and besides, as a governor who had dealt with pardons, he felt qualified to say to his advisers: "Some of you may know more than I do about certain lines of the public business; but if there is one thing I do understand, it is pardons."

Consequently the papers in every pardon case were sent to his desk, were exhaustively considered, the petition was granted in whole or in part, or denied, and his reasons were indorsed in his own hand on the folder.

The amount of labor which this revolution in method added to the burden of the President may be inferred from the fact that President Harrison, who followed the new custom, considered during his term 779 pardon cases (not including reprieves), 527 of which were granted in whole or in part, and 252 denied. His indorsements, sometimes extended, are often brief and pointed. On one case President Harrison wrote: "I will not act in these cases without the facts"; and a few days later, on another case: "Pardon denied. I request that the Attorney-General will in all cases hereafter insist that some statement of the facts, as developed upon the trial, shall be submitted by the judge or district attor-



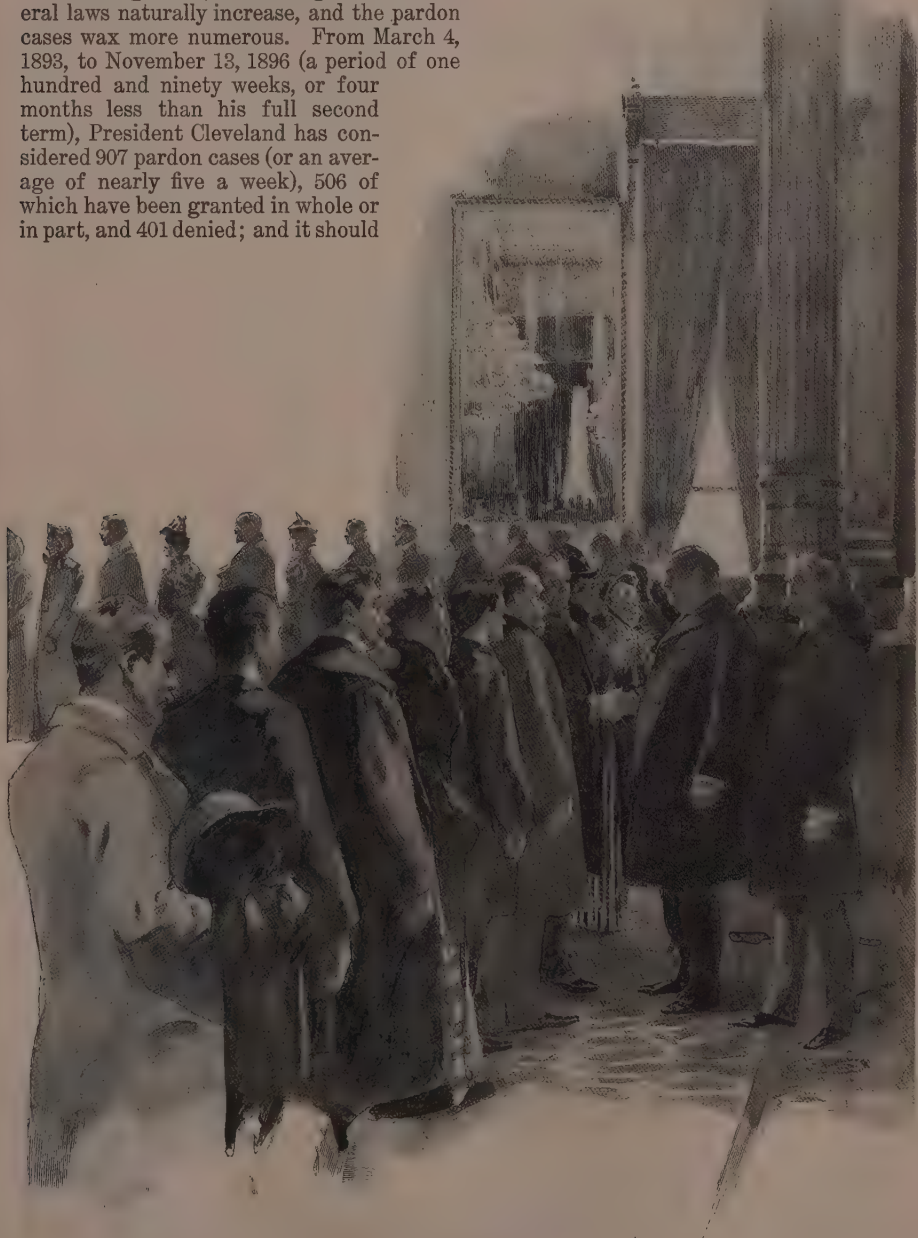
DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

IN LINE AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.--I.

ney.» Again he wrote: «I will not examine a petition for pardon while the petitioner is a fugitive from the process of the court.» These are indicative of the kind of papers which under the old usage slipped through in the name of «justice tempered with mercy.»

As time goes on, offenses against the federal laws naturally increase, and the pardon cases wax more numerous. From March 4, 1893, to November 13, 1896 (a period of one hundred and ninety weeks, or four months less than his full second term), President Cleveland has considered 907 pardon cases (or an average of nearly five a week), 506 of which have been granted in whole or in part, and 401 denied; and it should

be said that many cases of pardon, with all presidents, are merely slight commutations for the sake of relieving from political disability convicts who have behaved well in prison.



President Cleveland has said that "Sundays are a good time to consider pardons." The hours, amounting to many days, spent on them, and the general character of such cases, may be indicated by a few extracts from the public record-book. It may there be easily discovered that the President has a severe front for crimes against the mails, the pension laws, and public decency. In an Idaho case of violation of the registration laws he wrote:

The pardon of this convict is recommended by the judge who sentenced him and the district attorney who tried him. This being an offense against suffrage, and committed in a locality where public interests require a firm execution of the laws passed to protect the ballot, I cannot bring myself to do more than to commute the sentence as above stated.

In a noted case of embezzling he added to his other reasons:

I confess that, in addition to other considerations, I cannot miss the fact that the granting of a pardon in this case will bring comfort to a wife and daughter whose love and devotion have never flagged, and whose affection for a husband and father remains unshaken.

To an appeal relating to aiding and abetting the abstraction of funds from a national bank, he replied:

Denied. My sympathy is very much awakened for the family of this convict, but my ideas of public duty will not permit me to grant the pardon asked.

But reconsidering two years later, he wrote:

Granted. This convict is one of five persons convicted of conspiring together to criminally obtain the funds of a national bank. All the rest have been pardoned from time to time, except one, whose sentence was so commuted that it has expired. This prisoner's term of imprisonment began about six months before any of the others, and he has now been confined almost three years and six months. The social position of these convicts and the circumstances surrounding these cases, have led to earnest efforts for their relief. If there was any difference in the degree of their criminality, this one was certainly not more guilty than the others, and considerable evidence has been presented to me, which was not adduced on the trial, tending to show that the condition of the convict's mind was such at the time the offense was committed as to render it doubtful if he should be held to the strictest accountability. In view of all the circumstances of his case, I have, upon a reexamination, concluded that he should not remain imprisoned after his co-conspirators are discharged. I am also fully satisfied that the ends of justice have been answered by the punishment he has already suffered.

In the case of a Tennessee "moonshiner" he said:

Denied. Those who shoot at revenue officers when in the discharge of duty should be constantly taught that such offenses are serious. I do not agree with the district attorney that if those who are shot at are willing that the offender should be pardoned, their inclination should regulate the conduct of those charged with executing and upholding the law.

Two counterfeiters of Illinois, a man and wife, petitioned; and the President wrote this decision:

On the facts presented in this case, I am not clear that these convicts should be pardoned on the merits; but aside from any other consideration, I have determined to pardon the wife and mother on account of the child born to her in prison, and now less than three months old.

A Virginia case of selling liquor without a license called forth a laconic inquiry:

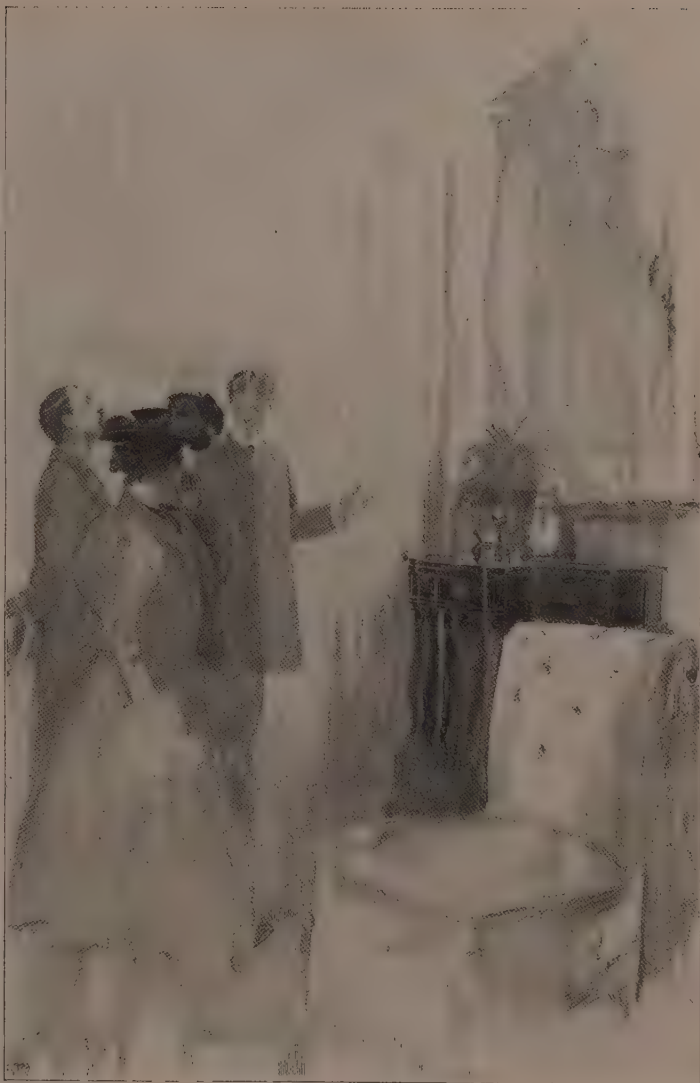
If the petitioner in this case went to jail, pursuant to his sentence, his term has already expired. If he did not go to jail, he seems to be doing pretty well without a pardon. Where has he been since sentence?

Another change in the business life of the White House concerns its relations to the public press. President Cleveland has not felt able to reciprocate the intimate attitude of the "new journalism," which in its first overtures outraged the rights of privacy in a manner never before heard of, and probably never since equaled. This was followed up by betrayals of official confidences of various kinds, and finally with efforts to force the administration into cordial intimacy by the method of concerted abuse until it should cry: "Enough! Take all we know, whether public interests will suffer by publication or not, and treat us with ordinary decency." Even this method failed. During his present term news of finished business has been given by Mr. Thurber to the two press associations, and intimations of probable events have been withheld from everybody. Little effort has been made to draw out public opinion in advance of official action by guarded revelations to journalists of ability and respectability: not because correspondents of that character no longer abound in Washington, but because such aims would be checkmated by the acts of newspapers which appear to take pride in the frustration of official purposes, and prefer sensationalism, to a judicious treatment of views and facts. The method of frustration is simple and effective. When

a crisis arises a guess is made at every imaginable contingency, and all the probable moves in the case are elaborated. Some one of the guesses will be sure to impinge on the facts. By the use of such phrases as «it is intimated at the White House» (which may mean no more than that one lobe of the correspondent's brain has made inquiry of another lobe, and obtained an answer suited to the purpose), the desired amount of deception is injected into the «news.» Journalism of the old order finds it difficult to compete with such «enterprise.» And so long as it pays, men who have the guise and education of gentlemen will no doubt be ordered to do disreputable things. The latter, as a rule, do the work grudgingly, and no one pities them more than the large body of able correspondents who indirectly are the chief sufferers from the new enormity.

While the public life of the White House is constantly open to the public view, President Cleveland has succeeded in preserving the sanctity of its home life in spite of efforts to invade it which until recently grew in recklessness in proportion as they proved to be futile. To the President, who spends twelve to fourteen hours a day in the east wing of the executive mansion, harassed by all sorts of importunities, and often worried

by the duty of deciding questions involving the happiness of thousands, or even the welfare of the nation, the overshadowing importance of the home life in the west wing may be dimly imagined by the private citizen who looks to his fireside for surcease of the ordinary cares of life. And there has been vastly more of the domestic character associated with the idea of an American home in the White House, under the gracious sway of Mrs. Cleveland, than would naturally be ascribed to an official residence. The laugh-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

VISITORS IN THE GREEN ROOM.



SCENE OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE DURING A DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION.

ter of romping children has rippled as merrily in the halls of the executive mansion as in any private home; and never has public sentiment been more unanimous than in regarding President Cleveland's domestic good fortune as also a public good fortune.

When cares of state have been most perplexing, President Cleveland has been known to say, in answer to inquiries concerning the welfare of his family: "There everything is well. If things should go wrong at that end of the house, I should feel like quitting the place for good."

President Cleveland has not followed the custom of going to Congress at least once a year. His messages to the legislative branch are delivered in person by Mr. Pruden, the assistant secretary, all executive papers for the departments being transmitted by the regular White House messenger, who may be seen in the mansion burdened with a heavy budget, or on horseback without, waiting for an urgent missive. Presidents have usually occupied the President's room at the Capitol on the last evening of a session; but except in emergencies President Cleveland has declined to betake himself to the Capitol, because he believes that his

duty to legislation cannot be properly fulfilled under such conditions of haste and personal pressure.

A President is the chief officer among 174,596 persons connected with what is called the executive civil service. This does not include the legislative and judicial branches, that bring the total up to 200,000. Nearly half of the executive service (80,407) are now classified under the merit system, outside of which there still remain 66,725 fourth-class postmasters, and 4315 Presidential places subject to the Senate's confirmation. It has been the privilege of President Cleveland to contribute more than his predecessors to the lightening of the President's burdens by reinforcing the merit classes through executive action. He is understood to be well pleased with the working of the system, though persuaded, by a tendency among the protected employees to combine for doubtful purposes, that some amendment of the law may be necessary. But that is one of the unsettled questions which on the 4th of March, with a meaning grasp that only an incoming Magistrate may understand, President Cleveland will hand over, with the good-will of the office, to President McKinley.

C. C. Buel.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "In War Time," "When all the Woods are Green," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XIII.



WAS to come home earlier, but in June I got letters from my father instructing me to await a vessel which would reach Jamaica in June, and sail thence to Madeira. There were careful instructions given as to purchase of wines, and the collection of delayed payments for staves, in the wine islands.

I did not like it, but I was young, and to travel had its charm, after all. Had there been no Darthea, I had been altogether pleased. As concerned the business, I could but smile. My father was using that pretext to keep me out of the mischief which was involving most young men of courage, and creating in them a desire to train as soldiers in the organisations which were everywhere forming. He was unwise enough to say that my cousin, from whom he had heard, sent his love, and was glad I was out of our disloyal and uneasy country.

There was no help for it, and thus it chanced that not until September did I see the red brick houses of my native city. Late news I had almost none, and I was become wild with desire to learn what the summer months had brought forth.

On the fifth day of September, 1774, at seven in the morning, I saw my Jack in a boat come out to meet me as we came to anchor in the Delaware. He looked brown and handsome, reddening with joy as he made me welcome. All were well, he said. I did not ask for Darthea.

My father was on the slip, and told me that business might wait until the evening. My aunt had not been well, and would see me at once. This really was all, and I might have been any one but his son for what there was in his mode of meeting me. I walked with Jack to my Aunt Gainor's, where he left me. I was pleased to see the dear lady at her breakfast, in a white gown with frills and a lace tucker, with a queen's nightcap

such as Lady Washington wore when I first saw her. Mistress Wynne looked a great figure in white, and fell on my neck and kissed me; and I must sit down, and here were coffee and hot girdle-cakes and blueberries, and what not. Did I like Jamaica? And had I fetched some fans? She must have her choice; and rum, she hoped, I had not forgot. How well I looked, and my eyes were bluer than ever! Was it the sea had got into them? and so on.

I asked about the Congress, and she was off in a moment. Mr. John Adams had been to see her, and that cat Bessy Ferguson had been rude to him. An ill-dressed man, but clear of head and very positive; and the members from Virginia she liked better. Mr. Peyton Randolph had called; and I would like Mr. Pendleton: he had most delightful manners. Mr. Livingston had been good enough to remember me, and had asked for me. He thought we must soon choose a general, and Mr. Washington had been talked of.

"Has it come to that?" said I.

"Yes; all the North is up, and Gage has more troops and is at work intrenching himself, he who was to settle us with three regiments. Mrs. Chew was here, and behaved like the lady she is. But they are all in a nice mess, Master Hugh, and know not what to do. I hate these moderates. Mr. Washington is a man as big as your father, and better builded. I like him, although he says little and did not so much as smile at Bessy Ferguson's nonsense. Darthea—you do not ask about Darthea. She is playing the mischief with Jack and her captain. She will not let me talk about him. He is in Boston with Mr. Gage, I hear. Why don't you tell me about yourself?"

"How could I, Aunt Gainor? Thou—" and I laughed.

Then she became grave. "You will have to declare yourself and take sides; and how can I counsel you to resist your father? You must think it over and talk to Mr. Wilson. He is of the Congress. Mr. Wetherill the

Meeting has a mind to bounce, and he takes it hard. Come back at eleven, and we will go to Chestnut street, where they meet, and see the gentlemen go into the Carpenters' Hall. I came to town on purpose. And now go; I must dress."

At half-past ten—my aunt very splendid—we drove down Second street and up Chestnut, where was a great crowd come to look on. Dr. Rush, seeing my aunt's chariot, got in at Second street, and, being one of the members, enabled us to get near to Carpenters' Alley, where at the far end, back from the street, is the old building in which the Congress was to be held. Jack met us here, and got up beside the coachman. I think none had a better view than we. Andrew Allen came to speak to us, and then Mr. Galloway, not yet scared by the extreme measures of which few as yet dreamed, and which by and by drove these and many other gentlemen into open declarations for the crown.

I saw James Pemberton looking on sadly, and near him other Friends with sour aspects. Here and there militia uniforms were seen amid the dull grays, the smocks of farmers and mechanics, and the sober suits of tradesmen, all come to see.

"The Rev. Dr. Duché passed us," says Jack, whom now I quote, "in a fine wig and black silk small-clothes. He was to make this day the famous prayer which so moved Mr. Adams." And later, I may add, he went over to the other side. "Soon others came. Some we knew not, but the great Dr. Rush pointed out such as were of his acquaintance.

"(There, he said, is Carter Braxton. He tells me he does not like the New England men—either their religion or their manners; and I like them both.) The doctor was cynical, I thought, but very interesting. I set down but little of what he said or I saw; for most of it I forget.

"(There is the great Virginia orator Mr. Patrick Henry,) said the doctor. He was in simple dress, and looked up at us curiously as he went by with Pendleton and Mr. Carroll. (He has a great estate—Mr. Carroll,) said the doctor. (I wonder he will risk it.) He was dressed in brown silk breeches, with a yellow figured waistcoat, and, like many of them, wore his sword. Benjamin Franklin was not yet come home from England, and some were late.

"Presently the doctor called, and a man in the military dress of the Virginia militia turned toward us. (Colonel Washington,) said our doctor, (will permit me to present him to

a lady, a great friend of liberty. Mistress Wynne, Colonel Washington.)

"(I have already had the honour,) he said, taking off his hat—a scrolled beaver.

"(He is our best soldier, and we are fortunate that he is with us,) said the doctor, as the colonel moved away."

The doctor changed his mind later, and helped, I fear, to make the trouble which came near to costing Conway his life. I have always been a great admirer of fine men, and as this Virginian moved like Saul above the crowd, an erect, well-proportioned figure, he looked taller than he really was. Nor was he, as my aunt had said, nearly of the bigness of my father.

"He has a good nose," said my Aunt Gainor, perhaps aware of her own possessions in the way of a nasal organ, and liking to see it as notable in another; "but how sedate he is! I find Mr. Peyton Randolph more agreeable, and there is Mr. Robert Morris and Jonathan Dickinson."

Then the lean form of Mr. Jefferson went by, a little bent, deep in talk with Roger Sherman, whom I thought shabbily dressed; and behind them Robert Livingston, whom my aunt knew. Thus it was, as I am glad to remember, that I beheld these men who were to be the makers of an empire. Perhaps no wiser group of people was ever met for a greater fate, and surely the hand of God was seen in the matter; for what other colony—Canada, for example—had such men to show? There, meanwhile, was England, with its great nobles and free commons and a splendid story of hard-won freedom, driving madly on its way of folly and defeat.

Of what went on within the hall we heard little. A declaration of rights was set forth, committees of correspondence appointed, and addresses issued to the king and people of Great Britain. Congress broke up, and the winter went by; Gage was superseded by Sir William Howe; Clinton and Burgoyne were sent out, and ten thousand men were ordered to America to aid the purposes of the king.

The cold season was soon upon us, and the eventful year of '75 came in with a great fall of snow, but with no great change for me and those I loved. A sullen rage possessed the colonies, and especially Massachusetts, where the Regulation Acts were quietly disregarded. No counsellors or jurymen would serve under the king's commission. The old muskets of the French and Indian wars were taken from the corners and put in order. Men drilled, and women cast bullets.

Failing to corrupt John Adams and Han-

cock, Gage resolved to arrest them at Concord and to seize on the stores of powder and ball. «The heads of traitors will soon decorate Temple Bar,» said a London gazette; and so the march of events went on. In the early spring Dr. Franklin came home in despair of accommodation; he saw nothing now to do but to fight, and this he told us plainly. His very words were in my mind on the night of April 23d of this year of '75, as I was slowly and thoughtfully walking over the bridge where Walnut crossed the Dock Creek, and where I stayed for a moment to strike flint and steel in order to light my pipe. Of a sudden I heard a dull but increasing noise to north, and then the strong voice of the bell in the State-House. It was not ringing for fire. Somewhat puzzled, I walked swiftly to Second street, where were men and women in groups. I stopped a man and asked what had chanced. He said, «A battle! a battle! and General Gage killed!» Couriers had reached the coffee-houses, but no one on the street seemed to have more than this vague information; all were going toward Chestnut street, where a meeting was to be held, as I learned, and perhaps fuller news given out.

I pushed on, still hearing the brazen clamour of the bell. As I crossed High street I came upon James Wilson and Mr. Graydon. They stopped me to tell of the great tidings just come by swift post-riders of the fight at Lexington. After giving me the full details, Wilson left us. Said Graydon, very serious: «Mr. Wynne, how long are you to be in deciding? Come and join Mr. Cadwalader's troop. Few of us ride as well as you.»

I said I had been thinking.

«Oh, confound your thinkings! It is action now. Let the bigwigs think.»

I could not tell a man I then knew but slightly how immense was my reluctance to make this complete break with the creed of my father, and absolutely to disobey him, as I knew I must do if I followed my inclinations; nor did I incline to speak of such other difficulties as still kept me undecided. I said at last that if I took up arms it would be with Macpherson or Coppertwaite's Quakers.

«Why not?» he said. «But, by George! man, do something! There are, I hear, many Friends among the Coppertwaite Blues. Do they give orders with (thou) and (thee,) I wonder?»

I laughed, and hurried away. The town was already in a state of vast excitement, women in tears, and men stopping those they

did not know to ask for news. I ran all the way to my aunt's, eager to tell it. In the hall I stood a minute to get my breath, and reflect. I knew full well, as I recognised various voices, that my intelligence would mean tears for some, and joy for others.

My long-taught Quaker self-control often served me as well as the practised calm I observed to be the expression assumed by the best-bred officers of the army on occasions that caused visible emotion in others. I went in quietly, seeing a well-amused party of dames and younger folk, with, over against the chimneypiece, Doctor Benjamin Franklin, now in the full prime of varied usefulness, a benevolent face, and above it the great dome of head, which had to me even then a certain grandeur. He was talking eagerly with Mistress Wynne—two striking figures.

Mr. Galloway was in chat with his kinsman Mr. Chew. The younger women, in a group, were making themselves merry with my friend Jack, who was a bit awkward in a fine suit I had plagued him into buying. And what a beauty he was, as he stood, half pleased with the teasing, blushing now and then, and fencing prettily in talk, as I knew by the laughter! At the tables the elder women were gambling, and intent on their little gains and losses, while the vast play of a nobler game was going on in the greater world of men.

To my surprise, I saw among the guests an English lieutenant. I say «to my surprise,» for the other officers had gone of their own accord, or had been ordered to leave by the Committee of Safety. This one, and another, were, as I learned afterward, on their way through the town to join General Gage. There was evidently some dispute as to the cards. I heard high-pitched voices, and «spadille,» «basto,» «matador»—all the queer words of quadrille, their favoured game.

The lieutenant was bending over Mrs. Ferguson's chair. He was a fellow I had seen before and never liked, a vulgar-featured man, too fat for his years, which may have been some twenty-eight. He played the best hand of all of them, and, as my aunt declared, that was quite enough; for the rest she could keep any man in order. I held back in the gloom of the hall, looking at their busy gaiety, and wondering what they would say to my news.

As I went in I heard Woodville, the lieutenant, say, «The king—play the king, Mrs. Ferguson.»

"No advice!" cried Mrs. Galloway.

"But I am betting," said he. "The king forever! We have won, madam. The king is always in luck."

I could not resist saying, "The king has lost, ladies."

My aunt turned, and knew I meant something. I suppose my face may have been more grave than my words. "What is it, Hugh?"

"I have strange news, Aunt Gainor."

"News—and what?" As she spoke, the talk ceased, and every one looked up.

"There has been a fight at Lexington. Major Pitcairn is beat, and my Lord Percy. The farmers were all up to hinder them as they were on their way to seize our powder and to take Mr. Hancock. The king has lost some three hundred men, and we under a hundred."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Galloway. "But it cannot be true."

A pause came after, as I said there was no doubt of it.

Dr. Franklin asked if I was sure. I said, "Yes; I have it of James Wilson, and the town is already in an uproar over it." The great philosopher remained deep in thought a moment, while the women sat or stood in fear or whispering excitement. At last he said he must go, and that it was the beginning of war, and welcome, too. Then he bowed gravely and went out. As he left, the stillness which had prevailed for a time was broken.

A dozen questions fell on me from all sides. I could only repeat my story as Jack went by me to go out and hear, if possible, more of the news than I had to tell.

At last Mr. Chew said thoughtfully, "If it be true, it is a sad business; but, really, how can it be, Hugh? How could a lot of farmers, without good arms and discipline, put to rout a body of trained men, well armed?"

"I think," said Galloway, "we shall have quite another version to-morrow. How does it strike you, Mr. Woodville?"

"Oh, quite absurd," said the officer. "You may reassure yourselves, ladies; such a loss, too, would be incredible even in regular war. I think we may go on with our game, Mrs. Ferguson." He was very pompous, but none seemed inclined to take his advice.

"And yet I don't like it," said a lady of the Tory side.

"And I do," said Mistress Wynne. "It is as good news as I have heard this many a day."

"It is nonsense!" said the officer; "sheer

nonsense! You have strange notions, madam, as to what is good news. It is only another rebel lie."

"I think not," said I, venturing to add that men who could kill squirrels would rarely miss a man, and that many of the older farmers had fought Indians and French, and had, I suspected, picked off the officers.

"How horrid!" said Darthea.

Had a stray bullet found my cousin I should not have grieved profoundly.

"You see where all your neutrality and loyalty have brought you," said Mistress Wynne. "I wish King George were with Mr. Gage; he might learn wisdom. 'T is but the beginning of a good end."

"May I remind you," said Woodville, very red in the face, "that I am his Majesty's officer?"

"No, you may not remind me. A fig for his Majesty!" cried my aunt, now in one of her tantrums.

"Shame!" cried Mrs. Ferguson, rising, as did the rest, some in tears and some saying Mrs. Ferguson was right, or the Lord knows what—not at all a pleasant scene; the men very silent, or vexed, or troubled.

My Aunt Gainor, as they filed out, made them each her finest curtsy. Darthea stood still, looking grave enough. Mr. Woodville, the lieutenant, lingered to the last. He made his adieus very decently, I showing him the way, meaning to be civil. On the step he said: "I do not quarrel with women; but I have heard that in Mistress Wynne's house to which, as an officer of his Majesty, I cannot submit."

"Well?" I said; and my abominable propensity to grin got the better of me.

"You seem amused, sir," he said.

I was by no means amused.

"I suppose you are responsible," he added.

"Miss Wynne might have better manners, and her nephew more courage. However, I have said what ought to be enough with English gentlemen. Good-evening."

"I have half a mind to give thee a good honest thrashing," said I.

"I dare say. You are big enough, Master Quaker; but I presume that about the weapons common among men of honour you know as much as I know of making horse-shoes."

I was now cool enough and angry enough to have killed him. "Thy friend can find me here," said I. "I trust I shall be able to satisfy thee."

With this he went away, and I stood looking after his stumpy figure. I was again in

a broil, not of my making; just a bit of ill luck, for here was a nice business. I went in, and was caught on my way upstairs by my Aunt Gainer, who called me into the sitting-room.

Still too furious to be prudent, she broke out before Darthea. «Insolent idiots! I hope I made Mr. Galloway understand, and the rest of them too! I trust Bessy Ferguson will never darken my doors again!» She walked up and down, and at last upset the big mandarin, who came head down on the hearth.

«I wish he were Mr. Gage!» said my aunt, contemplating the fragments.

«I dare say he was a Tory,» says Darthea, who feared no one. «And I am a Tory too, Miss Wynne, I would have you to know.»

«Nonsense,» said my aunt; «it does n't matter much what you think, or what you are. You had some words with that stupid man, sir: I saw you. He looked as if he did not like it. Oh, I heard you, too.»

I vainly shook my head at her.

«Are you two going to fight? I am not sorry. I wish I could have that cat Ferguson out.»

«I hope—oh—I am sure, Mr. Wynne, it cannot be. How dreadful!» said Darthea.

«Nonsense!» cried my aunt. «A man cannot stand everything like a woman.»

I said plainly, seeing how vain my aunt had made concealment, that there had been some words, but that I trusted no harm would come of it.

«But there will! there will!» said Miss Peniston.

«Mercy upon us!» cried my aunt; for here was Darthea on the floor, and burnt feathers and vinegar at hand, servants running about, my aunt ordering «Cut her stay-strings!» as I was turned out, hearing my aunt declare, «I do believe she is in love with *all* the men. Is it you or the captain? What a shameless monkey to tumble all of a heap that way! It is hardly decent. Do go away, you goose! T is a way she has. Did never you see a woman faint?»

I never did, and I was scared faint myself. What between Darthea's fainting-spell, and this quarrel not of my seeking, I was uncomfortable enough. I had no one but Jack to appeal to; and here was a pair of Quaker lads, just over twenty-two, in a proper scrape. I had not the least intention of getting out of it, save in one way. The sneer at my aunt was more than I could endure. What my father would think was another matter.

Mr. Wilson used to say: «When you are

in difficulties, dispose of the worst first;» and so I resolved, as I must fight the man, and that was the imminent matter, to set aside all thought of my parent until I was done with Mr. Woodville. Jack I took for granted, and so left a note with the servant asking my opponent's friend to call on Jack at an hour when he was like to be alone. Before I could leave to warn him of what was on hand my aunt came to me.

«I sent that girl home in the chaise. It was her fear lest some one may be hurt, but she really has no excuse. She talked quite wild as she came to—I mean of you and Arthur Wynne—just mere babble. And, oh, Hugh! I am a drivelling old maid, and have taught you all manner of nonsense, and now I have got you into trouble. Don't let him kill you, Hugh. Cannot it be stopped? I told Darthea to hold her tongue, and I am so miserable, Hugh; and when I think of your dead mother, and all I promised, what shall I do?»

The kind old lady penitently wept over me, as if I were run through already.

I felt, as you may imagine, the embarrassment and doubt a young man feels when about to protest by a single act against the creed of conduct which he has been taught to follow since he could remember. I smiled, too, as I recalled our first school duel, and how Jack and I ran away.

My aunt, seeing there was nothing more to be done, and having said quite enough, retired, I am sure to pray for me, and for herself as the main cause of my coming risk. She would have liked to see me well out of the affair, but I do believe would not have had me excuse myself to my lieutenant, let what might occur. Indeed, she did her best to keep Miss Darthea from betraying what, but for my aunt's rash outburst, would not have gone beyond those immediately concerned.

It was late in the afternoon when I found Jack writing in his father's house. I must have looked grave, for he rose quickly and, coming to meet me, set a hand on each of my shoulders—a way he had, but only with me.

«What is it?» he said. «Not the news?»

«No.» In fact, it had clean gone out of my mind. «I have had trouble with Mr. Woodville, and now I must fight him.» And on this I related the whole adventure, Jack listening intently.

«Thou shouldst have an older man than I, Hugh. These affairs may often be mended. I learn, without coming to violence.» He seemed a little embarrassed, and reddened, hesitating as he spoke, so that, stupidly not comprehending him as I should have done, I

said hastily that the man had insulted my aunt, and that there was but one way out of it, but that I could try to get some one else, if to act as my friend was not to his taste.

«At this time,» he writes, «when Hugh came so near to hurting me, I was really going through in my mind what he had already disposed of in his. At Pike's we heard of nothing but duels. I had long been Pike's pupil. The thing had come to seem to us, I fear, a natural and inevitable ending of a quarrel. Such was the belief of my good friend Mistress Wynne's set, and of the officers whose opinions as to social matters we had learned to regard as final.

«And yet the absurdity of two Quaker lads so trapped struck me as it did not Hugh. The man must surely have thought him older than he was, but so did most. I feared that I should not do my friend justice; and then I thought of dear Mistress Gainer, whom I now loved, and for whom to lose Hugh would be as death in life; and so, quickly turning it over for one mad moment, I wondered if I could not somehow get this quarrel on to my own shoulders. When I answered Hugh I must have made him misunderstand me, or so I think from what he said: When he exclaimed he could get some one else, I made haste to put myself right. We had little time, however, to discuss the matter, for at this moment came a Captain Le Clere with Hugh's note.

«Hugh was now in one of his quiet, smiling moods, when from his face you would have said there was some jest or wager in question, and from his talk, which had a kind of intensity of distinct articulation, that it was, as I thought it, most serious. He was coldly civil to Mr. Le Clere, and to me apart said, 'Small swords, and the governor's woods by the spring,' as if he were arranging a quite familiar and every-day affair.

«I frankly declared that I was new to an office of this kind, and must trust to Mr. Le Clere's honour and courtesy. He seemed pleased at this, and thought a pity of so young a man to have such a difficulty, expressing his hopes of accommodation, which I knew Hugh too well to think possible.

«As soon as we had arranged the needed preliminaries, and Mr. Le Clere had gone, I went to borrow small swords of Pike, arranging to come for them after dark. Duels were common enough even in our Quaker town, especially among gentlemen of his Majesty's service. Although illegal, so strongly was it felt that for certain offences there was no other remedy possible, that it was difficult

to escape the resort to weapons if those involved were of what we who are of it like to call the better class.

«At daybreak Hugh and I were waiting in the woods where—near to what Mr. Penn meant as a public square, a little east of Schuylkill-Eighth street—was an open space, once a clearing, but now disused, and much overgrown. We were first on the ground, and I took occasion to tell Hugh of Pike's counsels—for he had at once guessed what we were about—to watch his opponent's eyes, and the like. Hugh, who was merry and had put aside such thoughts of the future as were troubling me, declared that it was the mouth a man should watch, which I think is the better opinion. I said, of course, nothing of what Pike told me as to Mr. Woodville being a first-rate player, and only advised my friend to be cautious.

«Mr. Woodville, who came with Le Clere and a surgeon, was a short lump of a man, and an odd contrast to his friend, who was long and lank. The pair of them looked like Don Quixote and his squire. I felt confident Hugh could handle his opponent, and was surprised, seeing his build, that Pike should have declared him a good blade. Mr. Le Clere was very civil, and I followed his directions, knowing, as I have said, but little of such affairs.

«Our men being stripped to the shirt, and ready, Mr. Le Clere and I drew away some twenty feet. Then, to my surprise, the lean officer said to me, 'Mr. Warder, shall I have the honour to amuse you with a turn? Here are our own swords of a length, as you see.'

«I was anything rather than amused. I had heard of this foolish English custom of the friends also engaging. I knew that it was usual to make the offer, and that it was not needful to accept; but now, as I saw my Hugh standing ready with his sword, I began to shake all over, and to colour. Such hath always been my habit when in danger, even from my boyhood. It is not because I am afraid. Yet, as it seems to another like fear, to feel it sets me in a cold rage, and has many times, as on this occasion, led me into extremes of rashness.

«I suppose Mr. Le Clere saw my condition, and unhappily let loose on his face a faint smile. 'At your service,' I said, and cast off my coat.

«'It is not necessary, sir,' he replied, a bit ashamed to engage a fellow like me, who shook and blushed, and looked to be about seventeen.

«'We are losing time,' said I, in a fury,

not over-sorry to be thus or in any way distracted from Hugh's peril. In truth, I need have had small fear for him. For two years Hugh and I had fenced almost daily, and what with Pike and Arthur Wynne, knew most of the tricks of the small sword.

«The next moment Le Clere cried, (On guard, gentlemen!) and I heard the click of the blades as they met. I had my hands full, and was soon aware of Le Clere's skill. I was, however, as agile as a cat, and he less clever with his legs than with his arm. Nor do I think he desired to make the affair serious. In a few minutes—it seemed longer—I heard an oath, and, alarmed for Hugh, cast a glance in his direction. I saw his foe fall back, his sword flying some feet away. My indiscretion gave my man his chance. His blade caught in my rolled-up sleeve, bent, and, as I drove my own through his shoulder, passed clean through the left side of my neck. With a great jet of blood, I fell, and for a little knew no more.»

This account from Jack's journal is a better statement of this sad business than I could have set down. I saw with horror Jack and Le Clere salute, and then was too full of business to see more, until I had disarmed Mr. Woodville, badly wounding his sword-hand, a rare accident. And here was my Jack dead, as I thought. I think I can never forget that scene: Mr. Le Clere, gaunt and thin, lifting his late foe, the surgeon kneeling and busy, my own man hot and wrathful, cursing like mad, and wrapping his hand about with a handkerchief, clearly in pain, and I waiting for the word of death or life.

At last the doctor said, «It is bad—bad, but not fatal. How came it, Le Clere? You told me that neither you nor Mr. Woodville meant anything serious.»

I was kneeling by Jack, and was not intended to hear what all were too hot and excited to guard by bated breath.

«Damn it, doctor!» returned Le Clere. «It is no use to talk. I never imagined that youngster would take me at my word.»

«You will be in hot water here,» said the doctor. «I advise you to get away, and soon.»

«And we shall supply amusement to every mess in the army,» said Woodville, with an abundance of bad language. «Quakers indeed!»

Jack's eyes opened, and he said, «Thou art not hurt, Hugh?»

«No, no!» I answered, and, relieved a little, turned to Mr. Le Clere: «We shall, I fear,

have to ask thy chaise of thee. We came afoot. I will send it back at once.»

Le Clere said, «Of course; with all my heart.»

«Thou wilt pardon me,» said I, «if I advise thee to accept the doctor's advice, and get away with all speed. I should be sorry if thou wert arrested. The feeling against gentlemen of thy profession is unhappily strong just now.»

Le Clere looked me over with a quick glance of something like curiosity, and said, as he gave his hand, «You are a gallant gentleman, Mr. Wynne. You will permit an older man to say so. I trust we may meet again. Are all Quakers as clever at sword-play?»

I said a civil word, seeing Jack smile as he lay with my bloody coat under his head. Then, as I remembered that perhaps Mr. Woodville might not be satisfied, I went up to him and said, «I am at thy service, sir, if thou art not contented to let us be quit of this matter.»

«It must needs rest now,» he replied. «Damn your tricks!»

«Sir!» said I.

«Holloa!» says Le Clere; «this won't do. Keep your temper. This way, Mr. Wynne.» And he drew me aside.

It was full time; I was beginning to get my blood up, and was in a rage.

«This comes,» he said, «of going out with a fellow that has risen from the ranks. Why do your ladies receive every one who wears a red coat? Let me help you with your friend. I am most sorry. I have a neat reminder in the shoulder. Mr. Warder has the wrist of a blacksmith—which was true, and for good reason.

There is no need to tell of the wrath and incapacity of poor Jack's father. I got away as soon as Dr. Rush arrived, and, promising to return in an hour, went off with a smile from my Jack, and a «Thank God! Hugh, that it was not thou who had the worst of it.»

It was about seven as I knocked at my aunt's door, and, passing the black page, ran upstairs. My aunt was in the breakfast-room; she came to meet me in a morning gown, and to my astonishment was very tranquil, but with eyes that looked anxious, and far more red than common.

«Sit down, sir. I want to hear about this ridiculous business.»

«It may seem so to thee,» said I; «I am glad if it amuses thee.»

«Stuff! Talk decent English, man. That was like your father. Is—are you—is any one hurt?»

I said that was what we went for, and so told her the whole sorry business.

"And it was for me, sir!" she cried; "for me! And my dear brave girl-boy! Is it dangerous?"

I hoped not. We had both left our marks on the English officers. That she liked. Then she was silent awhile.

"Here is come a note from the kitten. Will you have it? It may be all you will ever get of her. She says she has held her tongue—I can't—I don't believe her—and asks me to let her know if any are hurt. I will. Does she suppose gentlemen go out just to look at one another? Ridiculous!"

I spoke at last of my father; of how he would take this matter, of his increasing acerbity, and of my own unhappy life, where I found nothing to replace my mother's love. My last disaster and poor Jack's wound seemed like enough to widen the gap between me and my parent, and my Aunt Gainer was troubled.

"You must be first to tell him," said my aunt. "I think he will say but little. He has given you up as a sheep lost in the darkness of iniquity, and too black to be found easily."

I begged her not to jest. I was sore and sick at heart.

"Eat your breakfast," she said, "and get it over with your father."

I hurried through the meal, and went upstairs, to find my sleeve full of blood, although no harm had been done but what was easily set right by what Dr. Rush called a bit of diachylon plaster. (I think I spell it correctly.)

As I went by Darthea's home I cast a glance up at the open window, and saw my lady looking out. She was pale, and as she called to me I could not but go in, for, indeed, she ran herself to open the door.

"Come in! Oh, just a moment!" she cried. "Your aunt has written me a note, and it tells me almost nothing—nothing."

I was in no very kindly humour with Miss Darthea. Since our talk about my cousin she had been very high and mighty, and would have little to say to me except unpleasant things about the angry politics of the day. I said I was glad to have heard she had told no one of what my aunt's rash speech had let slip. I had better have held my own tongue. Darthea was in another mood to-day, and all at once became quiet and dignified.

"I gave my word, Mr. Wynne. When you know me better you will learn that I can keep it. Is—is Mr. Warder much hurt?"

"Yes," I said; "he is in great peril." I saw

how anxious she was, and was vexed enough to want to hurt her.

"Oh, you men! you men!" she cried. "Will he die, do you think? Poor boy!" She sat down and began to cry. "He must not die; why did you lead him into such wicked trouble?"

It was vain to explain how little I had to do with the matter. Did she love Jack? I little knew in those days how tender was this gentle heart, how it went out, tendril-like, seeking it knew not what, and was for this reason ever liable to say too much, and to give rise to misapprehension.

"O Darthea!" I cried. "Dost thou love my Jack? I shall be the last to come in his way. I have said I love thee myself, and I can never change. But how can it be? how can it be? And my cousin? O Darthea!"

"I love no one, sir. I love everybody. I—I think you are impertinent, Mr. Wynne. Is it your business whom I love? My God! there is blood on your hand! Are you hurt?"

It was true; a little blood was trickling down my wrist. She was all tenderness again. I must not go; here was her handkerchief; and so on—till I longed to take her in my arms, she made me so sorry for her.

I said it was of no moment, and I must go.

"You will come soon again, and tell me about Jack."

I went away, not wondering that all the world should love her.

I hastened to Jack's home, and there found Dr. Rush and Dr. Glentworth, who was later to be the physician of Mr. Washington. My aunt, preceding me, had taken possession. Mr. Warder was reduced to a condition of abject obedience, and for a month and more my aunt hardly left her girl-boy's pillow. Indeed, it was long before I was let to see him, and then he was but a spectre of himself, with not enough blood to blush with. Our officers promptly left for New York the day after our fight, and we heard no more of them.

It would have been of little use to tell this long story but for the consequences to me and to others. I should have done well to see my father at once; but I could not get away, and sat till noon, asking every now and then what I could do, and if Jack were better, despite the fact that I was told he was doing well.

Mr. Warder was one of those people who, once a crisis seems over, must still be doing something, and to be rid of him he was sent by my aunt to get certain articles the doctors did or did not need. It seemed wise to this gentleman, having completed his errands, to

pay a visit of condolence to my father, and thus it was that greater mischief was made.

About two I got away, and set forth to see my parent. Already the news was out, and I was stopped over and over to explain what had happened. It was the hour of dinner; for Friends dined at two, but my aunt and the gayer set at four.

My father turned from his meal, and coldly looked me all over,—my arm was in a sling, on which Dr. Rush had insisted,—and last into my eyes. «Well,» he said, «thou art come at last. Fortunately, Friend Warder has been here, and I know thy story and the mischief into which thou hast led his poor lad. It is time we had a settlement, thou and I. Hast thou fear neither of God nor of man? A rebellious son, and a defier of authority! It is well thy mother is dead before she saw thee come to this ruin of soul and body.»

«My God! father,» I cried, «how canst thou hurt me thus! I am in sorrow for Jack, and want help. To whom should I go but to thee? O mother, mother!» I looked around at the bare walls, and down at the sanded floor, and could only bury my face in my hands and weep like a baby. What with all the day had brought, and Darthea and Jack, and now this grand old man silent, impassive, unmoved by what was shaking me like a storm, although I loved him still for all his hardness, I had no refuge but in tears.

He rose, and I sat still, thinking what I should say. «When thou art ready to turn from thy sin and ask pardon of God and of me, who am brought to shame on thy account, I will talk with thee.»

Upon this I set myself between him and the door. «We cannot part this way. It is too terrible.»

«That was a matter thou hadst been wise to have considered long ago, Hugh.»

«No!» I cried. I was as resolved as he. «I must be heard. How have I offended? Have I neglected thy business? Who can say so? I was insulted in Meeting, and I went where men do not trample on a penitent boy, and if I have gone the way of my aunt's world, is it my fault or thine? I have gone away from what, in thy opinion, is right as regards questions in which the best and purest side with me. Am I a child that I may not use my own judgment?» It was the first time in my life that I had plainly asserted my freedom to think and to act.

To my surprise, he stood a moment in silence, looking down, I as quiet, regarding him with eager and attentive eyes. Then he

said, seeking my gaze: «I am to blame; I have too much considered thy chances of worldly gain. I know not whence thou hast thy wilfulness.» As I looked in the face of this strong, rock-like man, I wondered; for he went on, «Not from me, Hugh, not from me—»

«Stop!» I said. «Thou hast said enough.» I feared lest again he should reproach her of whose sweetness I had naught but a gift of the blue eyes that must have met his with menace. I saw, as his hands shook, tapping the floor with his cane, how great were both his anger and his self-control.

«It were well, my son, that this ended. I hope thou wilt see thy way to better courses. Thy cousin was right. He too is a man not of my world, but he saw more clearly than I where thou wert going.»

«What!» I cried, «and thou canst think this? Thou hast believed and trusted Arthur Wynne! What did he say of me?»

«I will not be questioned.»

«The man lied to thee,» I cried,—«why, I do not know,—and to others also. Why did he deceive us as to Wyncote? What reason had he? As he lied about that, so does he seem to have lied about me. By heaven! he shall answer me some day.»

«I will hear no profanity in my house. Stand aside! Dost thou not hear me? Am I to be disobeyed in my own house?»

I but half took in his meaning, and stood still. The next moment he seized me by the lapels of my coat, and, spinning me round like a child, pushed me from him. I fell into the great Penn chair he had turned from the table when he rose. He threw open the door, and I saw him walk quickly down the hall and out into the orchard garden.

For a week he did no more than speak to me a word when business made it needful, and then the monotonous days went on as before in the gray, dismal home, out of which the light of life's gladness departed when those dear mother-eyes were closed in death.

XIV.

WHILE, throughout that sad summer, my Jack was slowly coming back to health, even the vast events of the war now under way moved me but little. My Aunt Gainer would think of no one but her young Quaker. Her house was no longer gay, nor would she go to the country until Mr. Warder agreed that she should take Jack with us to the Hill Farm-house, where, in the warm months, she moved among her cattle, and fed the hens,

and helped and bullied every poor housewife far and near.

In a bright-tinted hammock I fetched from Madeira, Jack used to lie under the apple-trees that June and July, with my aunt for company; better could hardly have been. When I came from town late in June, with news of what the farmers and their long rifles had done at Bunker Hill, it was a little too much for Jack's strength, and he burst into tears. But Dr. Rush declared that self-control was an affair of physical health, and that he who had too little blood—and Jack was lily-white—could be neither courageous, nor able to contain his emotions. I suppose it may be true.

I went in and out of town daily, my father being unwilling to go to Merion. At times I met James Wilson, who was steadily urging me to enter the army. Wetherill had scarce any other words for me. But my father, Jack's condition, and my aunt's depending on me, all stood in my way, and I did but content myself with an hour's daily drill in town with others, who were thus preparing themselves for active service.

We were taught, and well too, by an Irish sergeant—I fear a deserter from one of his Majesty's regiments. As Jack got better, he was eager to have me put him through his facings, but before he was fit the summer was nigh over.

It had been a time of great anxiety to all men. The Virginia colonel was commander-in-chief; a motley army held Sir William Howe penned up in Boston, and why he so quietly accepted this sheep-like fate no man of us could comprehend. My aunt, a great letter-writer, had many correspondents, and one or two in the camp at Cambridge.

«My Virginia fox-hunter,» said my aunt, «is having evil days with the New England farmers. He is disposed to be despotic, says—well, no matter who. He likes the whipping-post too well, and thinks all should, like himself, serve without pay. A slow man it is, but intelligent,» says my Aunt Gaius; «sure to get himself right, and patient too. You will see, Hugh; he will come slowly to understand these people.»

I smiled at the good lady's confidence, and yet she was right. They took him ill at first in that undisciplined camp, and queer things were said of him. Like the rest, he was learning the business of war, and was to commit many blunders and get sharp lessons in this school of the soldier.

These were everywhere uneasy times. Day after day we heard of this one or that one

gone to swell the ever-changing number of those who beset Sir William. Gondolas—most unlike gondolas they were—were being built in haste for our own river defence. Committees, going from house to house, collected arms, tent-stuffs, kettles, blankets, and what not, for our troops. There were noisy elections, arrests of Tories; and in October the death of Peyton Randolph, ex-president of the Congress, and the news of the coming of the Hessian hirelings. It was a season of stir, angry discussion, and stern waiting for what was to come; but through it all my Jack prospered mightily in health, so that by September 20 he was fit to leave us.

I still think pleasantly of all the pretty pictures of pale, fair-haired Jack in the hammock, with Darthea reading to him, and the Whig ladies with roses from their gardens, and peaches and what not, all for Jack, the hero, I being that summer but a small and altogether unimportant personage.

When my Jack went home again, we began at once to talk over our plans for joining Mr. Washington; I made sure that now there was no greater obstacle in my way than my father's opinions. Alas! in November my aunt took what Dr. Rush called a pernicious ague, and, although bled many times and fed on Jesuits' bark, she came near to dying. In January she was better, but was become like a child, and depended upon me for everything. If I but spoke of my desire to be in the field, she would fall to tears or declare me ungrateful. She was morally weakened by her disease, and did seem to have changed as to her character. I lamented to Jack that it was my fate to stay, and he must go alone; I would follow when I could.

It was far into April before my aunt was entirely her old self, but as early as the close of January she had decided that she was well, and that to be well you must get rid of doctors. She told the great physician as much, and he left her in vast disgust. Society she would now have had for remedial distraction, but the war had made of it a dismal wreck. The Tories had been warned or sent away; the moderates hardly fared better; and the old gay set was broken up. Nevertheless it was not until far later, in July, '77, that Mr. Chew, Mr. Penn, and other as important neutrals, were ordered to leave the city; until then some remnants of the governor's set kept up more or less of the pleasant life they had once led. But there were no more redcoats in their drawing-rooms, and our antagonists were of the last who had lingered. Even before their departure, any gentleman of the

king's service was sure to be told to leave, and meanwhile was apt to find a militiaman at his door.

My aunt would have none of them that winter, and her old Tory friends ceased to be seen at her house, save only Darthea, whilst Continental uniforms and gentlemen of the Congress were made warmly welcome; but alas! among these was no match for her at piquet, and she felt that no one had sacrificed more for the country than had she.

In February of '76 a double change took place among us, and to my great discontent. I had seen much of Darthea in the fall and early winter of '75, and had come to know her better. She was fond of riding with my aunt, who had a strong gray stallion full of tricks, but no master of the hardy old lady, whom neither horse nor man ever dismayed. The good spinster was by no means as vigorous as I could have wished, but ride she would on all clear days whether cold or not, and liked well to have Darthea with us. When ill she was a docile patient, but, once afoot, declared all doctors fools, and would have no more of them "and their filthy doses."

We rode of sunlit winter days out to Germantown, or upon the wood roads over Schuylkill, my Aunt Gainer from good nature being pleased to gallop ahead, and leave us to chat and follow, or not, as might suit us.

One fine crisp morning in February we were breasting at a walk the slippery incline of Chestnut Hill, when Darthea, who had been unusually silent, said quite abruptly:

"I am going away, Mr. Wynne."

I was instantly troubled. "Where?" I said.

"Next week, and to New York. My aunt can no longer stand all this mob of rebels. We go to New York, and for how long I know not. Since, in September, our friend Dr. John Kearsley was mobbed and maltreated, my aunt declares you unfit to live among. I must say I thought it brutal, sir. When men of sense and breeding like Mr. Penn, Mr. Chew, and Dr. Kearsley cannot live unmolested it is time, my aunt thinks, to run."

"No one annoys Mr. Penn or Mr. Chew," said I. "To my mind, they are neutrals, and worse than open foes; but thy doctor is a mad Tory, and a malignant talker. I saw the matter, and I assure thee it was overstated. He lost his temper; 't is a brave gentleman, and I would he were with us. But now that both sides are sure at last that they are really at war, these men who live among us and are ready to welcome every redcoat should have their lesson. It must be Yes or No in a war like this."

"But I hate that," she returned; "and to be comfortable and snug, and to love ease and Madeira and a quiet horse, and a book and a pipe and a nap of an afternoon, and then to have certain of the baser sort cry, 'Get up and kill somebody!' I think I am with Mr. Ross, and believe that, (let who will be king, I well know I shall be subject.) Imagine my Aunt Peniston's fat poodle invited to choose between exile and killing rats!"

"My dear Miss Darthea, for thee to preach caution and neutrality is delightful."

"Did it sound like that Mr. Congregation?"

"No; to tell the truth, I think it did not."

"Indeed, you are right," says she. "I am a red-hot Tory, sir. I scare Margaret Chew out of her sweet wits when I talk blood, blood, sir; and as to Miss Franks,—she hates to be called Becky,—when I say I hope to see Mr. Washington hanged, she vows he is too fine a man, and she would hang only the ugly ones. So take care, Mr. Stay-at-home, take care; I am no neutral."

"Thank thee," I said, lifting my hat. "I like open enemies best."

"Oh, I will say a good word for you when it comes to that, and you will need it. Sir Guy will have Ticonderoga soon, and Mr. Howe New York; so that, with my loyal cousins and the king in possession, we shall at least be in civilised society."

"There is a well-worn proverb," said I, "about counting chickens. Where shalt thou be in New York?"

"Cousin De Lancey has asked us to stay with them. When the king's troops return to your rebel town we shall come back, I suppose."

"I am sorry," I said. "All my friends are fitting like swallows. Poor Mr. Franks is to go, it seems, and the gay Miss Rebecca; but she likes the redcoats best, and another is of the same mind, I fear."

"I am not over-grieved to go myself," said Darthea, "and we will not quarrel just now. Have you seen Mr. Warder to-day?"

"I have not."

"Then I am the bearer of ill news. He is to join your new general in a week or two. He could not find you this morning. I think he was relieved to know I should tell you. How much he cares for you! It is not like a man friendship. It is like the way we weak girls care for one another. How can he be such a brave gentleman as he seems—as he must be? I should have thought it would be you who would have gone first. Why do you

not go? Here is Miss Wynne's pet girl-boy away to fight, and you—why do not you go?"

I was puzzled, as well I might be. "Dost thou want me to go?"

A light came into those brown eyes, and a little flush to the cheeks, as she said, oh, so very quickly, "I want all my friends to do what seems to them right."

"I am glad to answer," I said. "It seems to me my duty to be with the army; my friends have gone, and now Graydon, the last to leave, has also gone. I fancy people smiling to see me still at home—I who am so positive, so outspoken. But here is my father, with whom if I go I break for life, and here is my Aunt Gainer, who bursts into tears if I do but mention my wish to leave her."

"I see," said Darthea, not looking at me; "now I understand fully; I did not before. But—will you think it strange if—if I say—I, a loving and a loyal woman—that you should go, and soon?" Then there was a long pause, and she added, "When will this cruel war end?"

"God knows," said I. "Thank thee; thou art right, Darthea."

Another pause as long came after, when she said abruptly, and in quite another voice, "You do not like Mr. Arthur Wynne; why do you not?"

I was startled. One never knew when she would get under one's guard and put some prickly question.

"Dost thou think I have reason to like him?" I said. "I did like him once, but now I do not; nor does he love me any better. Why dost thou ask me?"

"Oh, for—no matter! I am not going to say why."

"I think thou knowest, Darthea, that he is no friend of mine."

"Let us join your aunt," she said gravely.

"One word more," said I, "and I shall trouble thee no further. Rest sure that, come what may, there is one man who loves thee with a love no man can better."

"I wish you had not said that. There are some, Mr. Wynne, who never know when to take No for an answer."

"I am one," said I.

To this she made no reply, and rode on looking ahead in a dreamy way that fetched back to my memory a prettiness my dear mother had. Presently turning, she said:

"Let it end here; and—and my name is Miss Peniston, please."

There was no pettishness in her voice—only a certain dignity which sits better on

little women than on little men, and provokes no smile. She was looking at me with a curious steadiness of gaze as she spoke. It was my last chance for many a day, and I could not let her go with a mere bow of meek submission.

"If I have been rude or discourteous, I am more sorry than I can say. If I called thee Darthea, it was because hope seemed to bring us nearer for one dear moment. Ah! I may call thee Miss Peniston, but for me always thou wilt be Darthea; and I shall love Darthea to the end, even when Miss Peniston has come to be a distant dream and has another name. I am most sorry to have given thee annoyance. Forget that, and pardon me."

"Mr. Wynne, you are a kindly and courteous gentleman. I wish—and you must not misapprehend me—that I loved you. Oh, I do not. Your aunt, who is so good to me, is a fierce wooer. I am afraid of her, and—she must be miles away; let us join her." And with this she shook her bridle, and was off at speed, and my mare and I at her side.

If I have made those who loved Darthea Peniston and me understand this winning soul, I shall be glad; and if not I shall at least have had the pleasure of repeating words and describing actions which live in my remembrance with such exactness as does not apply to much of what, to the outer world, may seem far better entitled to be remembered. She had it in her to hurt you, help you, pity you, mock or amuse you, and behind it all was the honesty and truth of a womanhood capable of courageous conduct, and despising all forms of meanness. That she was variously regarded was natural. Margaret Shippen said she cared only for dress and the men; and the witty Miss Franks, seeing further, but not all, said that Darthea Peniston was an actress of the minute, who believed her every rôle to be real. My aunt declared that she was several women, and that she did not always keep some of them in order. It was clear, to me at least, that she was growing older in mind, and was beginning to keep stricter school for those other women with whom my aunt credited this perplexing little lady.

Before I quite leave her for a time, I must let Jack say a word. It will tell more than I then knew or could know, and will save me from saying that which were better said by another.

"At last there is certainty of a long war, and I, being well again, must take my side. It is fortunate when choice is so easy, for I find it often hard in life to know just what

is right. Poor Hugh, who has gone further than I from our fathers' faith, will still declare he is of Friends; but he commonly drops our language if he is not excited or greatly interested, and the rest will go too. It is strange that his resoluteness and clear notions of duty have so helped me, and yet that he is so caught and tied fast by Miss Gainer's dependence upon him, and by his scruples as to his father. He cannot do the thing he would. Now that my own father has sold out his business, I at least am left without excuse. I shall go at once, for fear I shall change my mind.» A more unlikely thing I cannot imagine to have happened to John Warter.

«I saw Darthea to-day,» he goes on to write. «She is going to New York. She talked to me with such frankness as almost broke my heart. She does not know how dear she is to me. I was near to telling her; but if she said No,—and she would,—I might—oh, I could not see her again. I had rather live in doubt. And whether Hugh loves her or not I would I knew. Mistress Wynne does but laugh and say, «Lord bless us! they all love her!» Hugh is, as to some things, reticent, and of Darthea likes so little to speak that I am led to think it is a serious business for him; and if it be so, what can I but go? for how could I come between him and a woman he loved? Never, surely. Why is life such a tangle? It is well I am going. What else is left for me? My duty has long been plain.

«I did venture to ask Darthea of Mr. Arthur Wynne. She said quietly, «I have had a letter to-day;» and with this she looked at me in a sort of defiant way. I like the man not at all, and wonder that women fancy him so greatly. When I said I was sorry she was going, she replied, «It is no one's business;» and then added, «nor Mr. Wynne's either,» as if Hugh had said a word. In fact, Miss Peniston was almost as cross and abrupt as dear Miss Wynne at her worst. If ever, God willing, I should marry her,—there, I am blushing even to think of such a sweet impossibility,—she would drive me frantic. I should be in small rages or begging her pardon every half-hour of the day.

«What will Hugh say when he hears the Meeting means to disown us? It troubles me deeply. My father is trembling too, for since a month he is all for resisting oppression, and who has been talking to him I do not know. Miss Wynne called him a decrepit weathercock to me last month, and then was in a fury at herself, and sorry too; but she will

talk with him no more. It cannot be because he has sold his Holland cloths so well to the clothier-general. I never can think that.

«When I saw Miss Wynne, and would have seen Hugh had he been in, I told her of my meaning to go away by the packet to Burlington, and thence through New Jersey. She said it was well, but that Hugh should not go yet. He should go soon. Mr. Lee, the new general, had been to see her—a great soldier, she was told. But she had not liked him, because he let her believe he came of the same family as Mr. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, whereas this is not so. He was lank, sour, and ill dressed, she said, and fetched his two dogs into the house. When he saw Hugh, he said it was time all the young men were out. Miss Wynne disliked this, and it is reported that Mrs. Ferguson and she, meeting after church, had nearly come to blows, because Mrs. Ferguson had said the people who made the war should be in the war, and on this the old lady desired to know if this arrow was meant for her or for her nephew. Mrs. F., not lacking courage, said she might choose.

«So Madam Wynne is pulled this way and that, and I must go alone; and I shall have a lieutenant's commission, and a pretty fellow am I to order other men about. I like best the Continental line.»

I saw Jack the day after my ride with Miss Peniston. I said sadly that he was right, and we talked it all over that week, running down the river at early morning after ducks, and through the wide channel between League Island and the Neck; or else we were away to Red Bank, or to the Jersey coast, if the ice permitted, as it often did. It was a wonderful, open winter, as it chanced, and we had more than our usual share of the ducks, which were very abundant. As we lay in the gray weeds below the bluff at Red Bank, we little thought of what it was to see. Our gallant Mercer, who fell at Princeton, was to give a name to the fort we built long after; and there, too, was to die Count Donop, as brave a man, far from home, sold by his own prince to be the hireling of a shameful king.

The ducks flew over thick, and between times, as we waited, we talked at intervals of the war, of Montgomery's failure to capture Quebec, and of the lingering siege of Boston; of how the brutal destruction of Norfolk in December had stirred the Virginians, and indeed every true heart in the colonies. Jack would write when occasion served.

That last day (it was now February, as I have said) we supped with my aunt, Jack and

I. After the meal was over, she went out of the room, and, coming back, gave Jack a handsome, serviceable sword, with a proper sash and tie. Then she must make him take a hundred pounds in a purse she had netted; and when he would not she said he was going to school, and must have a tip, and would hear no more, and kissed him, at which he got very red. Indeed, she was deeply moved, as was plain to see from the way she talked, speaking fast, and saying all manner of foolish things.

This business of the sword troubled me more than it ought to have done, and I resolved that nothing should long keep me out of the field; but alas! it was many a day before my going became possible. And so my Jack went away, and Miss Peniston.

The war was dull for a time, as the armies got ready for a spring at each other's throats. At last, in March, his Excellency seized Dorchester Heights, and Boston became no longer tenable. Howe left it on March 14, and, what was as desirable, some two hundred cannon and vast stores of ammunition. Then, on Cambridge Common, our chief threw to the free winds our flag, with its thirteen stripes, and still in the corner the blood-red cross of St. George.

Late in this winter of '75-'76, an event took place, or rather the sequel of an event, which made me feel deeply the embarrassment in which the condition of my aunt and father placed me. He who reads may remember my speaking of a young fellow whom I saw at the Woodlands, a young Macpherson. I took a great fancy to him later, and we fished and shot together until he went away, in August of '75, to join Arnold for his wild march into Canada.

His father, broken and sad, now brought to my aunt the news of his son's death in the assault on Quebec, and, speechless with grief, showed her the young fellow's letter, writ the night before he fell. He wrote, with other matter: «I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you that I experience no reluctance in this cause to venture a life I consider as only lent, and to be used when my country demands it.» He went on to say that, if he died, he could wish his brother William, an adjutant in the king's army, would not continue in the service of our enemies. I saw, too, General Schuyler's letter of condolence, but this was later.

Nothing had moved me like this. I went away, leaving the father and my aunt. People came to this strong woman, sure of her tenderest help, and I trust she comforted her

friend in his loss. This was the first officer of our own set our city lost in war, and the news, I think, affected me more than any. How, indeed, could I dare to stay when the best manhood of the land was facing death in a cause as dear to me as to any?

In June a new calamity fell on me, or I should say on my father; for I felt it but little, or only as in some degree a release from bonds which I hesitated to sever by my own act. On the morning of June 25, my father called me into his counting-room, and, closing the door, sat down, I, as was thought fit, standing until told to be seated. Since he made no sign of any such desire on his part, I knew at once that this was not to be a talk about our affairs, in which, I may say, I had no interest except as to a very moderate salary.

«Thou wilt have to-day a call from Friend Pemberton. The overseers are moved at last to call thee to an account. I have lost hope that thou wilt forsake and condemn thy error. I have worked with the overseers to give thee and thy friend John Warder time, and this has been with tenderness accorded. No good is yet come of it. If this private admonition be of no effect, thy case will come before overseers again, and thou wilt be dealt with as a disorderly person, recommended to be disowned, when thy misdeeds come to be laid before the Quarterly Meeting for discipline. Already the Yearly Meeting hath found fault with us for lax dealing with such as thou art. Thou hast ceased to obey either thy father or thy God, and now my shame for thee is opened to all men.»

Not greatly moved, I listened to this summary of what was to happen. «It is too late,» I said, «to argue this matter, my dear father. I cannot sin against my conscience. I will receive Mr. Pemberton as thy friend. He is a man whom all men respect and many love, but his ways are no longer my ways. Is that all?» I added. I feared any long talk with my father. We were as sure to fall out at last as were he and my Aunt Gainer.

«Yes,» he said; «that is all. And tell Wilson to bring me the invoice of the *Saucy Sally*.»

This time neither of us had lost temper. He had transacted a piece of business which concerned my soul, and I had listened. It had left me sore, but that was an old and too familiar story. Reflecting on what had passed in the counting-house,—and my conclusion now shows me how fast I was growing older,—I put on my hat at once, and set out to find the overseer deputed to make a private re-

monstrance with my father's son. I suppose that my action was also hastened by a disinclination to lie still, awaiting an unpleasant and unavoidable business.

Finding James Pemberton in his office, I told him that my errand was out of respect to relieve him of the need to call upon a younger man. He seemed pleased, and opened the matter in a way so gentle and considerate that I am sure no man could have bettered the manner of doing it. My attention to business and quieter life had for a time reassured the overseers. He would not speak of blood-guiltiness now, for out of kindness to my distressed parent they had seen fit to wait, and for a time to set it aside. My father had been in much affliction, and Friends had taken note of this. Now he had to call to my mind the testimony of Friends concerning war, and even how many had been reported to the Yearly Meeting for sufferings on account of righteous unwillingness to resist constituted authority, and how men of my views had oppressed and abused them. Had I read the letter of the Yearly Meeting of 1774, warning members not to depart from their peaceful principles by taking part in any of the political matters then being stirred up, reminding all Friends that under the king's government they had been favoured with a peaceful and prosperous enjoyment of their rights, and the like?

I listened quietly, and said it was too late to discuss these questions, which were many; that my mind was fully made up, and that as soon as possible I meant to enter the army. He had the good sense to see that I was of no inclination to change; and so, after some words of the most tender remonstrance, he bade me to prayerfully consider the business further, since overseers would not meet at once, and even when they did there would be time to manifest to Friends a just sense of my errors.

I thanked him, and went my way, making, however, no sign of grace, so that, on July 4 of this 1776, late in the evening, I received in my aunt's presence a letter from Isaac Freeman, clerk of the Meeting, inclosing a formal minute of the final action of Friends in my case.

«What is that?» said Aunt Gainor, very cheerful over a letter of thanks to her for having sold at cost to the Committee of Safety the cloth of Holland and the blankets she had induced my father to buy for her. She had stored them away for this hour of need, and was now full of satisfaction because of having made my father the means of clothing the Continental troops.

«Read it aloud. What is it, sir?» I was smiling over what a few years before would have cost me many a bitter thought.

«Give it me! What is it?» Then she put on a pair of the new spectacles with wire supports to rest on the ears. «Dr. Franklin gave me these new inventions, and a great comfort too. I cannot endure bridge glasses; they leave dents in one's nose. You have not seen him lately. He was here to-day. You should see him, Hugh. He was dressed very fine in a velvet coat with new, shilling buttons, and bless me! but he has got manners as fine as his ruffles, and that is saying a good deal—Mechlin of the best. You would not know the man.»

With this she began to look at my letter. «Hoity-toity, sir! this is a fine setting down for a naughty Quaker!» And she read it aloud in a strong voice, her head back, and the great promontory of her nose twitching at the nostrils now and then with supreme contempt:

«(TO HUGH WYNNE: A minute, this First-day of Sixth-month, 1776, from the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Philadelphia.

«Whereas Hugh Wynne hath had his birth and education among Friends, and, as we believe, hath been convinced of that divine principle which preserves the followers thereof from a disposition to contend for the asserting of civil rights in a manner contrary to our peaceful profession, yet doth not manifest a disposition to make the Meeting a proper acknowledgment of his outgoings, and hath further declared his intention to continue his wrong-doing;

«Therefore, for the clearing of truth and our society, we give forth our testimony against such breaches, and can have no unity with him, the said Hugh Wynne, as a member of our society until he become sensible of his deviations, and come to a sense of his error, and condemn the same to the satisfaction of Friends; which is that we, as Christian men, desire.

«Signed in, and on behalf of, the Meeting by

«(ISAAC FREEMAN,
«(Clerk.)

«What insolent nonsense!» cried Miss Wynne. «I hope your father is satisfied. I assure you I am. You are free at last. Here was James Warder to-day with a like document to the address of my dear Jack. I was assured that it was a terrible disgrace. I bade him take snuff and not be any greater fool than nature had made him. He took my

snuff and sneezed for ten minutes. I think it helped him. One can neither grieve nor reason when one is sneezing. It is what Dr. Rush calls a moral alternative. Whenever the man fell to lamenting, I gave him more snuff. I think it helped him. And so the baa-lambs of Meeting have disowned their two black sheep. Well, well! I have better news for you. Mr. Carroll was here just now, with his charming ways. One would think when he is talking that one is the only woman alive. If I thought the priests taught him the trick, I would turn papist. You should observe his bow, Hugh. I thought Mr. Chew's bow not to be surpassed; but Mr. Carroll—oh, where was I?"

"Some good news," I said.

"Yes, yes. He tells me the Congress this evening voted for a Declaration of Independence."

"Indeed!" I cried. "So it has come at last. I too am free, and it is time I went away, Aunt Gainer."

"We will see," she said. "How can I do without you? and there is your father too. He is not the man he was, and I do not see, Hugh, how you can leave him yet."

It was too true, as my last interview had shown me. He was no longer the strong, steadily obstinate John Wynne of a year or two back. He was less decisive, made occasional errors in his accounts, and would sometimes commit himself to risky ventures. Then Thomas Mason, our clerk, or my aunt would interfere, and he would protest and yield, having now by habit a great respect for my aunt's sagacity, which in fact was remarkable.

I went back to my work discontented, and pulled this way and that, not clearly seeing what I ought to do; for how could I leave him as he now was? My aunt was right.

Next day I heard John Nixon read in the State-House yard the noble words of the Declaration. Only a few hundred were there to hear it, and its vast consequences few men as yet could apprehend. Miss Norris told me not long after that she climbed on a barrow and looked over their garden wall at Fifth street and Chestnut; "and really, Mr. Wynne, there were not ten decent coats in the crowd." But this Miss Norris was a hot Tory, and thought us all an underbred mob, as, I fear, did most of the proprietary set—the men lacking civil courage to fight on either side, and amazed that Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Reed, and Mr. Robert Morris, and the Virginia gentry, should side with demagogues like Adams and Roger Sherman.

And so time ran on. I fenced, drilled, saw my companions drift away into war, and knew not how to escape. I can now look back on my dismissal from Meeting with more regret than it gave my youth. I have never seen my way to a return to Friends; yet I am still apt to be spoken of as one of the small number who constitute, with Wetherill and Owen and Clement Biddle, the society of Friends known as Free Quakers. To discuss why later I did not claim my place as one of these would lead me to speaking of spiritual affairs, and this, as I have elsewhere said, I never do willingly, nor with comfort to myself.

One afternoon in September of this year I was balancing an account when my father came in and told me that Mason, our clerk, had just had a fall in the hold of one of our ships. The day after I saw him, and although his hurts were painful they hardly seemed to justify my father in his desire that now at last he should take a long rest from work.

This threw all the detail of our affairs as largely into my hands as was possible with a man like my father. I think he guessed my intention to leave him for the army, and gladly improved this chance to load me with needless affairs, and all manner of small perplexities. My aunt was better—in fact, well; but here was this new trouble. What could I do? My father declared that the old clerk would soon be able to resume his place, and meanwhile he should have no one to help him but me. Now and then, to my surprise, he made some absurd business venture, and was impatient if I said a word of remonstrance. Twice I was sent to Maryland to see after our tobacco plantations. I was in despair, and became depressed and querulous, seeing no present way, nor any future likelihood, of escape. My father was well pleased, and even my aunt seemed to me too well satisfied with the ill turn which fate had done me. My father was clearly using the poor old clerk's calamity as an excuse to keep me busy; nor was it at all like him to employ such subterfuges. All his life long he had been direct, positive, and dictatorial; a few years back he would have ordered me to give up all idea of the army, and would as like as not have punished resistance with cold-blooded disinheritance. He was visibly and but too clearly changing from the resolute, uncompromising man he had once been. Was he cunning enough to know that his weakness was for me a bondage far stronger than his more vigorous rule had ever been?

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



AUNT GAINOR.



VIEW FROM THE CAPITOL, SHOWING THE MAIN FRONT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE NATION'S LIBRARY.

BY THE LIBRARIAN.

WITH PICTURES BY E. POTTHAST.

I. THE NEW BUILDING.



A CONSOLE, MAIN VESTIBULE.
HERBERT ADAMS, SCULPTOR.

THE monumental building provided for the extensive collections of the Library of Congress at Washington represents about nine years of construction, besides fourteen years of preliminary agitation and discussion. The act of April 15, 1886, authorizing the erection of a separate library building was the fruit of a public necessity growing out of the rapid increase, beyond all capacity within the Capitol to hold them, of the nation's books. Several proposed measures for this end had been postponed from year to year by interests deemed more important

or more pressing, or by differences concerning a proper site, plan, and cost, until the act referred to secured fully two thirds of the votes of both houses of Congress.

The site selected was an ideal one in respect to elevation, salubrity, and dry, solid foundations for a massive edifice of granite. It abuts upon the park of the Capitol, being about 1500 feet distant from that building on the east, and it is surrounded by four streets with ample approaches. The white

granite which forms the exterior walls of the building is from quarries in Concord, New Hampshire, and in color is nearly as light as the marble walls of the Capitol. The inner walls, facing the four spacious courts, are in part of a slightly darker granite from Maryland, and partly of white enameled brick resembling porcelain in color, and producing a light and cheerful effect. The dimensions of the library building are 470 by 340 feet, covering about three and a half acres of ground. In style the building belongs to the Italian Renaissance, and four corner pavilions, together with the central front, are moderately projected, completely relieving any monotony incident to so long a façade. The solid and massive granite walls are further relieved by many windows, the casings of which are treated in high relief, and by sixteen ornate pillars and capitals in the central front, with twelve columns in each of the corner pavilions. In the keystones of thirty-three window arches are carved in the granite thirty-three human heads, representing types of various races of men—a unique feature, furnishing an object-lesson in ethnology as well as in decoration. Four colossal figures, each representing Atlas, are carved below the roof on the central pavilion, surmounted by a pediment with sculptured American eagles, and an emblematic group in granite. Three spandrels, carved in granite above the arches of the three main entrance doors, represent Art, Science, and Literature. The whole edifice is surmounted

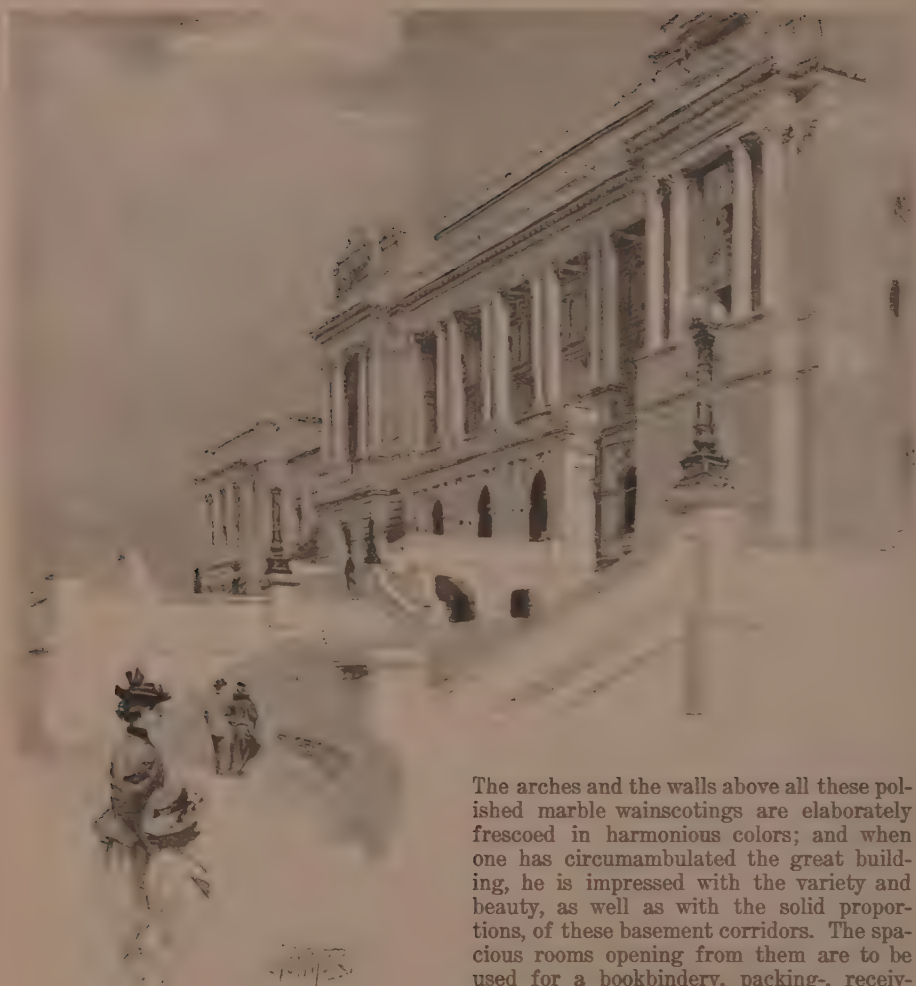
by a carved balustrade which runs around the building. The lower story is of rough-surfaced granite, while the walls of the upper stories are of smooth bush-hammered stone, relieved at the corners of the building by vermiculated work. The height of the walls is 69 feet, and the apex of the dome is 195 feet from the ground. This dome is gilded with a thick coating of gold-leaf, and is surmounted by a lantern the crest of which terminates in a gilded finial representing the ever-burning torch of Science. The galleries of the upper story command a wide and noble view of the Virginia and Maryland heights, the city of Washington, and the river Potomac.

The combined solidity and beauty of the exterior produce an architectural effect which is generally admired. The massive granite approaches, doorway, and staircase with its heavy but finely designed balustrades, lend dignity to the edifice, instead of detracting from it, as in some notable public buildings. The grounds immediately surrounding it are laid out in a style to correspond with the spacious park of the Capitol, and a beautiful bronze fountain in the central front will contribute a refreshing adjunct to the harmonious effect. In the rear of the library building is located a granite annex with a high tower, providing for all the machinery connected with the heating of the structure—pumps, coal-vaults, steam-boilers, etc. Thus is secured within the library complete immunity from those nuisances of noise, dust, heat, and odors which are the unavoidable consequence when such plants are placed in the basement of any public building.

Entering the building, it is found to be divided into three stories besides the cellar, namely, a ground floor level with the surrounding streets, a first story, or library floor, and a second story, or gallery floor. Passing into the basement under heavy groined arches, the ceilings of which are frescoed in simple designs, we enter one of the four long, spacious corridors which extend all around the building. The feature of all these wide passageways is that they are wainscoted or are lined entirely



BRONZE LAMP-BEARER OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE. PHILIP MARTINY, SCULPTOR.



CENTRAL PAVILION, SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCE.

with American marbles coming from three different States, and embracing the handsomest colored marbles which this country produces. The western corridor (nearest to the Capitol) is of two shades of mottled blue Vermont marble from quarries at Brandon. The south wing is lined with what we may call Champlain marble, from the Swanton quarries near that lake, a very rich red-and-white stone, most effective to the eye. In the eastern corridor (360 feet in length), a Georgia marble from Pickens County, in black and white veins, has been used with beautiful effect. Finally, the north wing is lined with Tennessee marble of a light chocolate color.

The arches and the walls above all these polished marble wainscotings are elaborately frescoed in harmonious colors; and when one has circumambulated the great building, he is impressed with the variety and beauty, as well as with the solid proportions, of these basement corridors. The spacious rooms opening from them are to be used for a bookbindery, packing-, receiving-, and shipping-rooms, office-rooms for the heads of the watch and superintendence of the building, and for storage purposes.

Ascending to the first or library floor, which is also entered from the outside by the granite staircase and bronze doors, the vestibule is reached, through which, decorated elaborately with white marble and gilded ceiling, one enters the foyer, or grand staircase hall. This superb apartment is constructed throughout of the finest Italian marble, highly polished. From its four sides rise lofty rounded columns with Corinthian capitals richly carved, and its heavy but very graceful arches are adorned with marble rosettes, palm-leaves, and foliated designs of exquisite finish and delicacy. The lofty height of this fine entrance-hall, rising 72

feet to the skylight of stained glass, with its ornate vaulted ceiling and grand double staircase, and its white marble balustrades leading up on each side to the galleries above, produces an architectural effect both harmonious and imposing. It has been styled «a vision in polished stone» and «a dream of beauty»; but only readers who have seen it can be expected to appreciate such terms of praise.

Entering through this spacious hall, we pass into the reading-room, or central rotunda, by wide corridors adorned with rich mosaic ceilings. This public reading-room is octagonal in shape, with a diameter of 100 feet, and is lighted from above by eight large semicircular windows 32 feet wide, bearing the arms of all the States and Territories in color. At intervals eight massive pillars rise to the height of 40 feet, their bases being of dark Tennessee marble surmounted by heavy columns of lighter red Numidian marble, and crowned by emblematic statues of heroic size. The wall-space of the reading-room is of yellow Siena marble, with numerous arches and balustrades rising to the height of the upper gallery in a double tier, and having an extremely rich and beautiful effect. There are in all seventy-seven arches, the lower tier being intercalated with pilas-

ters and architraves carved in classic sculpture. All these beautiful architectural effects are embodied in that richest of all known colored marbles which comes from the quarries of the Siena monastery, and their soft, warm, and mellow lights and shades are a pleasure to the eye.

The reading-room is fitted with mahogany desks for about two hundred and fifty readers, allowing each four feet of working-space. In the center, slightly raised above the surrounding floor, are the desks of the superintendent and his assistants, with the card-catalogue of the library in a long series of drawers grouped about the inner circle, while the circular shelves outside the railing provide readers with an assortment of catalogues, bibliographies, and other works of reference to be used freely without the formality of tickets. Within this central desk-space, which commands every part of the reading-room, is an extensive series of pneumatic tubes communicating with the several stack-rooms in which books are stored, and there is to be introduced a system of book-carriers for the speedy service of books to readers from any part of the outlying book repositories.

Opening out from the central reading-room on each side are two extensive iron book-stacks, each of the capacity of about



THE GRAND STAIRCASE HALL, OF CARRARA MARBLE.

800,000 volumes. These stacks are nine stories in height, each tier of shelves being just seven feet high, and each stack rising 65 feet, tier over tier, to the roof. All the floors are of white marble, and every book can be reached by the hand at once. The shelves are made of rolled steel, not solid, but in open bars, very light and firm, and so coated with magnetic oxid as to render them as smooth as glass. The space between the bars secures ventilation for the books, as well as immunity in a good degree from accumulations of dust. They are adjustable by an easy movement to any height for books of various sizes. This shelf system and stacks were designed by Bernard R. Green, engineer in charge during the construction of the building. The book-stacks are lighted by windows of plate-glass without sash, each window being a single plate, and dust-proof, the ventilation of the stack-rooms being from the upper tier of

windows, on the down-draft system. Three elevators are provided for the three stack-rooms, and three for public use in other parts of the library building.

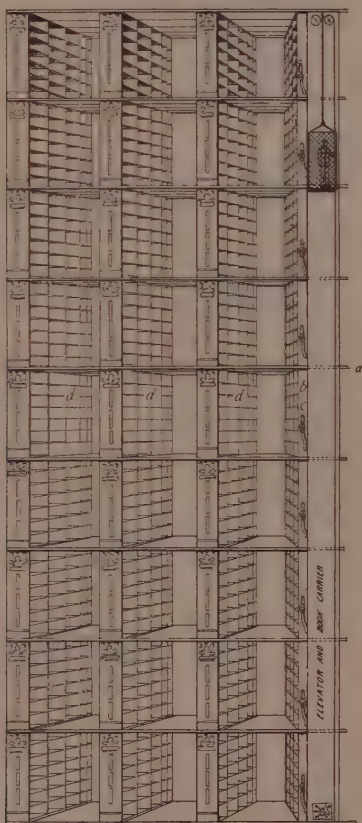
The spacious rooms on the first floor, outside the central reading-room, are designed for the copyright office, or public records, a catalogue-room, a special reading-room for the Senate, and another for the House of Representatives, an apartment for the Toner Library (presented to the Government), committee-rooms, librarian's office, etc. The Smithsonian Scientific Library, long deposited with the Library of Congress, will be placed in the smaller stack-room on the eastern side of the building, which will hold about 100,000 volumes.

The second floor of the building has four spacious open corridors surrounding it, decorated as to walls and ceilings with frescos and mural paintings, and with numerous tablet inscriptions from the great writers of the world. It contains an extensive hall designed for an art gallery, a hall for maps and charts, and three or four spacious exhibition-halls in which choice specimens of early typography, engraving, and Americana will be exhibited in glass cases.

The capacity of those portions of the library building already shelved is ample for about 1,900,000 volumes, there being about forty-four miles of shelves in position. Beside this, there is space which may ultimately be finished with book-stacks to accommodate about 2,500,000 additional volumes; and the extensive inner courts may still further serve posterity for book storage to the extent of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 volumes more. When it is considered that the largest existing library numbers less than 2,500,000 volumes, it will be seen how extensive is the provision for future growth for at least a century or two to come.

An underground tunnel between the Capitol and the library building will transmit rapidly any books wanted for congressional use and not found in the reference library at the Capitol.

The floor-area of the library in its first story is about 111,000 square feet, that of the British Museum being a little more than 90,000 square feet, and that of the building for the State, War, and Navy departments 92,000 square feet. The ultimate cost of the entire edifice, including decorations and furnishings, will be about \$6,300,000, or a little more than half the cost of the government building last named, and it will be completed within the limit of cost fixed by Congress.



DRAWN BY WELLS M. SAWYER.

A BOOK-STACK.

a, flooring; *b*, pneumatic tube; *c*, carrier; *d*, shelves.



SOUTHWEST PAVILION—THE EXHIBITION-ROOM.

In design and in construction the two great ends of architecture, use and beauty, appear to have been well attained in this government building, a structure erected not for the present generation alone, but for many yet to come.

II. SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

WHAT is the function of a government library? is a question which becomes more than ever pertinent in view of the impending opening at Washington of the noble building to which this article is devoted. That this edifice is a permanent, fire-proof, and fitting home for the nation's books, representing the assiduous gatherings of nearly a hundred years, is already recognized by all. That the mission of the great library which it is to contain is a manifold one, reaching far beyond the limits of its locality and the present age, is perhaps less widely appreciated. Founded in the year 1800 by the modest appropriation of five thousand dollars «for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of Congress at the said city of Washington,» this collection has grown, notwithstanding the ravages of two fires, to the present aggregate of 740,000 volumes. The acquisition of the Jefferson Library in 1815, the Force Historical Library in 1865, the Smithsonian Library in 1867, and the Toner collection in 1882, all constituted specially important and valuable accessions to its stores. And by the enactment of the copyright law of 1870, followed by the international copyright act of 1891, this library



THE PUBLIC READING-ROOM.

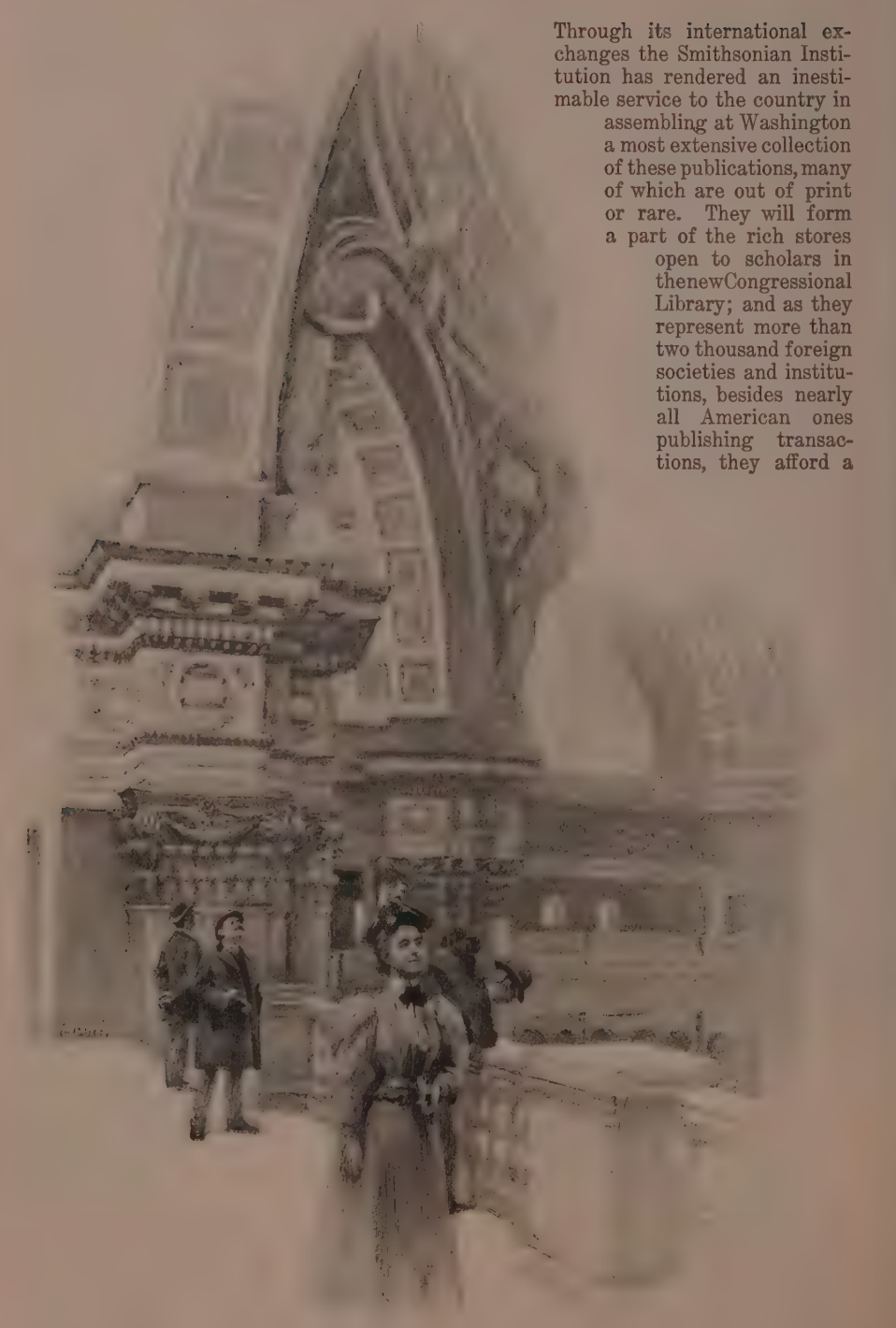
became entitled to receive two copies of all books, periodicals, and other publications claiming the protection of copyright in the United States.

While its primary function has been and still is to furnish the national legislature with all the aids in their far-reaching and responsible duties which a comprehensive library can supply, its more extensive province has made it the conservator of the nation's literature. By the wise legislation of Congress it has been made the one designated legal repository of the entire product of the American press, so far as issued under the government guaranty of copyright. If this salutary and conservative measure had been in force from the beginning of copyright in 1790, instead of being confined to the last twenty-five years, we should now be in possession of an unapproached and unattainable completeness in every department of American books. In the absence of any central place of deposit, the copyright requirements of earlier years were most negligently and imperfectly complied with, and multitudes of books have wholly disappeared, or are found only in second-hand book-shops or in the cabinets of curious collectors. Considered in a scientific view or as absolute knowledge, the loss may not be greatly to be deplored; but, taking a single example, let the reader consider how substantial a benefit it would be to those interested in the profession of education to be assured of finding in a national collection every school- or text-book produced in the United States during the period of a century. Writers for the press may learn as much from the failures of their predecessors as from their successes. And the historian of American literature who would be thoroughly comprehensive cannot overlook the forgotten books read, and perhaps admired, by former generations. Nor can any nation claiming to hold a front rank in civilization shirk the obligation of preserving, in one inclusive and not exclusive collection open to the whole people, all the books which the country produces. From the lack of care in the past to enforce this judicious policy, the National Library of Great Britain has been for years buying up at great cost the dramas, pamphlets, chap-books, and other productions of English literature in past ages, to fill innumerable gaps in its great collection.

Where in America can one find even a respectably full collection of the pamphlet literature of which the country has been so prolific? This class of writings appears fore-

doomed in each generation to swift and irremediable destruction, unless preserved in public libraries. Yet its great value, as reflecting in condensed and often masterly style the real spirit of the age which produced it, with its controversies, political, religious, and social, and the ideas which moved the public mind, has been recognized by all philosophic historians as incalculable. If all authors of pamphlets would send their productions to the library of the Government, they would not only secure the preservation of their own thought, but would be found to have performed a useful public service. As an instance of the historical value of pamphlet literature, take the Thomason collection of twenty thousand pieces, covering the Cromwellian period in England. Its owner sedulously collected and laid aside every issue of the press from 1649 to 1660; and the collection, after escaping the ravages of fire and of two hostile armies, was finally bought by the king, and afterward presented to the British Museum Library. Carlyle made extensive use of this inestimable collection. In like manner, the great La Bédoyère collection of printed matter relating to the French Revolution, purchased for the National Library of France in 1863, covered exhaustively the issues of the press, including periodicals, for twenty-five years, and its 15,500 volumes were the fruit of fifty years' assiduous research by an enthusiastic and untiring collector. Another devotee to the collection and preservation of historical material, the late Peter Force of Washington, was for forty years engaged in amassing a rich library of manuscripts, newspapers, books, pamphlets, and maps illustrative of American history. He ransacked the book-shops of the cities, imported from abroad, and was a frequent bidder at auctions, where he secured the Duane and the Wolcott collections of pamphlets, representing the carefully preserved and bound gatherings of a Republican and a Federalist during many years of public and political life. The Force collection was fortunately saved from dispersion, and now forms an invaluable part of the Congressional Library.

In another field of library collection, which the Smithsonian Institution may be said to have made its own, consider the value of a complete series of the reports, transactions, and other publications of scientific bodies. Embracing as these do the results of the labors of men of science in every field of thought or investigation, they furnish material of the first importance to the student.

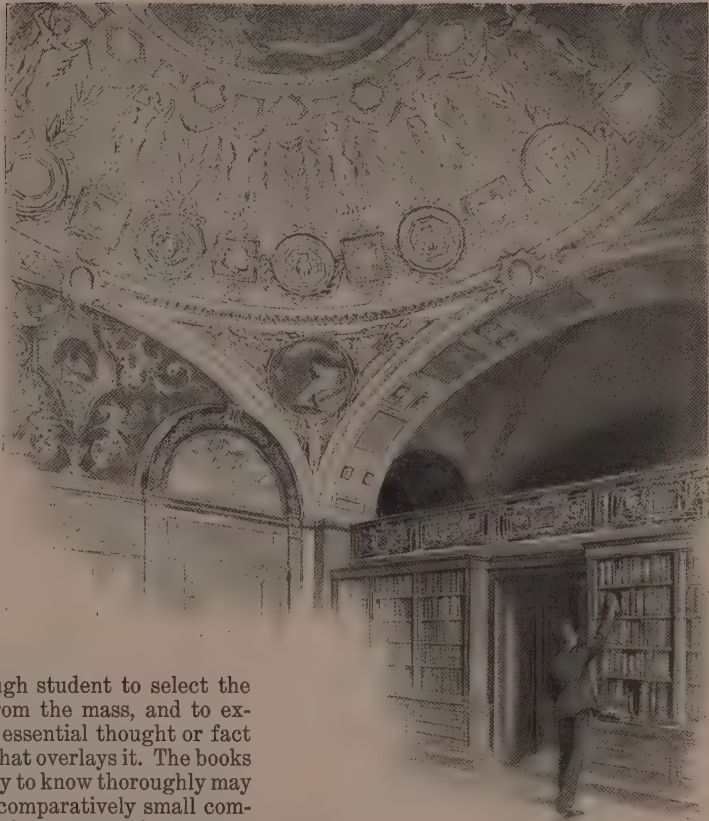


Through its international exchanges the Smithsonian Institution has rendered an inestimable service to the country in assembling at Washington a most extensive collection of these publications, many of which are out of print or rare. They will form a part of the rich stores open to scholars in the new Congressional Library; and as they represent more than two thousand foreign societies and institutions, besides nearly all American ones publishing transactions, they afford a

THE MAIN READING-ROOM GALLERY.

copious repository of scientific information for public use and reference.

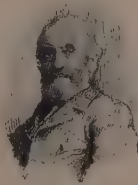
That a library is useful and valuable in the direct ratio of its completeness is a postulate that may be termed self-evident, and fairly so. «The true university of these days,» says Thomas Carlyle, «is a collection of books.» While the vast extent of the world's literature may fill the ordinary reader with dismay, it needs only the practised eye and quick discernment of the thorough student to select the more important from the mass, and to extract in each the essential thought or fact from the verbiage that overlays it. The books which it is necessary to know thoroughly may be comprised in a comparatively small compass. The rest are to be preserved in the great literary conservatories—some as memorials of the past, some as chronicles of the times, and not a few as models to be avoided. It is easy to pronounce the great majority of the books in our larger libraries «rubbish,» and to propose, as has frequently been done, to make a bonfire of the trash which the copyright law brings into the government library at Washington. But the grave question confronts us, Where are we to begin? Are there any judgments likely to concur as to what is to be preserved? It is a common experience that the book which was nothing to us at one time came to have a most unexpected value at another. When the priest and the barber, in the immortal romance of Cervantes, sought to purge the library of Don Quixote of the perilous stuff which had bewildered his artless brain, the self-consti-



THE LIBRARIAN'S OFFICE.

tuted censors were not agreed as to what should be condemned to the flames. Do the learned editors who would like to have the great library «weeded» ever reflect that their own works in great folio might be the first to go out, to make room for smaller books, if not better ones?

The ever-widening sphere and influence of the periodical press—one of the great phenomena of modern times—suggest the importance of preserving in our most representative libraries a copious selection from the daily newspapers, and a full collection of the literature of magazines and reviews. While no library, however comprehensive, could possibly store all the periodical publications (now amounting in the United States alone to more than twenty thousand, as against only eight thousand in 1875), it is none the less its proper function to provide full sets of the more important ones. They



A. R. SPOFFORD.



THE NORTH CORRIDOR OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE HALL.

afford the completest mirror of the times to be derived from any single source. Taken together, they supply the richest material for the historian and the student of comparative civilization in all its aspects—literary, political, moral, social, religious, and economic. More and more the best thought and the inventive genius of the age become reflected in their pages. No investigator in any department whose aim is full information can afford to neglect this fruitful mine, where his most valuable material will frequently be found; and it is to be considered that unless the representative library preserves them, a very large portion of them will not be preserved in accessible form at all. The destiny of most periodicals is swift destruction. The obvious causes of their rapid disappearance are their great volume, inevitably growing with each year, the difficulty of finding room to store them in our small dwellings, the ravages of fire, and the continual demand of paper for the uses of trade. Add to these the

technical, philosophical, social, fashionable, medical, legal, educational, agricultural, bibliographical, commercial, financial, historical, mechanical, nautical, military, artistic, musical, dramatic, typographical, sanitary, sporting, economic, and miscellaneous, is it any wonder that specialists and writers for the press seek and find ready aid therein for their many-sided labors?

To the skeptical mind, accustomed to undervalue what does not happen to come within the range of its pet idols or pursuits, the observation of a single day's multifold research in the great library might be in the nature of a revelation. Here one finds an industrious compiler intent upon the history of American duels, for which the many files of Northern and Southern newspapers, reaching back to the beginning of the century, afford copious material. At another table sits a deputation from a department, commissioned to make a record of all notable strikes and labor troubles for a series of

large cost of binding sets of periodicals, and the preference of the majority of families for books, and the reasons why very few private subscribers to periodicals can afford to bind and preserve them are apparent. So much the more important is it that public libraries should not neglect a duty which is due both to their own age and to posterity. These unconsidered trifles of to-day, which are looked upon as not worth space to store or money to bind, are the very things which the man of the future, intent upon the reconstruction of the past, will search for with eagerness. Accordingly, it has been the policy of the library of the United States for nearly thirty years past to preserve and bind up at least two of the daily journals of each State and Territory, and all the magazines and reviews obtainable, with a selection of the weekly press. No department of the library is so widely used, not only for purposes of reference, but of study. When it is considered how far-reaching are the fields embraced in the wide range of these periodicals, literary, religious, scientific, political,

years, to be gleaned from the columns of the journals of leading cities. Hither flock the ever-present searchers into family history, laying under contribution all the genealogies and town and county histories which the country has produced. An absorbed reader of French romances sits side by side with a clergyman perusing homilies or endeavoring to elucidate, through a mass of commentators, a special text. Here are to be found ladies in pursuit of costumes of every age; artists turning over the great folio galleries of Europe for models or suggestions; lawyers seeking precedents or leading cases; journalists verifying dates, speeches, conventions, or other forgotten facts; engineers studying the literature of railways or machinery; actors or amateurs in search of plays or works on the dramatic art; physicians looking up biographies of their profession or the history of epidemics; students of heraldry after coats of arms; inventors searching the specifications and drawings of patents; historical students pursuing some special field in American or foreign annals; scientists verifying facts or citations by original authorities; searchers tracing personal residences or deaths in old directories or newspapers; querists seeking for the words of some half-remembered passage in poetry or prose, or the original author of one of the myriad proverbs which float about the world without a father; architects or builders of houses comparing hundreds of designs and models; teachers perusing works on education or comparing text-books new or old; readers absorbing the great poems of the world; writers in pursuit of new or curious themes among books of antiquities or folk-lore; students of all the questions of finance and economic science; naturalists seeking to trace through many volumes descriptions of species; pursuers of military or naval history or science; enthusiasts venturing into the occult domains of spiritualism or thaumaturgy; explorers of voyages and travels in every region of the globe; fair readers, with dreamy eyes, devouring the last psychological novel; devotees of musical art perusing the lives or the scores of great composers; college and high-school students intent upon "booking up" on themes of study or composition or debate; and a host of other seekers after suggestion or information in a library of encyclopedic range.

This collection, extensive as it is, still falls far short of completeness in many important directions. While its quality is by no means commensurate with its quantity, it yet pos-

sesses a large share of the standard works in all departments of science and literature. Its greatest strength lies in the fields of jurisprudence, political science, American and British history, and what are known as Americana. Its deficiencies are most marked in books in foreign languages, and they are notably great in editions of the classics, in philology, in Oriental literature, and in many of the sciences. With all its manifold defects, it may be said that the library, so far as it is the fruit of selection, has been formed with a view to the highest utility, and with some general unity of plan. Congress may be expected, now that the expenditure upon the building has ceased, to take a more liberal view of its wants, and to make wise provision for such an increase of its intellectual stores as shall be worthy of the nation and the age. Its new and magnificent building, through the far-sighted liberality of the people's representatives, has



A GLIMPSE OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE HALL.



AN EXHIBITION-HALL, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE FRESCOS BY GARI MELCHERS.

been planned and organized to accommodate ultimately, with every convenience of administration. In the judgment of all who have seen it, its architectural and artistic beauty has been pronounced fully equal to its utility. Its gallery of art will soon be filled with an instructive exhibit of the progress

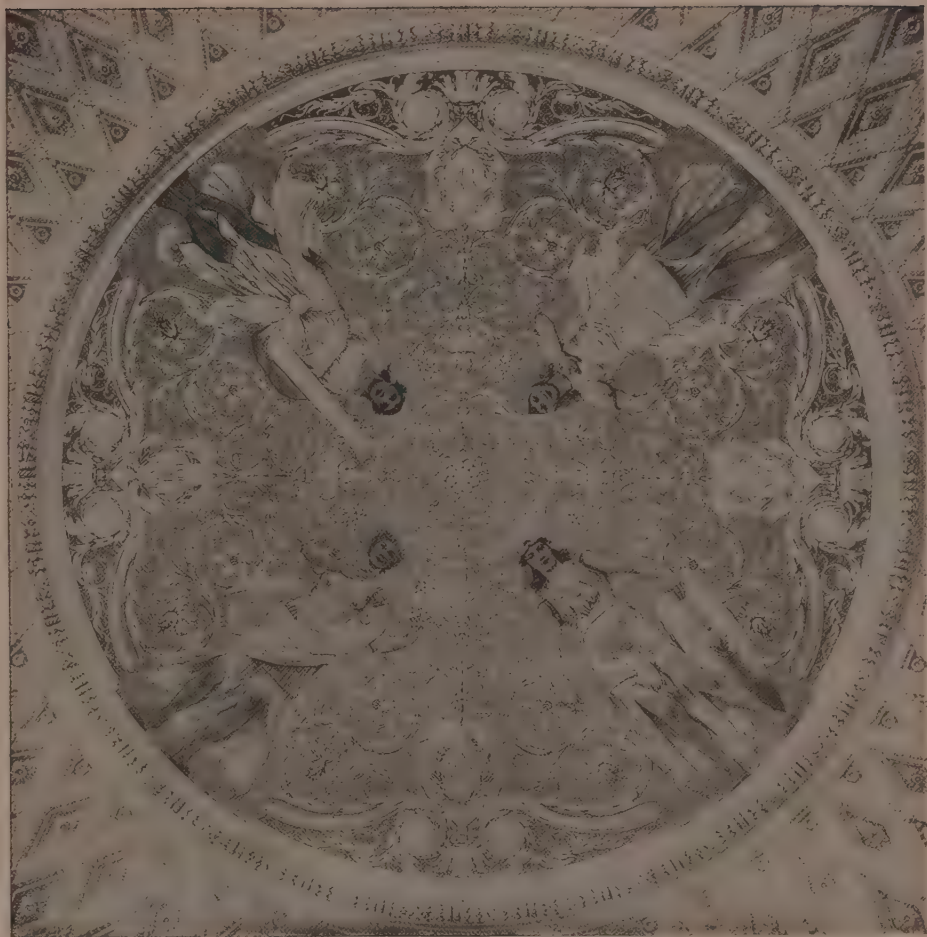
of the arts of design in every form; and it may be hoped that the large-minded policy which has created this noble temple of science, literature, and art will endow it with adequate means of growth, so that its ample shelves may before long be filled with the learning of all lands.

A. R. Spofford.

THE DECORATIONS IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

THE scene in the new Congressional Library at Washington, when I visited it in the summer of 1896, was interesting and impressive. A guard admitted me at a small door under the imposing terraces and flights of steps which form the approach to the main entrance of the building. I walked through corridor after corridor, ascended broad stairways, and found my way through spacious galleries and vestibules to the great rotunda in the middle of the vast construction. Here was an immense scaffolding rising a hundred

feet or more to the base of the dome, and high above that, as I looked up, I saw the iron elliptical truss-work that swung from the platform of the scaffolding to the top of the dome, carrying ladders and landing-places to the crown of the lantern, 160 feet from the floor. Scores of skilled workmen were carving, fitting, and polishing. *By*, were perched high in the drum of the table others were setting mosaics and, commarble floors. In corridors and notable rolling platforms and bridged a series of



CEILING. PAINTED BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

ble work in the great staircase hall and the rotunda, designs have been made by him for the decoration of the entire interior. He was occupied more than three years with the work, giving all his time to it, and employing, of course, a number of draftsmen to assist him. His decorative schemes show variety of design, fertility of invention, and an excellent sense of the importance of unity in the ensemble. Under his direction all the work not given out to the artists has been intelligently and skilfully carried out by a corps of decorators, headed by Elmer E. Searns for the painters, by Albert Weinert for the sculptors and modelers of ornament,

This & H. T. Schladermundt for mosaics far short colored glass. Praise for the ex-directions. The general decorative work in commensurate w.

the building is due to the young architect who planned it and presented it in its broad aspect and in its detail forms, so that nothing might be misunderstood, and so that the execution by the hands of the craftsmen should realize his conceptions. The color-schemes chosen by the artists for their compositions will be found to harmonize with this general decoration, each of them, before making his sketches, having taken account of the prevailing general tints, and considered their color-effect as the setting for his work. The greater part of the mural pictures have been executed on canvas in artists' studios in New York, Paris, and other places. These large canvases when completed are removed from their stretchers and sent to Washington. The artist follows, and the

pictures are put up under his supervision. The process employed consists in applying a thin bed of composition, of which white lead is the principal ingredient, to the wall or ceiling, and «rolling on» the canvas. In this manner it is fastened smoothly and securely. This process may naturally be most successfully employed where the surface is flat. In France, we are told, painted decoration on canvas has been rolled on concave surfaces by a clever system of goring the canvas, and in one case this was done at Washington. In almost every instance, however, where the surface is concave the painting is done directly on the material of the wall or ceiling itself. Mr. Maynard's ceiling in the southwest pavilion, where the surface is a section of a sphere, and Mr. Blashfield's work in the great rotunda, are cases in point. Both artists executed their designs in place, and spent months, with their assistants, working in the building. So, too, did Mr. Shirlaw, Mr. Barse, and others.

«The Evolution of Civilization» is the subject of the decoration by Edwin Howland Blashfield. It is composed of the collar of the dome in the great central rotunda, and the crown of the lantern. The collar is about 140 feet in circumference, surrounds the eye of the lantern, and is at the height of 125 feet from the pavement of the rotunda. It contains twelve seated colossal figures, each ten feet high. There are twelve cartouches, or tablets, inscribed with the names of the epochs or of the countries which have contributed to the evolution of civilization. These twelve tablets form rhythmical points established between the figures, and under each figure runs a banderole, or streamer, with an inscription referring to the special contribution to civilization of the country or epoch which is represented by the figure above. The wings of all the figures overlap each other and form a dominant factor in the composition, binding together the component parts of the decoration. The figures are divided into four triads. The central figure of each triad is relatively rigid, and the drapery is principally white. The side figures lean toward the central ones, and the drapery is of darker tints. Egypt, with «Written Records» on the tablet, comes first in chronological order. The figure bears the sign of immortality and a tablet inscribed with hieroglyphics. On the throne is shown the cartouche of Mena, the first Egyptian king. Judea (religion) holds stone tablets bearing Hebrew inscriptions. Greece (philosophy) bears a lamp and a scroll. Rome

(administration) has a baton of command and a bundle of fasces. Islam (physics) holds a book and a glass retort. The Middle Ages (languages) bears a sword denoting chivalry, a model of a church typifying architecture, and a tiara and keys, symbols of the church. This figure has the features of Miss Mary Anderson. Italy (the fine arts) holds a palette and a statuette of Michelangelo's «David,» and rests her foot on a capital. The features are those of a young lady of New York, a sculptor. Germany (the art of printing) holds a proof-sheet, and beside her figure is a sixteenth-century printing-press. The features are those of General Thomas Lincoln Casey. Spain (discovery) has as accessories the rudder of a ship and a model of a caravel, and the head shows the features of Mr. William Bailey Faxon the painter. England (literature) bears a volume of Shakspeare, the page being a transcript of the title-page of the first edition of «A Midsummer Night's Dream.» The head is a portrait of Miss Ellen Terry. France (emancipation) sits upon a cannon and holds out the «Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme.» The features of the figure suggest those of the artist's wife. America (science) is depicted with a dynamo and a book as accessories. The head is that of Abraham Lincoln. The heads of the figures are not intended to be absolute portraiture, but characterizations, the features being used because the artist thought them especially suited to the nation or contribution typified. The dominant colors in Mr. Blashfield's decoration are white (the girdle of wings), bluish green (the background of mosaic patterning), and violet (the banderoles). The drapery of the figures harmonizes with these colors, being gradated from white to violet tints, and the violet hues are shaded into yellow and orange. The composition is light in general tone, and carries with great effectiveness at the distances from which it may be seen either from the floor or from the galleries encircling the rotunda. The collar decoration is inclosed around the eye of the lantern and at the outer edge by heavy gilded moldings in the form of garlands of leaves.

The crown of the lantern, consisting of a circular ceiling, contains three figures. A female figure floating among clouds of white and gray, and lifting up a veil which almost envelops her, is depicted looking upward, and represents Human Understanding looking up from finite achievement, as presented in the decoration of the collar, to what is beyond. Two nude figures of boys float at her sides,



PAINTED BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

«ITALY» (DETAIL).

one holding a closed book typifying the end of all things, and the other beckoning to the figures below. The drapery of the central figure is blue, darker than the portions of the sky which appear between the clouds, and the color of the veil is orange. The figure is shown as soaring upward and disappearing in the clouds. It is easy to see that Mr. Blashfield's task was a difficult one, considering the places allotted to him for decoration, the necessity of painting for effect at a great distance, and the importance of his color-scheme as the culminating point in the ensemble of the rotunda. At the ground floor the walls and bases of the piers are constructed of brownish-gray Tennessee marble. At the successive stages of the floors rising to the base of the dome the piers and

pilasters are of yellow Siena and red and yellow Numidian marble. At the base of the dome, running around the drum, is a sculptured frieze composed of bay-leaf garlands and eagles, with two female figures in the round over each of the eight arches, holding up the garland and supporting escutcheons. These figures are the work of Philip Martiny, while the rest of the sculptured stucco ornament in the rotunda is by Albert Weinert. The vault is paneled in sculptured ornament and rosettes. The latter are gilded, and are relieved against a ground of greenish blue. With all these various elements of material and color Mr. Blashfield's decoration is in harmony, and possesses such individuality of itself that it counts as a dominant note in the whole. His great figures, too, are well



PAINTED BY W. L. DODGE.

"AMBITION" (CEILING).

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

drawn, and his composition is constructed with a firmness that gives it power while it in no way detracts from its effect, which is intended by its position to be without any heaviness of character.

In a hall about 150 feet long, to be used as a museum, Mr. Kenyon Cox has painted two lunettes of semi-elliptical form. They are at the two ends of the long room, and measure 34 feet 7 inches at the base by 9 feet 7 inches in height at the center. The prevailing color-note in the general decoration of this hall is blue. Mr. Cox's subjects are «Art» and «Science.» Each of his decorative panels is divided into three parts by two pedestals bearing flaming tripods, these pedestals coming directly over the pilasters, which are part of the architectural lines of the room. In the middle part of each lunette is a throne raised on steps; at the sides are balustrades. The panel representing «Art» contains five principal figures typifying the five great arts—poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music. «Poetry» occupies of right the central throne. She is draped in white and pale rose-color, bears the lyre, and looks upward with an expression of inspiration. She is crowned with ivy, and points upward with her right hand. On the steps of her throne are two genii, one with a tablet, suggesting study, the other snapping his fingers and dancing, suggesting the gaiety of poetry. The division to the right of the spectator contains the figures of «Sculpture» and «Painting.» «Sculpture» in pale yellow, carries a statuette in her hand, which, while an original figure, recalls the style of Michelangelo. «Painting» leans upon the shoulder of «Sculpture» in an affectionate attitude. Her type is that of the Venetian school of the Renaissance, and she is draped, below the waist only, in dusky yellow. In her hand is a palette set with white, red, yellow, and blue. On the left side of the panel are figures of «Architecture» and «Music.» «Architecture» is leaning on a Gothic column, and is simply draped in a robe of the color of terra-cotta, the long lines of which are meant to signify architectural dignity. Beside her is «Music» in rose-color and violet, with fluttering scarf, playing on the violin, while a winged genius holds before her an open music-book. The scheme of color in this composition, based on rose and yellow, is pale and tawny. The color-scheme of the other lunette, devoted to «Science» is based on green and blue, but with the use of some warm tints for contrast. In the middle is the figure of «Astronomy» the



PAINTED BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

«GEOLOGY.»

PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX.

greatest of the sciences, leaning over a celestial globe held up by one of her attendant genii, and measuring it with a pair of compasses. She is draped in white and blue, and has a crown of stars on her head. A scarf of pale blue is disposed above her in an arch-like curve. As it was impossible to represent all the sciences in his composition, the

artist has selected typical ones. To the right are «Botany» and «Zoölogy,» the sciences dealing with the vegetable and animal kingdoms. «Botany» is clad in a brocaded gown of green and gold, the forms of the pattern recalling vegetable shapes. In her hand is a small oak-tree. «Zoölogy,» a nude seated figure, points with her right hand to a peacock—introduced because of its decorative

markedly full. The artist's resources as a draftsman are especially well shown in the admirable figure of the boy holding the globe, but the drawing of the figures is erudite throughout the work. The room in which the compositions by Mr. Cox are placed has its counterpart on the other side of the building. This room contains decorations by Gari Melchers. The prevailing color in the general



PAINTED BY ROBERT HILD.

«HEARING.»

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

beauty, but the eyes in its tail may be thought to symbolize the curiosity of science. To the left of «Astronomy» are «Physics,» in brown and yellow, investigating the laws of weight, and «Mathematics,» type of abstract science. The latter figure is clad in salmon-pink and rich blue, and holds an abacus, while a genius at her knee reckons on his fingers the sum set by the beads. They are arranged to count 1896. While both of Mr. Cox's compositions are painted in an extremely high key, the color is suave. The necessity of raising the tints to a very light value by the use of white has not caused them to become harsh, as sometimes happens with less skilful painters. The quality of the color in this work is notable, and, as in the green robe of «Botany,» re-

scheme of decoration is red. Mr. Melchers's subjects are «Peace» and «War.» The two lunettes are painted in the sound and competent manner which characterizes the work of this well-known painter, and were executed in Paris.

Two pavilions, octagonal rooms at the corners of the library building, are decorated by George W. Maynard and William L. Dodge. Two others contain ceilings and panels by Robert Dodge and William B. Van Ingen, the decorative schemes for these having been supplied by Mr. Casey and Mr. Garnsey. Mr. Van Ingen's work in the pavilion and elsewhere is notable for striking color quality, possessing some of the characteristics of the La Farge school. Mr. W. L. Dodge's

composition has «Ambition» for its subject, and four panels on the walls represent «Science,» «Art,» «Music,» and «Poetry.» They were painted in Paris, and the ceiling was exhibited at the Salon of 1896 before being brought to Washington. There are two groups in the composition of the ceiling, one consisting of a figure typifying «Glory,» holding aloft a crown, and majestically pre-

when the entire decoration, if practicable, is executed with the coöperation of the artist who paints the decorative pictures. In this case a most harmonious ensemble has been achieved, and the room has an air of perfect completeness. The panels, semi-elliptical in shape, occupying the upper part of the four longer walls of the room, have as their subjects four epochs of America—«Adventure,»



PAINTED BY ROBERT REID.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

«TOUCH.»

ceding a winged horse, while another figure, symbolizing «Fame,» flies before, holding the bridle of the horse in one hand and a trumpet in the other. The other group, united with the first by a large piece of drapery, consists of a number of figures on a terrace, including one who upsets a flaming brazier at the end of the balustrade, another stretched out dead, others struggling, and a fool with cap and bells. The general aspect of the ceiling is extremely decorative. The decoration of the pavilion containing Mr. Maynard's five works, confided to Mr. Maynard, consists of a general scheme of white and gold, which has been most successfully carried out, and the room shows how satisfactory the result is likely to be

«Discovery,» «Conquest,» and «Civilization.» The ceiling depicts the four elements necessary for development—«Fortitude,» «Valor,» «Courage,» and «Achievement.» The figures and accessories in each of the four panels follow a general arrangement common to all, and the color-schemes, while varied, are designed to balance one another. The panel «Adventure» shows a seated female figure with a drawn sword in one hand and a caduceus in the other, symbolizing courage and daring. To her left is a female figure typifying Spanish adventure, with a hatchet and a Peruvian golden image in her hands. The image signifies booty, which was the object of the quests of the first adventurers. On the right of the central figure is a young woman of

blonde English type, a sword in one hand, and grasping with the other silver pieces of money which fall from a bag. In either corner are the arms of England and Spain. Shields on each side of the principal figure bear the images of Norse ships, and on the background, or field, appear the names of famous adventurers such as Raleigh and Hawkins. The prevailing color is yellow, and the armor of the figures is gold and steel.

In the second panel, «Discovery,» crowned with a laurel wreath of gold, grasps a tiller with her left hand and supports a globe on her knee. On the globe are the outlines of Leonardo da Vinci's map, the first one that is known to have had the name America upon it. On each side of «Discovery» are female figures, one holding a sword, but not in an aggressive position, and a Jacob's-staff, the other a paddle and a chart. In the corners are ornamental figures of mermaids growing out of the border, who hold up corals and pearls. The two shields bear an astrolabe, the primitive quadrant. On the field are the names of great Spanish, French, and English discoverers, but no Portuguese, because their exploits relate to the East Indies, and not to America. The principal colors in this decoration are yellow and blue.

«Conquest» rests her hand on the hilt of a sword, suggesting that her work is done, and her right arm, extended with clenched fist, characterizes her attitude as one of possession and defense. The side figures are in reposeful positions, and bear swords, one entwined with oak, symbolical of the North, the other with palm, symbolical of the South. The arms of Spain and England reappear in the corners, and on the shields are the Pillars of Hercules with the setting sun and the motto «*Ne plus ultra.*» The field shows the names of conquerors such as Pizarro and Standish. The prevailing colors are red and orange. «Civilization» holds an open book on her knees, and bears a torch. One of the two side figures typifying «Manufactures» and «Agriculture» holds a distaff, the other a scythe and a sheaf of wheat. In the corners are mermaids with cotton and Indian corn in their hands, and the device on the shields is a lamp. The field is inscribed with the names of humanitarians and pioneers in civilization, such as Las Casas, Hennepin, Marquette, Penn, and Eliot. The predominant tints in the color-scheme are blue and white. In the circular panel of the ceiling the field is blue, the ornament yellowish white, and the draperies of the figures yellow. «Fortitude,» with flowing robes, supports a column. «Valor» rests

her hand on a sword. «Courage,» a strong Amazonian figure, is clad in a lion's skin and carries a shield and a club. «Achievement» points to the symbol of empire, a Roman standard surmounted by an eagle. The four figures, placed at points equidistant on the rim of the circle, are balanced in a symmetrical composition by ornamental designs which fill the intervening spaces and the center.

Besides the work done in this room, Mr. Maynard has painted eight upright panels around the staircase well in the second story of the staircase hall. The panels are three feet by twelve, and the subjects are the virtues — «Justice,» «Fortitude,» «Prudence,» «Temperance,» «Concordia,» «Industry,» «Courage,» and «Patriotism.» The figures are Pompeian in style, floating, and clad in drapery of whitish gray with backgrounds of vermilion. Each panel contains a single figure symbolical of one of the virtues. «Patriotism,» for example, is represented with an eagle on her arm, with wings extended as if having just alighted, and holding a bowl, from which the eagle eats. «Concordia,» the virtue of peace, carries an olive-branch and a cornucopia with wheat falling from its mouth.

Two curtain corridors are decorated by Edward Simmons and Walter McEwen. Nine heroes of ancient history form the subject chosen by Mr. McEwen, who painted his compositions in Paris. Mr. Simmons was given control of the entire decorative scheme in the corridor assigned to him, and has depicted the nine Muses. There is a tympanum at each end of the corridor, and seven others on one side, three over false doors and four over real doors. On the opposite side are windows. Besides the tympana, Mr. Simmons painted figure and ornamental subjects in the panels of the seven small domes of the corridor and in the twenty-eight pendentives. The motives are the attributes of the Muses. The tympana are nine feet long, the upper side consisting of a semicircle described by a radius of four and a half feet. «Calliope,» chief of the Muses, occupies the panel at one end of the corridor, and «Clio» the other. The color-scheme comprehends an arrangement passing from blue in the figure of «Calliope» to orange in that of «Clio.» In the row of seven tympana along the side of the corridor, three of the Muses have their arms extended, and, four between having them disposed otherwise, form a chain of arms uniting the series. The borders of the panels are formed by wreath-like designs in which roses, lilies,



PAINTED BY EDUARD SIMONS.

MELPOMENE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

poppies, and green foliage are introduced. Grace and dignity are happily combined in these compositions, and Mr. Simmons's authoritative draftsmanship, so well shown in his decorations in the new criminal courts in New York, is here applied with force and distinction. The color-scheme is sufficiently restrained to comport well with the style of his design, while it is not lacking in such animated notes as befit the treatment of some of the details of his theme.

In the vestibule just before entering the great rotunda are five tympana painted by Elihu Vedder. The composition over the door in the middle represents «Government»; those to the right, «Good Administration» and «Peace and Prosperity»; the two on the left, «Corrupt Legislation» and «Anarchy.» Mr. Vedder's capability and good judgment are well shown in these works; for, unlike some of the other rooms given to the artists to decorate, which are fully lighted, this vestibule is somewhat tenebrous. Instead of forcing the color-scheme to a high key, an expedient which might have been adopted by a less experienced painter, Mr. Vedder has treated his compositions in sober, modified tones of an even-gamut. They are in absolute harmony with their surroundings, and the restraint in color gives them depth and strength. These finely conceived designs are executed in such a manner that they do not appear as additions to the embellishment of their site, but as a part of the place itself, and nothing better in the way of fitness of placing will be found in the library. For the somewhat larger vestibule immediately preceding the one which contains Mr. Vedder's fine works, John W. Alexander has painted in Paris six tympana depicting «The Evolution of the Book.» His general color-scheme is made up of neutral tints, and the treatment, as may be seen in the illustration «The Story-teller of the Far East,» is extremely simple.

The central pavilion of the building, or the «west main,» as it is called in architectural parlance, contains the grand staircase; and on the second floor of this hall, directly in front of the visitor who mounts the steps to the mezzanine, there is to be a central panel in mosaic representing «Minerva.» The commission to make the design and color cartoon for this was given to Mr. Vedder, and it will be set in place after it has been laid in from the artist's designs. This will be done in Venice. On each side of the grand staircase is a lateral gallery, one of which is decorated by Henry Oliver Walker, and the

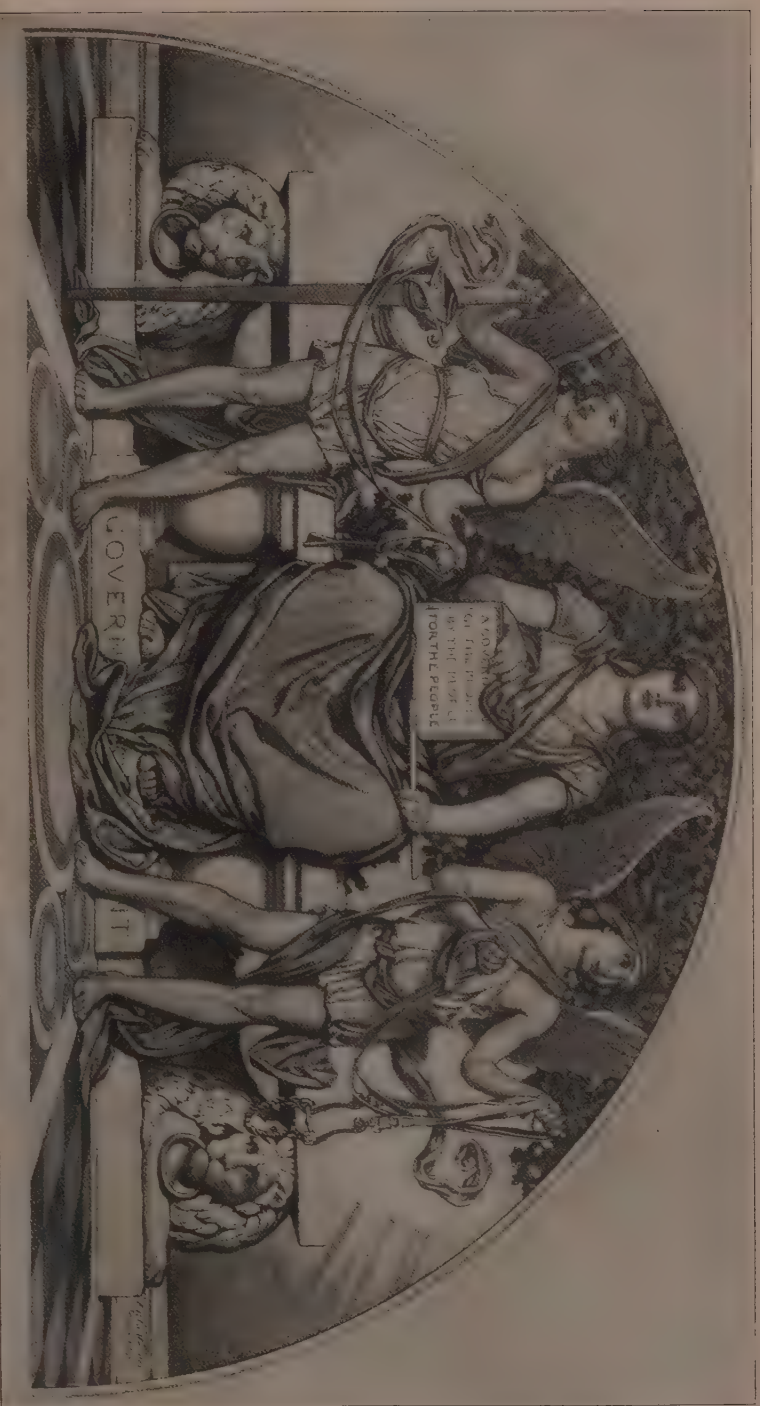
other by Charles Sprague Pearce. The spaces in each gallery consist of two large tympana and five or six small ones. The ceilings are decorated with conventional designs provided by the artists. Mr. Pearce, whose subjects include «The Family,» «Labor,» and «Recreation,» and who has placed his figures in landscape settings, executed his work at Auvers-sur-Oise, near Paris. Mr. Walker's general theme is «Lyric Poetry.» In one of the large tympana, which is cut out in the middle by the arched top of a blind window or niche, are two female figures symbolizing «Memory» and «Joy.» An ornamental design, with an inscription over the arched space in the center, unites them. In the six small tympana are youthful figures representing concrete personages, such as Endymion, who appears as a nude stripling reclining in a contemplative attitude on a grassy bank, with the crescent moon in the twilight sky. The second large tympanum, which is free in its entire space for decoration, contains Mr. Walker's principal composition. «Lyric Poetry,» draped in rose-color and holding a lyre, occupies the center, with female figures symbolizing «Passion» and «Beauty» on her right hand. On her left are «Pathos,» in blue drapery; «Truth,» a nude figure; and «Devotion,» with robe of dull terra-cotta hue. The figures are placed in a landscape showing the bed of a brook in the middle, with trees and herbage at each side. The general tone of the picture is light, and inclines to gray in the landscape part, with great refinement of treatment in the more positive tints of the draperies. The *mise en scène* is poetic, and the great lines of the composition are graceful and effective. One of the chief qualities in the easel-pictures of the artist is facial expression, and in this composition he has striven to ally this quality with the breadth necessarily requisite in painting so large a canvas. The result is a work of genuine charm.

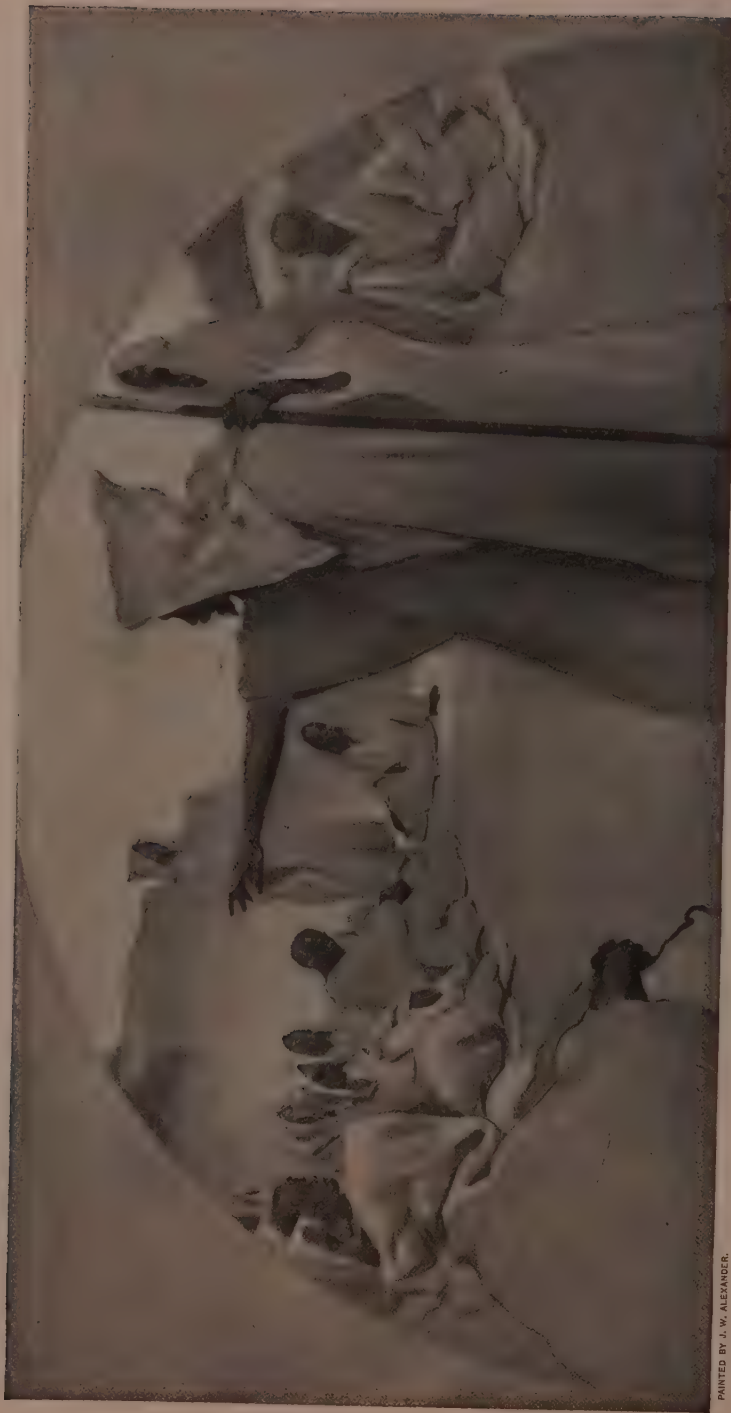
In the Representatives' Reading-room are two sculptured chimneypieces of Siena marble, in each of which is a mosaic by Frederick Dielman. Like Mr. Vedder's «Minerva,» they were laid in Italy, and are of rectangular shape, three feet six inches in height and seven feet six inches wide. The subject of one of the designs is «History.» A female figure in red and brown occupies the middle of the composition, with «Mythology» on her right and «Tradition» on her left. «Mythology,» in green, yellow, and purple, holds a sphere in her hand, and is intended to symbolize the phenomena of the universe. «Myths are the

PAINTED BY ELIHU VEDDER.

«GOVERNMENT»

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.





PAINTED BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

«THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK: THE STORY-TELLER OF THE FAR EAST»

PHOTOGRAPH BY FERDINAND SOUX, PARIS.

earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the world into which they were born" is the text illustrated by this figure. "Tradition," in robes of blue and brown, listens to a nude boy who plays on a lyre and sings the deeds of ancient heroes. In the background behind "History," a dignified figure with a book in her left hand, is a Greek temple; behind "Mythology" appears one of the Egyptian pyramids; and behind "Tradition" is the Roman Colosseum. The field is a sky of misty blue, and on columns at each side of the throne upon which "History" is seated are inscribed the names of great historians ancient and modern. The subject of the other design is "Law," represented by a female figure enthroned, with "Peace," "Truth," and "Industry" on her right hand, and "Fraud," "Discord," and "Violence" on her left. The designs are sufficiently pictorial in character to be effective in that sense, but are composed with a certain formality that lends itself to mosaic treatment. The color-schemes are well balanced, and harmonize with the rich interior in which they are placed, the room being paneled in oak, elaborately carved, and dark in color. The seven main panels in the ceiling of the Representatives' Reading-room were decorated by Carl Guthrie, who took as his subject "The Light of Civilization."

The figure-pieces in the decoration of the vaults of the four corridors in the second story were painted by Walter Shirlaw, Robert Reid, George R. Barse, Jr., and Frank W. Benson. The corridors are alike in dimensions, but the spaces painted by the artists are different. Mr. Reid, with five octagonal panels in the vaulted ceiling, and four circles on the walls, known as blind bull's-eyes, has for his subjects "The Five Senses" and "Poetry," "Prose," "History," and "Science." The general decoration of the north corridor, which forms the setting for these works, is similar to the famous designs in the Siena Library, and hence, in its newly painted adaptation, is rather strong and vivid. Mr. Reid has consequently pitched his color-scheme in positive tints of blue, green, red, and yellow. Each of the nine spaces contains a single draped female figure, and the artistic problems, while thus made simple in intention, do not easily admit of satisfactory solution, presupposing, of course, that variety of pose be sought for, and recognizing the inherent difficulty of making a complete and well-balanced composition with one figure in a circular space. The designs show the spaces very well filled, however,

and such accessories as are introduced are of the simplest description. The lines of the figures are graceful, and the faces are good expressions of the decorative scheme—to represent each subject by a figure of a young and beautiful woman, to rely in the interpretations on natural beauty without classic convention, and to obtain grace of movement as the chief point in the different arrangements.

Mr. Shirlaw has painted designs in the spandrels between the arches of the west corridor. They consist of female figures, full length, and slightly above life-size. "Chemistry" holds a retort over the burning breath of a serpent coiled about a tripod with an hour-glass upon it. "Astronomy" bears in one hand the globe of Saturn with his rings, and in the other a lens. "Geology," a strong figure of a type accustomed to labor, holds up a sphere and a piece of mineral, and at her feet are the earth and the moon. "Physics," a lithe figure in flowing drapery, carries a torch, and symbolizes vital qualities. "Botany," standing on a lily-pad, holds a water-lily in her hands, and the long stem is entwined about her body. "Zoölogy," clad in the skin of a wild beast, and with a face expressive of animal quality, holds by his mane a lion at her side. "Mathematics," a nearly nude figure, has a scroll in her hands on which a formula is written, and at her feet are geometrical solids. The figures are painted in a restrained color-scheme in which purple, blue, tawny-yellow, orange, and greenish hues predominate. They are drawn with special attention to the value of the great lines, and possess a fine statuesque quality.

In the south corridor three octagonal panels in the ceiling and four circular ones on the walls between the windows are painted by Mr. Benson. The subjects for the octagons are "The Three Graces," and the color-scheme for the whole is a variation of white, blue, and green. Mr. Barse has painted eight upright panels in the spandrels of the east corridor, using as the motives "Epic Poetry," "Lyric Poetry," "Comedy," "Tragedy," "History," "Romance," "Tradition," and "Fancy." The decorations consist of a single draped female figure in each panel, painted in positive tints. The backgrounds are light, and the figures, appearing in silhouette, are strongly outlined. Simplicity of treatment, in contrast to the elaborate general decoration of the corridor, characterizes the work.

It is impossible in the space available here to give full descriptions of all the work, and only a small part of it can be reproduced in the illustrations.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON.

« HISTORY »

PAINTED BY FREDERICK GILMAN.

Commissions for mural and sculptural decoration in the new Congressional Library were given to some forty American artists. While it will be seen that the decoration undertaken is of considerable magnitude, and far more extensive than has ever before been projected in any public edifice in the United States, no adequate idea of its completeness may be obtained without mention of the large part played by the art of sculpture in the embellishment of the building. The bronze figures in the three niches of the fountain at the main approach to the library were modeled by E. Hinton Perry. In niches in the principal façade are busts of Demosthenes, Dante, and Walter Scott, by Herbert Adams; Emerson, Irving, and Hawthorne, by J. Scott Hartley; and Goethe, Macaulay, and Franklin, by F. Wellington Ruckstuhl. There are six figures in the spandrels over the main entrance by Bela L. Pratt; and there are two sets of bronze doors by the late Olin L. Warner, one of which has been completed since his death by Mr. Adams. The central doors were modeled by Frederick MacMonnies. In the main staircase are lamp-bearers, and sculptures representing America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Philip Martiny. In the first great vestibule are ornamental figures of Minerva by Mr. Adams. Spandrels over the door leading into the rotunda bear sculptured designs by Warner, representing students in youth and in old age. In the corner pavilions of the second story are reliefs of the «Four Seasons» by Mr. Pratt. The finely sculptured clock in the rotunda is by John Flanagan.

In the great rotunda, which will be known as the Central Reading-room when the library is occupied, there are eight colossal figures set on pedestals at the top of the piers between the arches. They are «History,» by Daniel C. French; «Art,» by Augustus St. Gaudens; «Poetry,» by J. Q. A. Ward; «Law,» by Paul W. Bartlett; «Philosophy,» by Bela L. Pratt; «Science,» by John Donoghue; «Commerce,» by John Flanagan; and «Religion,» by Theodore Baur. Sixteen bronze figures, slightly over life-size, each on a plinth in the balustrade about forty feet from the floor, and two in each arch, form another important feature of the decoration of the rotunda. Shakspeare is by Mr. MacMonnies; Herodotus, by Mr. French; Columbus and Michelangelo, by Mr. Bartlett; and St. Paul, by Mr. Donoghue. Gibbon and Moses are by Charles H. Niehaus; Plato and Bacon, by John J. Boyle. Fulton is by Edward C. Potter; Kent, by George Bissell; and Newton, by C. E. Dallin.

Beethoven is by Mr. Baur; Joseph Henry, by Mr. Adams; Solon, by Mr. Ruckstuhl; and Homer, by Louis St. Gaudens. The first thought that must suggest itself when we see this profuse sculptural decoration is surprise that we have so many good sculptors. Even those of us who are aware that great progress has been made by American sculptors in their art of late must be astonished at the resources shown in the work in the library. Taken together with the mural decoration, and seen in its completeness, it will surely produce a strong impression of excellence. A criticism may be recorded here that applies to the work in its ensemble, and not to any particular part. In the sculpture the subjects do not repeat one another, but in the mural decoration there are, if not too many abstract themes, at least too many similar ones. The arts and sciences, for example, have been used pretty frequently in the decoration. The point has no bearing whatever on the merit or effectiveness of the decorations in the artistic sense, but concerns only the whole of the work from the literary point of view. Historical subjects of a certain class would seem to be well fitted for use in the decoration of a library if the abstract themes do not suffice to give variety to an extensive scheme of decoration. The sculpture in the present instance, indeed, has been treated in this way, abstract subjects alternating with such historical ones as Columbus, Shakspeare, and Fulton. The importance of the whole work as a step in the onward march of art in the United States must be conceded without discussion. The responsibility of the artists in the matter is not a light one. If the educated public gives as its verdict that the work has been well done, it cannot but have the effect of giving a strong impetus to the rapidly growing conviction that both public and private edifices should be made beautiful as well as convenient. It would seem as if, in the future, the best achievements of American art might be found in the field of decoration. Breadth of scope in subject, and opportunity to work without too much hurrying, are all that are needed to bring out even better evidences than exist in the library at Washington that the American artists of to-day are abundantly equal to the task of decorating American buildings, no matter how great their architectural importance, or how manifold may be the difficulties of the project. The artistic ability has been shown beyond question, and appreciation is a public duty.

William A. Coffin.



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

GRANT AND HIS STAFF AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

FROM THE NORTH ANNA TO COLD HARBOR.

GRANT CROSSES THE PAMUNKEY.

AS soon as all the commands had safely recrossed the North Anna, General Grant set out on the morning of May 27, 1864, and marched with the troops in the new movement to the left. Sheridan, with two divisions of his cavalry, had started east the afternoon of the day before, and had moved rapidly to Hanover town on the Pamunkey, a distance of nearly thirty miles.

On the march the general-in-chief, as he rode by, was vociferously cheered, as usual, by the troops. Every movement directed by him inspired the men with new confidence in his ability and his watchfulness over their interests; and not only the officers, but the rank and file, understood fully that he had saved them on the North Anna from the slaughter which would probably have occurred if they had been thrown against Lee's formidable intrenchments, and had had to fight a battle with their backs to a river; that he had skilfully withdrawn them without the loss of a man or a wagon, and that they were again making an advance movement. The soldiers by this time were getting on intimate terms with their commander—in fact, becoming quite chummy. One man in the ranks touched his hat as the chief rode by, and asked, «Is it all right, general?» He received a nod of the head in reply, and the words, «Yes, I think so.» Another man looked up at him, and said in an earnest tone, «General, we 'll lick 'em sure pop next time.» These remarks were not attempts at undue familiarity, but expressions of a genuine sentiment of soldierly fellowship which the men had learned to entertain toward their chief. That night general headquarters were established at Mangohick Church, about twenty miles in a southeasterly direction from Quarles's Ford.

The cavalry had been handled with great skill. It made a feint as if to cross at Littlepage's and Taylor's fords on the Pamunkey, and after dark moved rapidly to Hanover Ferry, about twelve miles farther down the

stream, where the actual crossing took place on the morning of the 27th. It was followed by Russell's division of infantry. The rest of the troops had made a good march, and soon after midday on May 28 Wright, Hancock, and Warren had crossed the river and gone into position about a mile and a half beyond. Burnside had reached the ferry, but remained on the north side to guard the trains. General Grant had pushed on to Hanover Ferry, and expressed himself as greatly pleased at the success of the movement. He had abundant reason to congratulate himself upon the thorough carrying out of his instructions. In each of his three attempts to move close to Lee's troops and cross difficult rivers in his very face, Grant had been completely successful, and had maneuvered so as to accomplish a most formidable task in warfare with insignificant loss.

In the operations of the last few days General Grant had employed with wonderful skill his chief military characteristics of quickness of thought, celerity of action, and fertility of resource. While his plans were always well matured, and much thought and investigation were expended upon perfecting them in advance, yet they were sufficiently general in their nature to admit readily of those changes which often have to be made upon the instant in consequence of some unanticipated movement of the enemy, or some unexpected discovery in the topography of the field of operations. It seemed a little singular to him that Lee, after falling back behind the North Anna River, had allowed the Union army to advance across that difficult stream without any substantial resistance, and that, when across, he had made a stand with his back to another river, the South Anna, and remained there entirely passive, and that three days afterward he had permitted the Union army to withdraw across the North Anna under his very nose without even attacking its rear-guards. It was these circumstances which made Grant say at this time, and also write to the government: «Lee's army is really whipped. . . . A battle with

them outside of intrenchments cannot be had. . . ."

Our base of supplies was now transferred from Port Royal to White House on the York River.

MANEUVERING FOR POSITION.

BEFORE describing the personal incidents connected with what is known as the Cold Harbor campaign, it is important to give the reader a general idea of the character of the country in which the maneuvering and fighting occurred. Hanover town, near which place our army had now been concentrated, is about seventeen miles in a straight line northeast from Richmond. The country is crossed by two streams, Totopotomoy Creek and the Chickahominy River, both running in a southeasterly direction, the latter being about four miles from Richmond at the nearest point. Between these are a number of smaller creeks and rivulets. Their banks are low, and their approaches swampy and covered with woods and thickets. Three main roads lead from Hanover town to Richmond. The most northerly is called the Hanover town or Shady Grove road; the second route, the Mechanicsville road; the third and most southerly, which runs through Old Cold Harbor, New Cold Harbor, and Gaines's Mill, is known as the Cold Harbor road. Old Cold Harbor, half-way between Hanover town and Richmond, consisted merely of a few scattered houses; but its strategic position was important for reasons which will hereafter appear. New Cold Harbor was little more than the intersection of cross-roads about a mile and a half west of Old Cold Harbor. It was at first supposed that Cold Harbor was a corruption of the phrase Cool Arbor, and the shade-trees in the vicinity seemed to suggest such a name; but it was ascertained afterward that the name Cold Harbor was correct, that it had been taken from the places frequently found along the highways of England, and means "shelter without fire."

On May 28 Sheridan was pushed out toward Mechanicsville to discover the enemy's position, and after a sharp fight at Haw's Shop, drove a body of the enemy out of some earthworks in which it was posted. That night the Ninth Corps crossed the river. Wilson's cavalry division remained on the north side until the morning of the 30th to cover the crossing of the trains. General headquarters had crossed the Pamunkey on the pontoon bridge in the afternoon of May 28, after a hard, dusty ride, and had gone into camp on the south side. In the mean time

Lee had moved his entire army rapidly from the North Anna, and thrown it between our army and Richmond.

On the morning of the 29th, Wright, Hancock, and Warren were directed to move forward and make a reconnaissance in force, which brought about some spirited fighting. The movement disclosed the fact that all of Lee's troops were in position on the north side of the Chickahominy, and were well intrenched.

GRANT INTERVIEWS A PRISONER.

GENERAL GRANT was particularly anxious, that evening, to obtain information of the enemy from some inside source. Several prisoners had been taken, and one of them who was disposed to be particularly talkative was brought in to headquarters, it being thought that the general might like to examine him in person. He was a tall, slim, shock-headed, comical-looking creature, and proved to be so full of native-witted remarks. "What command do you belong to?" asked the general. "I'm in Early's corps, and I belong to a No'th Ca'lina reegiment, suh," was the reply. "Oh, you 're from North Carolina," remarked the general. "Yes," said the prisoner, "and a good deal fa'thah from it jes' now than I'd like to be, God knows." "Well, where were you taken, and how did you get here?" was next asked. "How did I get h'yah! Well, when a man has half a dozen o' them thah reckless and desp'rit dragoons o' yourn lammin' him along the road on a tight run, and wallopin' him with the flats o' thah sabahs, he don't have no trouble gittin' h'yah." "Is your whole corps in our front, and when did it arrive?" inquired the general. "Well, now, jes' let me tell you about that," said the prisoner; "and let me begin right from the sta't. I'm not goin' to fool you, 'cause I'm fast losin' interest in this fight. I was a peaceful man, and I did n't want to hurt nobody, when a conscript officah down thah in the ole Tar State come around, and told me I would have to get into the ranks, and go to fightin' fo' my rights. I tried to have him p'int 'em out for me. I told him I'd as lief have 'em all, but I was n't strenuous about it. Then he begun to put on more airs than a buckin' hoss at a county fair, and told me to come right along—that the country wanted me. Well, I had noticed that our folks was losin' a good

many battles; that you-all was too much for 'em; and I got to flatterin' myself that perhaps it was only right for me to go and jine our army, jes to kind o' even things up. But matters has been goin' pretty rough with us ever since, and I 'm gettin' to feel peacefuller and peacefuller every day. They 're feedin' us half the time on crumbs, and thah 's one boy in my company that 's got so thin you have to throw a tent-fly over him to get up a respectable shadow. Then they have a way of campin' us alongside o' creeks not much biggah than a slate-pencil; and you have to be powerful quick about gettin' what watah you want, or some thirsty cow 'll come along and drink up the whole stream. I thought, from all the fuss she had made at the sta't, that South Ca'lina was goin' to fight the whole wah through herself, and make it a picnic for the rest of us; but when thah 's real trouble she has to get the ole Tar State to do the solid work.»

«Are there any men from South Carolina in your brigade?» was the next question. The answer came with a serio-comic expression of countenance: «Yas; a few—in the band.» The general suppressed the laugh with which he was now struggling, and feeling that an effort to get any useful information from the North Carolinian would be a slow process, disappeared into his tent to attend to some correspondence, and left the prisoner to be further interviewed by the staff. «I tell you, gentlemen,» went on the Confederate, «thah 's lots o' cobwebs in my throat, and I could talk to you-all a good deal bettah if I only had a dish o' liquor. Thah 's nothin' braces a man up like takin' a little o' the tanglefoot.»

Thereupon a canteen and cup were brought, and after the man had poured out about four fingers of commissary whisky and tossed it off as if it were water, he looked considerably invigorated. «Nothin' as soothin' as co'n-juice, aftah all,» he continued. «I 'd like to live in Kaintucky; them Kaintucky fellers say they can walk right into a co'n-field, strip off an eah, and jes' squeeze a drink of whisky right out'n it.» «How did you happen to be picked up?» was now asked. «Well, you see, suh,» he replied, «our cap'n, Jimmy Skipwo'th, marched me out on the picket-line. Cap'n Jimmy 's one o' them thah slack-twisted, loose-belted, toggle-jinted kind o' fellers that sends you straight out to the front; and if you don't get killed right off, why, he gets all out o' patience, an' thinks you want to live fo'evah. You can't get away, because he 's always keepin' tab on

you. When he marched us out to-day I says to him: «Cap'n Jimmy, thah don't 'pear to be enough of the boys a-comin' along with us. Now I tell you, when we go to monkeyin' with them Yankees we ought to have plenty o' company; we don't want to feel lonesome.» Well, we got thah, and went to diggin' a ditch so we could flop down in it and protect our heads, and could use it afterward fo' buryin' you-all in it, ef we could get hold o' you. Well, jes' then you opened lively, and come at us a-whoopin' and a-careerin' like sin; and ez fo' me, I took a header for the ditch. The boys saw somethin' drop, and I did n't make any effo't to pick it up ag'in till the misanderstandin' was ovah. The fust thing I knowed aftah that, you lighted onto me, yanked me out o' the hole, and then turned me ovah to some of you' dragoons; and Lo'd! how they did run me into you' lines! And so h'yah I am.»

After the provost-marshal's people had been told to take the prisoner to the rear and treat him well, the man, before moving on, said: «Gentlemen, I would like mighty well to see that thah new-fangled weepoon o' youn that shoots like it was a whole platoon. They tell me, you can load it up on Sunday and fiah it off all the rest o' the week.» He had derived this notion from the Spencer carbine, the new magazine-gun which fired seven shots in rapid succession. After this exhibition of his talent for dialogue, he was marched off to join the other prisoners.

REGION OF THE TOTOPOTOMOY.

ON May 30, Wright, Hancock, and Warren engaged the enemy in their respective fronts, which led to some active skirmishing, the enemy's skirmishers being in most places strongly intrenched. Burnside this day crossed the Totopotomoy. Early's (formerly Ewell's) corps moved out with the evident intention of turning our left, and made a heavy attack, but was repulsed, and forced to fall back, after suffering a severe loss, particularly in field-officers.

About noon Grant received word that transports bringing W. F. Smith's troops from Butler's army were beginning to arrive at White House; and they were ordered to move forward at once, and join the Army of the Potomac. General Grant thought that it was not improbable that the enemy would endeavor to throw troops around our left flank, in the hope of striking Smith—a crushing blow before we could detach a force from the Army of the Potomac to prevent it. Sheridan was directed to watch for such a

movement, and an infantry brigade was sent out early that morning to join Smith, and march back with him so as to strengthen his forces. General Grant said at this time: "Nothing would please me better than to have the enemy make a movement around our left flank. I would in that case move the whole army to the right, and throw it between Lee and Richmond." But this opportunity did not arise.

On May 30 the general headquarters had been established in a clearing on the north side of the Shady Grove road, about a mile and three quarters west of Haw's Shop. General Grant this day sent a despatch to Halleck at Washington saying: "I wish you would send all the pontoon bridging you can to City Point to have it ready in case it is wanted." As early as May 26 staff-officers had been sent from the Army of the Potomac to collect all the bridging material at command, and hold it in readiness. This was done in order to be prepared to cross the James River, if deemed best, and attack Richmond and Petersburg from the south side, and carry out the views expressed by Grant in the beginning of the Wilderness campaign as to his movements in certain contingencies.

It was seen by him from the operations of the 30th that the enemy was working his way southward by extending his right flank, with a view to securing Old Cold Harbor, and holding the roads running from that point toward the James River and White House. This would cut off Grant's short route to the James in case he should decide to cross that river, and would also command the principal line of communication with his base at White House. Old Cold Harbor was therefore a point much desired by both the contending generals, and the operations of the 31st were watched with much interest to see which army would secure the prize.

GRANT SEIZES OLD COLD HARBOR.

THAT morning my orders took me to the extreme left in connection with the movements of the cavalry. Sheridan advanced rapidly upon Old Cold Harbor, attacked a body of the enemy intrenched there, and after a severe fight carried the position. The place, however, was too important to be abandoned by the enemy without a further struggle, and he soon returned, bringing up a force so large that it appeared for a time impossible for Sheridan to hold his position. Finding no troops advancing to his support, the only course which seemed open to him was

to fall back; but just as he had withdrawn he received an order to hold the place at all hazards until reinforcements could reach him. With his usual zeal and boldness, he now reoccupied the enemy's breastworks, dismounted his men, and determined to make a desperate struggle to hold the position against whatever force might be sent against him. Darkness set in, however, before the enemy made another assault. In anticipation of a hard fight for the possession of Cold Harbor, General Grant had ordered Wright's corps to make a night march and move to Sheridan's relief. Lee, discovering this, ordered Anderson's corps to Cold Harbor. On Sheridan's front during the night we could distinctly hear the enemy's troops making preparations for the next morning's attack, and could even hear some of the commands given by their officers. Soon after daylight on June 1 the assault began. Sheridan kept quiet till the attacking party came within a short distance of his breastworks, and then opened with a destructive fire, under which the enemy fell back in considerable confusion. He soon rallied, however, and rushed again to the assault, but once more recoiled before Sheridan's well-delivered volleys. Wright had been instructed to arrive at daylight, but the night march had been exceptionally difficult, and the head of his column did not appear until nine o'clock. The troops were footsore and jaded, but they moved promptly into line, and relieved Sheridan's little force, which had been fighting desperately against great odds for about four hours. Grant had secured Old Cold Harbor, and won the game.

W. F. SMITH'S TROOPS JOIN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

SMITH'S corps consisted of 13,000 men. He left about 2,500 to guard White House, and with the rest started for the front, reaching there at three o'clock in the afternoon of June 1. At five o'clock Wright's and Smith's commands advanced and captured the earthworks in their front, taking about 750 prisoners.

The enemy had made three attacks upon Warren, but had been handsomely repulsed. Hancock and Burnside had also been attacked, no doubt to prevent them from sending troops to reinforce our left.

The enemy seemed roused to desperation in his struggle to gain the much-coveted strategic point at Old Cold Harbor, and made several savage attacks in that direction dur-

ing the night; but they were all successfully repelled. In gaining and holding the important position sought, the Union army that day lost nearly 2000 men in killed and in wounded; the enemy probably suffered to about the same extent.

GRANT DISCIPLINES A TEAMSTER.

HEADQUARTERS were moved about two miles this day, June 1, to the Via House, which was half a mile south of Totopotomoy Creek on the road leading from Haw's Shop to Bethesda Church. Before starting, the general's servant asked whether he should saddle Jeff Davis, the horse Grant had been riding for two days. «No,» was the reply; «we are getting into a rather swampy country, and I fear little Jeff's legs are not quite long enough for wading through the mud. You had better saddle Egypt.» This horse was large in size and a medium-colored bay. He was called Egypt not because he had come from the region of the Nile, but from the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers in southern Illinois, a section of country named after the land of the Ptolemies.

When the horse was brought up the general mounted as usual in a manner peculiar to himself. He made no perceptible effort, and used his hands but little to aid him; he put his left foot in the stirrup, grasped the horse's mane near the withers with his left hand, and rose without making a spring, by simply straightening the left leg till his body was high enough to enable him to throw the right leg over the saddle. There was no «climbing» up the animal's side, and no jerky movements. The mounting was always done in an instant and with the greatest possible ease.

Rawlins rode with the general at the head of the staff. As the party turned a bend in the road near the crossing of the Totopotomoy, the general came in sight of a teamster whose wagon was stalled in a place where it was somewhat swampy, and who was standing beside his team beating his horses brutally in the face with the butt-end of his whip, and swearing with a volubility calculated to give a sulphurous odor to all the surrounding atmosphere. Grant's aversion to profanity and his love of horses caused all the ire in his nature to be aroused by the sight presented. Putting both spurs into Egypt's flanks, he dashed toward the teamster, and raising his clenched fist, called out to him: «What does this conduct mean, you scoundrel! Stop beating those horses!» The teamster looked at him, and said coolly, as he delivered another blow

aimed at the face of the wheel-horse: «Well, who's drivin' this team anyhow—you or me?» The general was now thoroughly angered, and his manner was by no means as angelic as that of the celestial being who called a halt when Balaam was disciplining the ass. «I'll show you, you infernal villain!» he cried, shaking his fist in the man's face. Then calling to an officer of the escort, he said: «Take this man in charge, and have him tied up to a tree for six hours as a punishment for his brutality.» The man slunk off sullenly in charge of the escort to receive his punishment, without showing any penitence for his conduct. He was evidently a hardened case. Of course he was not aware that the officer addressing him was the general-in-chief, but he evidently knew that he was an officer of high rank, as he was accompanied by a staff and an escort, so that there was no excuse for the insubordinate and insolent remark. During the stirring scenes of that day's battle the general twice referred to the incident in vehement language, showing that the recollection of it was still ranking in his mind. This was the one exhibition of temper manifested by him during the entire campaign, and the only one I ever witnessed during my many years of service with him. I remarked that night to Colonel Bowers, who had served with his chief ever since the Fort Donelson campaign: «The general to-day gave us his first exhibition of anger. Did you ever see him fire up in that way in his earlier campaigns?» «Never but once,» said Bowers: «and that was in the Iuka campaign. One day on the march he came across a straggler who had stopped at a house and assaulted a woman. The general sprang from his horse, seized a musket from the hands of a soldier, and struck the culprit over the head with it, sending him sprawling to the ground.» He always had a peculiar horror of such crimes. They were very rare in our war, but when brought to his attention the general showed no mercy to the culprit.

GRANT'S FONDNESS FOR HORSES.

GRANT and Meade rode along the lines that day, and learned from personal observation the general features of the topography. About noon they stopped at Wright's headquarters, and the commander of the Sixth Corps gave the party some delicious ice-water. He had found an ice-house near his headquarters, and after a hot and dusty ride since daylight the cool draught was gratefully relished by those whose thirst it slaked. The

previous winter had been unusually cold, and an abundance of ice had formed upon the streams in Virginia. The well-filled ice-houses found on the line of march were a great boon to the wounded. General Wright had assumed command of the Sixth Corps at a critical period of the campaign, and under very trying circumstances; but he had conducted it with such heroic gallantry and marked ability that he had commended himself highly to both Grant and Meade.

That night the variety of food at the headquarters mess was increased by the arrival of a supply of oysters received by way of White House. Shell-fish were among the few dishes which tempted the general's appetite, and as he had been living principally on roast beef and hard bread during the whole campaign, and had not eaten enough of these to sustain life in an ordinary person every one was delighted that evening, when sitting down at the mess-table, to see the general attack the oysters with evident relish, and make a hearty meal of them. Thereafter every effort was made to get a supply of that species of sea food as often as possible. At the dinner-table he referred again to the brutality of the teamster, saying: «If people knew how much more they could get out of a horse by gentleness than by harshness, they would save a great deal of trouble both to the horse and the man. A horse is a particularly intelligent animal; he can be made to do almost anything if his master has intelligence enough to let him know what is required. Some men, for instance, when they want to lead a horse forward, turn toward him and stare him in the face. He, of course, thinks they are barring his way, and he stands still. If they would turn their back to him and move on he would naturally follow. I am looking forward longingly to the time when we can end this war, and I can settle down on my St. Louis farm and raise horses. I love to train young colts, and I will invite you all to visit me and take a hand in the amusement. When old age comes on, and I get too feeble to move about, I expect to derive my chief pleasure from sitting in a big arm-chair in the center of a ring,—a sort of training-course,—holding a colt's leading-line in my hand, and watching him run around the ring.» He little foresaw that a torturing disease was to cut short his life before he could realize his cherished hopes of enjoying the happiness of the peaceful old age which he anticipated.

No warrior was ever more anxious for peace, and all of the general's references to the

pending strife evinced his constant longing for the termination of the struggle upon terms which would secure forever the integrity of the Union. When he prepared his letter of acceptance of his first nomination for the Presidency, he wrote no random phrase, but expressed the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said, «Let us have peace.»

MOVING INTO POSITION.

THE night of the 1st of June was a busy one for both officers and men. Grant, eager as usual to push the advantage gained, set about making such disposition of the troops as would best accomplish this purpose. Hancock was ordered to move after nightfall from the extreme right to the extreme left of the army. The night was extremely dark, especially when passing through the woods, no one was familiar with the roads, the heat was intense, and the dust stifling; but notwithstanding all the difficulties encountered, Hancock arrived at Old Cold Harbor on the morning of June 2, after a march of over twelve miles. As the men were greatly exhausted, however, from hunger and fatigue, they had to be given an opportunity to rest and eat their rations, and it was found impossible to make a formidable assault until five o'clock in the afternoon. Warren and Burnside were both attacked while they were moving their troops, but they repelled all assaults, and caused the enemy considerable loss.

THE HALT AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

AT daylight on June 2 the headquarters were moved about two miles south to a camp near Bethesda Church, so as to be nearer the center of the line, which had been extended toward the left. Upon reaching the church, and while waiting for the arrival of the wagons and the pitching of the tents, a number of important orders were issued. The pews had been carried out of the church and placed in the shade of the trees surrounding it. The general-in-chief and his officers seated themselves in the pews, while the horses were taken to a little distance in the rear. The ubiquitous photographers were promptly on the ground, and they succeeded in taking several fairly good views of the group. A supply of New York papers had just been received, and the party, with the exception of the general, were soon absorbed in reading the news. He was too much occupied at the time in thinking over his plans for the day to give attention to the papers,

and was content to hear from the staff a summary of anything of importance mentioned in the press. He was usually a diligent reader of the newspapers and of all current literature. There was one New York morning journal which claimed a special previous knowledge of his movements, and made some very clever guesses concerning his plans. He used to call this paper his "organ," and upon the arrival of the mail he would generally pick it up first, and remark: "Now let me see what my organ has to say, and then I can tell better what I am going to do."

A large delegation of the Christian Commission had arrived at White House, and was now moving up toward the lines with a supply-train which carried many comforts for the wounded. I saw among the number a person whom I recognized as the pastor of a church which I had attended some years before. He was trudging along like the others in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a broad-brimmed slouch-hat, and was covered with Virginia dust. I presented him to General Grant and the rest of the officers, and then brought up a number of the other members of the Commission, and presented them in turn. General Grant rose to his feet, shook hands with them, and greeted them all with great cordiality; then, resuming his seat, he said: "Sit down, gentlemen, and rest; you look tired after your march." They thanked him, and several of them took seats in the church pews near him, though, considering their professional training, most of them would have doubtless felt more at home in the pulpit than in the pews. The general continued by saying: "I am very glad to see you coming to the army on your present mission; unfortunately, you will find an extensive field for your work. My greatest concern in this campaign is the care of the large number of wounded. Our surgeons have been unremitting in their labors, and I know you can be of great assistance."

The gentlemen replied: "We have brought with us everything that we thought could minister to the comfort of the wounded, and we will devote ourselves religiously to the work." After the general had assured them that they should have all necessary transportation put at their disposal, they bid him goodbye, and continued their march. His parting words were: "Remember, gentlemen, whatever instructions you may receive, let your first care be for the wounded." Before leaving they expressed to the staff their great delight in having had this unexpected chat with the commander of the armies, and having been treated by him with so much consideration.

The Christian Commission, as well as the Sanitary Commission, was often of inestimable service to the wounded, and many a gallant fellow owed his life to its kindly and devoted ministrings.

STRENGTH OF LEE'S POSITION AT COLD HARBOR.

LEE had maneuvered and fought over this ground two years before, and was perfectly acquainted with every detail of topography, while to Grant it was entirely new. There were, however, in the Army of the Potomac a great many prominent officers who had served with McClellan on the Peninsula, and were familiar with the locality.

General Grant, as usual, had not only to give direction to the active movements taking place under his own eye, but was compelled to bestow much thought upon the cooperating armies at a distance; and the double responsibility was a severe tax upon his energies. He expected that much would be accomplished in the valley of Virginia by Hunter, now that the forces opposed to him had withdrawn, and was urging him to increased exertion; but he had to communicate with him by way of Washington, which created much delay, and added greatly to the anxieties of the general-in-chief. In the afternoon of the 2d, Lee became aware that we were sending troops against his right, and was active in moving his forces to meet an attack on that flank. His left now rested on Totopotomoy Creek, and his right was near New Cold Harbor, and was protected by an impassable swamp. A strong parapet was thrown up on his right in the rear of a sunken road which answered the purpose of a ditch. On the left center the ground was lower and more level, but difficult of approach on account of swamps, ravines, and thickets. Added to this were the usual obstacles of heavy slashings of timber. General Grant had maneuvered skilfully with a view to compelling Lee to stretch out his line and make it as thin and weak as possible, and it was at present over six miles long.

WHY GRANT ASSAULTED AT COLD HARBOR.

A SERIOUS problem now presented itself to General Grant's mind—whether to attempt to crush Lee's army on the north side of the James, with the prospect in case of success of driving him into Richmond, capturing the city perhaps without a siege, and putting the Confederate government to flight; or to move

the Union army south of the James without giving battle, and transfer the field of operations to the vicinity of Petersburg. It was a nice question of judgment. After discussing the matter thoroughly with his principal officers, and weighing all the chances, he decided to attack Lee's army in its present position. He had succeeded in breaking the enemy's line at Chattanooga, Spotsylvania, and other places under circumstances which were not more favorable, and the results to be obtained now would be so great in case of success that it seemed wise to make the attempt.

The general considered the question not only from a military standpoint, but he took a still broader view of the situation. The expenses of the war had reached nearly four million dollars a day. Many of the people in the North were becoming discouraged at the prolongation of the contest. If the army were transferred south of the James without fighting a battle on the north side, people would be impatient at the prospect of an apparently indefinite continuation of operations; and as the sickly season of summer was approaching, the deaths from disease among the troops meanwhile would be greater than any possible loss encountered in the contemplated attack. The loss from sickness on the part of the enemy would naturally be less, as his troops were acclimated and ours were not. Besides, there were constant rumors that if the war continued much longer European powers would recognize the Confederacy, and perhaps give it material assistance, but this consideration influenced Grant much less than the others. Delays are usually dangerous, and there was at present too much at stake to admit of further loss of time in ending the war, if it could be avoided.

The attack was ordered to be made at daylight on the morning of June 3. The eve of battle was, as usual, an anxious and tiresome night at headquarters, and some changes in the detailed orders specifying the part the troops were to perform in the coming action were made nearly as late as midnight. Lee's position was such that no turning movement was practicable, and it was necessary that one of his flanks should be crushed by a direct assault. An attack on the enemy's right promised the better results, and Grant had decided to strike the blow there. Of course the exact strength of the enemy's position could not be ascertained until developed by a close attack, as changes were constantly being made in it, and new batteries were likely to be put in

position at any time. The general's intention, therefore, was to attack early in the morning, and make a vigorous effort to break Lee's right, and if it were demonstrated that the assault could not succeed without too great a sacrifice of life, to desist, and have the men throw up cover for their protection with a view of holding all the ground they had gained. Our troops were disposed as follows: Hancock on the extreme left, Wright next, then Smith and Warren, with Burnside on the extreme right.

A NOTABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

EVERYTHING was now in readiness for the memorable battle of Cold Harbor. Headquarters had been moved two miles farther to our left, and established near Old Cold Harbor, so as to be within easy reach of the main point of attack. It has been stated by inimical critics that the men had become demoralized by the many assaults in which they had been engaged; that they had lost much of their spirit, and were even insubordinate, refusing to move against the earthworks in obedience to the orders of their immediate commanders. This is a gross slander upon the troops, who were as gallant and subordinate as any forces in the history of modern warfare, although it is true that many of the veterans had fallen, and that the recruits who replaced them were inferior in fighting qualities.

In passing along on foot among the troops at the extreme front that evening while transmitting some of the final orders, I observed an incident which afforded a practical illustration of the deliberate and desperate courage of the men. As I came near one of the regiments which was making preparations for the next morning's assault, I noticed that many of the soldiers had taken off their coats, and seemed to be engaged in sewing up rents in them. This exhibition of tailoring seemed rather peculiar at such a moment, but upon closer examination it was found that the men were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pinning them on the backs of their coats, so that their dead bodies might be recognized upon the field, and their fate made known to their families at home. They were veterans who knew well from terrible experience the danger which awaited them, but their minds were occupied not with thoughts of shirking their duty, but with preparation for the desperate work of the coming morning. Such courage is more than heroic—it is sublime.

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

AT 4:30 A. M., June 3, Hancock, Wright, and Smith moved forward promptly to the attack. Hancock's troops struck a salient of the enemy's works, and after a desperate struggle captured it, taking a couple of hundred prisoners, three guns, and a stand of colors. Then turning the captured guns upon the enemy, they soon drove him from that part of the line into his main works a short distance in the rear. The second line, however, did not move up in time to support the first, which was finally driven back and forced out of the works it had captured. The men resisted stubbornly, and taking advantage of the crest of a low hill at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from the captured works, they rapidly threw up enough cover to enable them to hold that position. Another division had rushed forward in column to effect a lodgment, if possible, in the enemy's works; but an impassable swamp divided the troops, who were now subjected to a galling fire of artillery and musketry; and although a portion of them gained the enemy's intrenchments, their ranks had become too much weakened and scattered to hold their position, and they were compelled to fall back.

Wright's corps had moved forward, and carried the rifle-pits in its front, and then assaulted the main line. This was too strong, however, to be captured, and our troops were compelled to retire. Nevertheless, they held a line, and protected it as best they could, at a distance of only thirty or forty yards from the enemy.

Smith made his assault by taking advantage of a ravine which sheltered his troops somewhat from the cross-fire of the enemy. His men drove the enemy's skirmishers before them, and carried the rifle-pits with great gallantry; but the line had to be readjusted at close quarters, and the same cross-fire from which Wright had suffered made further advances extremely hazardous. Smith now reported that his troops were so cut up that there was no prospect of carrying the works in his front unless the enfilading fire on his flank could be silenced. Additional artillery was then sent forward to try to keep down the enemy's fire.

Burnside had captured the advance rifle-pits in front of Early's left, and had taken up a position close to the enemy's main line. Warren's line was long and thin, and his troops, from the position they occupied, could not do much in the way of assaulting. These demonstrations against the enemy's

left were principally to keep him engaged, and prevent him from withdrawing troops to reinforce his right. Warren had cooperated with Burnside in driving Early from the Shady Grove road, upon which he had advanced and made an attack. Gordon had attacked Warren's center, but was handsomely repulsed. Wilson's division of cavalry, which had returned from destroying the Virginia Central Railroad, moved across the Topotomoy to Haw's Shop, drove the enemy from that place, made a further advance, carried some rifle-pits and held them for an hour, but was unable to connect with Burnside's infantry, and withdrew to Haw's Shop.

The reports received by General Grant were at first favorable and encouraging, and he urged a continuance of the successes gained; but finding the strength of the position greater than any one could have supposed, he sent word at 7 A. M. to General Meade, saying: "The moment it becomes certain that an assault cannot succeed, suspend the offensive; but when one does succeed, push it vigorously, and if necessary pile in troops at the successful point from wherever they can be taken." Troops had again pushed forward at different points of the line. General Grant had established himself at a central position, which had been made known to all the commanders and staff-officers, so that he could at that point receive promptly all reports. Some of these messages were rather contradictory, and became still more conflicting as the attack proceeded. His staff-officers were active in bringing information from every important point, but the phases of battle were changing more rapidly than they could be reported.

At eleven o'clock the general rode out along the lines to consult with commanding officers on the spot. Hancock now reported that the position in his front could not be taken. Wright stated that a lodgment might be made in his front, but that nothing would be gained by it unless Hancock and Smith were to advance at the same time. Smith thought that he might be able to carry the works before him, but was not sanguine. Burnside believed that he could break the enemy's line in his front, but Warren on his left did not agree in this opinion.

The general-in-chief now felt so entirely convinced that any more attacks upon the enemy's works would not result in success that at half-past twelve o'clock he wrote the following order to General Meade: "The opinion of the corps commanders not being sanguine of success in case an assault is

ordered, you may direct a suspension of farther advance for the present. Hold our most advanced positions, and strengthen them. . . . To aid the expedition under General Hunter, it is necessary that we should detain all the army now with Lee until the former gets well on his way to Lynchburg. To do this effectually, it will be better to keep the enemy out of the intrenchments of Richmond than to have them go back there. Wright and Hancock should be ready to assault in case the enemy should break through General Smith's lines, and all should be ready to resist an assault."

After finishing this despatch the general discussed at some length the situation, saying: "I am still of the opinion I have held since leaving the North Anna, that Lee will not come out and take the offensive against us; but I want to prepare for every contingency, and I am particularly anxious to be able to turn the tables upon the enemy in case they should, after their success this morning in acting on the defensive, be tempted to make a counter-attack upon our lines."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

At two o'clock Grant announced the result of the engagement to Halleck. At three o'clock, while waiting for news in regard to the casualties of the morning and reports in detail from the corps commanders, he busied himself in sending instructions in regard to Banks's command in Louisiana, and advised a movement against Mobile.

There was a good deal of irregular firing along the lines, and in the afternoon it became heavy on Burnside's right. The enemy had made an attack there, and while it lasted he attempted to haul off some of his batteries; but Burnside's return fire was so vigorous that this attempt was prevented. In the night the enemy's troops withdrew from Burnside's front, leaving some of their wounded in his hands and their dead unburied.

General Grant's time was now given up almost entirely to thinking of the care of the wounded. Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing was nearly 7000. Our surgeons were able to give prompt relief to the wounded who were recovered, as every preparation had been made for this emergency, and our army was fortunately only twelve miles from a water base. Many, however, were left between the lines; and as the works were close together, and the intervening ground under a constant fire, it was not

possible to remove a great number of the wounded or to bury the dead. The enemy's wounded in our hands were taken in charge by our surgeons, and the same care was given to them as to our own men.

GRANT'S COMMENTS ON COLD HARBOR.

THAT evening, when the staff-officers had assembled at headquarters after much hard riding and hot work during the day, the events which had occurred were discussed with the commander, and plans talked over for the next morning. The general said: "I regret this assault more than any one I have ever ordered. I regarded it as a stern necessity, and believed that it would bring compensating results; but, as it has proved, no advantages have been gained sufficient to justify the heavy losses suffered. The early assault at Vicksburg, while it was not successful, yet brought compensating advantages; for it taught the men that they could not seize the much-coveted prize of that stronghold without a siege, and it was the means of making them work cheerfully and patiently afterwards in the trenches, and of securing the capture of the place with but little more loss of life; whereas if the assault had not been made the men could not have been convinced that they could not have captured the city by making a dash upon it which might have saved them many months of arduous labor, sickness, and fatigue." The matter was seldom referred to again in conversation, for General Grant, with his usual habit of mind, bent all his energies toward consummating his plans for the future.

There has been brought out recently a remarkable vindication of Grant's judgment in ordering the assault at Cold Harbor. In a lecture delivered at San Antonio, Texas, April 20, 1896, by ex-United States Senator John H. Reagan, who was postmaster-general in Jefferson Davis's cabinet, he states that he and several of the judges of the courts in Richmond rode out to General Lee's headquarters, and were with him during this attack. In describing the interview he says:

"He [Lee] then said to me that General Grant was at that time assaulting his lines at three different places, with columns of from six to eight deep. Upon this, I asked him if his line should be broken what reserve he had. He replied, 'Not a regiment,' and added that if he should shorten his lines to make a reserve the enemy would turn him, and if he should weaken his lines to make a reserve they would be broken." This is a

confirmation of the fact that Grant had succeeded in compelling Lee to stretch out his line almost to the breaking-point, and a proof that if our attacking columns had penetrated it, Lee would have been found without reserves, and the damage inflicted upon him would have been irreparable.

GRANT'S "HAMMERING."

THERE were critics who were severe in their condemnation of what Grant called "hammering" and Sherman called "pounding"; but they were found principally among the stay-at-homes, and especially the men who sympathized with the enemy. A soldier said one night, when reading by a camp-fire an account of a call issued by a disloyal newspaper at home for a public meeting to protest against the continued bloodshed in this campaign: "Who's shedding this blood, anyhow? They better wait till we fellows down here at the front holla, (Enough!)" The soldiers were as anxious as their commander to fight the war to a finish, and be allowed to return to their families and their business.

Grant could have effectually stopped the carnage at any time by withholding from battle. He could have avoided all bloodshed by remaining north of the Rapidan, intrenching, and not moving against his enemy: but he was not placed in command of the armies for that purpose. It had been demonstrated by more than three years of campaigning that peace could be secured only by whipping and destroying the enemy. No one was more desirous of peace; no one was possessed of a heart more sensitive to every form of human suffering than the commander; but he realized that paper bullets are not effective in warfare; he knew better than to attempt to hew rocks with a razor; and he felt that in campaigning the hardest blows bring the quickest relief. He was aware that in Wellington's armies the annual loss from disease was 113 out of 1000; in our Mexican war, 152; and in the Crimea, 600; and that in the campaigns thus far in our own war more men had died from sickness while lying in camp than from shot and shell in battle. He could not select his ground for fighting in this continuous siege of fortified lines; for, though he and his chief officers applied all their experience and skill in endeavors to manœuvre the enemy out of strong positions before attacking him, his foe was often too able and wily to fall into the traps set for him, and had to be struck in positions which were far from Grant's choosing. When Lee stopped fight-

ing the cause of secession was lost. If Grant had stopped fighting the cause of the Union would have been lost. He was assigned one of the most appalling tasks ever intrusted to a commander. He did his duty fearlessly to the bitter end, and triumphed. In thirteen months after Lincoln handed him his commission of lieutenant-general, and intrusted to him the command of the armies, the war was virtually ended.

GRANT DECIDES TO CROSS THE JAMES.

THE time had now come when Grant was to carry out his alternative movement of throwing the entire army south of the James River. Halleck, who was rather fertile in suggestions, although few of them were ever practicable, had written Grant about the advisability of throwing his army round by the right flank, taking up a line northeast of Richmond, controlling the railroads leading north of Richmond, and using them to supply the Union army. This view may have been favored in Washington for the reason that it was thought it would better protect the capital. Grant said, in discussing this matter at headquarters: "We can defend Washington best by keeping Lee so occupied that he cannot detach enough troops to capture it. If the safety of the city should really become imperiled, we have water communication, and can transport a sufficient number of troops to Washington at any time to hold it against attack. This movement proposed by Halleck would separate the Army of the Potomac by a still greater distance from Butler's army, while it would leave us a long vulnerable line of communication, and require a large part of our effective force to properly guard it. I shall prepare at once to move across the James River, and in the mean time destroy to a still greater extent the railroads north of Richmond."

On June 5, General J. G. Barnard, of the United States engineer corps, was assigned to duty as chief engineer at Grant's headquarters.

SUFFERINGS AT THE FRONT.

THE general-in-chief realized that he was in a swampy and sickly portion of the country. The malaria was highly productive of disease, and the Chickahominy fever was dreaded by all the troops who had a recollection of its ravages when they campaigned in that section of the country two years before. The operations had been so active that precautions against sickness had necessarily been

much neglected, and the general was anxious, while giving the men some rest, to improve the sanitary conditions. By dint of extraordinary exertions the camps were well policed, and large quantities of fresh vegetables were brought forward and distributed. Cattle were received in much better condition than those which had made long marches and had furnished beef which was far from being wholesome. Greater attention was demanded in the cooking of the food and the procuring of better water. Dead animals and offal were buried, and more stringent sanitary regulations were enforced throughout the entire command.

What was most distressing at this time was the condition of affairs at the extreme front. No one who did not witness the sights on those portions of the line where the opposing troops were in exceptionally close contact can form an idea of the sufferings experienced. Staff-officers used to work their way on foot daily to the advanced points, so as to be able to report with accuracy these harrowing scenes. Some of the sights were not unlike those of the "bloody angle" at Spotsylvania. Between the lines where the heavy assaults had been made there was in some places a distance of thirty or forty yards completely covered by the dead and wounded of both sides. The bodies of the dead were festering in the sun, while the wounded were dying a torturing death from starvation, thirst, and loss of blood. In some places the stench became sickening. Every attempt to make a change in the picket-line brought on heavy firing, as both sides had become nervous from long watchfulness, and the slightest movement on either front led to the belief that it was the beginning of an assault. In the night there was often heavy artillery firing, sometimes accompanied by musketry, with a view to deterring the other side from attacking, or occasioned by false rumors of an attempt to assault. The men on the advanced lines had to lie close to the ground in narrow trenches, with little water for drinking purposes, except that obtained from surface drainage. They were subjected to the broiling heat by day and the chilling winds and fogs at night, and had to eat the rations that could be got to them under the greatest imaginable discomfort.

GRANT'S VISITOR FROM THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

The staff-officers, in their frequent visits to the front of our lines, had learned the most exposed points, and in passing them usually

quicken their speed so as to be a shorter time under the enemy's fire. There was one particularly dangerous place where a dirt road ran along the foot of a knoll on the side toward the enemy. A prominent citizen from the Pacific coast, whom General Grant knew, had arrived from Washington, and was spending a few days at headquarters to see what an army in the field looked like. One morning, as the general was mounting with a portion of his staff to make one of his frequent reconnoitering trips along the lines, the visitor proposed to ride with him, but said before starting: "Is there going to be much shooting where you're going, general? For I've got a wife and children waiting for me on the Pacific slope, and I don't want to get pinked by the Johnny Rebs." "Well, they're not very particular over there where their shots strike when they begin firing. I always advise persons who have no business to transact with them to keep away," replied the general. "Yes; but I want to see as much of this show as possible, now that I've come here," said the guest; and mounting a horse which had been ordered up for him, he rode along with the party. Pretty soon some stray artillery shots flew in our direction, but the visitor rode on without showing any signs of disturbance, except a very active ducking of the head, accompanied by a running comment upon the utter carelessness and waste of ammunition on the part of the enemy, and the evident disposition to mow down a mild-mannered and harmless civilian with as little hesitation as they would the general-in-chief who was crowding them with all his armies.

After a while we came to the dangerous portion of the dirt road, and the staff-officers reminded the general that it was usually pretty hot there; but he passed over it at a walk without paying attention to the warning, and stopped at the most exposed point to examine the position in front, which seemed to him to present some features of importance. A battery instantly opened, and shot and shell shrieked through the air, and plowed the ground in a most enlivening manner. The visitor, whose head was now bobbing from one side to the other like a signal-flag waving a message, cried out to the commander: "See here, general; it don't appear to me that this place could have been selected by you with special reference to personal safety." The general was absorbed in his examination of the ground, and made no reply for a minute or two. Then looking at his guest, who was growing red and pale by turns, and rolling nearly out of his saddle in

dodging to the right and left, remarked with a smile: «You are giving yourself a great deal of useless exercise. When you hear the sound of a shot it has already passed you.» Just then a shell exploded close by, scattering the dirt in every direction. This was too great a trial for the overstrained nerves of the visitor. He turned his horse's head to the rear, drove both spurs into the animal's flanks, and as he dashed away with the speed of a John Gilpin, he cried back to us: «I have a wife and family waiting for me, and I'm pressed for time. Besides, I'm not much of a curiosity-seeker anyway.» Just then his black silk hat blew off, but he did not stop to recover it, and was soon out of sight. He had evidently reached a state of mind when the best of hats appears to be of no special value.

That evening in camp the general perpetrated a number of jokes at the visitor's expense, saying to him: «Well, you appear to have won that race you entered your horse for this afternoon.» «Yes,» said the visitor; «I seem to have got in first.» «Perhaps,» continued the general, «you felt like that soldier in one of our retreats who, when asked by an officer where he was going, said: (I'm trying to find the rear of this army, but it don't appear to have any.)» «I don't know why it was, but Lee seemed to have some personal grudge against me,» remarked the guest. «I think,» said the general, «it must have been that high hat which attracted his attention.» «Great Scott!» screamed the visitor, springing from his camp-stool as if the enemy had again opened fire on him; «do you know that that hat had a card in it with my name on? Holy smoke! If the boys get hold of it, and give me away, and the news gets out to the Pacific slope, I'll be a dead duck in the next political campaign!»

AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

GENERAL GRANT was now stimulating every one to increased activity in making preparations for the formidable movement he was about to undertake in throwing the army with all its impedimenta across the James. He was fully impressed with its hazardous nature, but was perfectly confident that he could carry it out without encountering extraordinary risks. The army had to be withdrawn so quietly from its position that it would be able to gain a night's march before its absence should be discovered. The fact that the lines were within thirty or forty yards of each other at some points made this an exceedingly delicate task. Roads had to be

constructed over the marshes leading to the lower Chickahominy, and bridges thrown over that stream preparatory to crossing. The army was then to move to the James, and cross upon pontoon bridges and improvised ferries. This would involve a march of about fifty miles in order to reach Butler's position, while Lee, holding interior lines, could arrive there by a march of less than half that distance.

In the afternoon of June 6 the general called Colonel Comstock and me into his tent, asked us to be seated, and said with more impressiveness of manner than he usually manifested: «I want you to undertake an important mission preliminary to moving the army from its present position. I have made up my mind to send Smith's corps by a forced night march to Cole's Landing on the Chickahominy, there to take boats and be transferred to Butler's position at Bermuda Hundred. These troops are to move without their wagons or artillery. Their batteries will accompany the Army of the Potomac. That army will be held in readiness to pull out on short notice, and by rapid marches reach the James River and prepare to cross. I want you to go to Bermuda Hundred, and explain the contemplated movement fully to General Butler, and see that the necessary preparations are made by him to render his position secure against any attack from Lee's forces while the Army of the Potomac is making its movement. You will then select the best point on the river for the crossing, taking into consideration the necessity of choosing a place which will give the Army of the Potomac as short a line of march as practicable, and which will at the same time be far enough down-stream to allow for a sufficient distance between it and the present position of Lee's army to prevent the chances of our being attacked successfully while in the act of crossing. You should be guided also by considerations of the width of the river at the point of crossing, and of the character of the country by which it will have to be approached.»

Early the next morning Comstock and I rode rapidly to White House, and then took a steamboat down the Pamunkey and York rivers, and up the James, reaching Butler's headquarters at Bermuda Hundred the next day. After having obtained a knowledge of the topography along the James, and secured the best maps that could be had, we despatched a message to the general and started down the James on the 10th, making further

careful reconnaissances of the banks and the approaches on each side. Comstock and I had served on General McClellan's staff when his army occupied the north bank of the James two years before, and the country for many miles along the river was quite familiar to us. This knowledge was of much assistance on the present mission. We returned by the same route by which we had come, and reached headquarters on the 12th. We had noted one or two places on the river which might have served the purpose of crossing; but, all things considered, we reported unhesitatingly in favor of a point familiarly known as Fort Powhatan, about ten miles below City Point, the latter place being at the junction of the James and Appomattox rivers. Several roads led to the point selected for crossing both on the north and the south side of the James, and it was found that they could be made suitable for the passage of wagon-trains by repairing and in some places corduroying them. The principal advantage of the place selected was that it was the narrowest point that could be found on the river below City Point, being twenty-one hundred feet in width from Wilcox's Landing on the north side to Windmill Point on the south side.

General Grant had been anxiously awaiting our return, and had in the mean time made every preparation for withdrawing the army from its present position. On our arrival we went at once to his tent, and were closeted with him for nearly an hour discussing the contemplated operation. While listening to our verbal report and preparing the orders for the movement which was to take place, the general showed the only anxiety and nervousness of manner he had ever manifested on any occasion. After smoking his cigar vigorously for some minutes, he removed it from his mouth, put it on the table, and allowed it to go out; then relighted it, gave a few puffs, and laid it aside again. In giving him the information he desired, we could hardly get the words out of our mouths fast enough to suit him. He kept repeating, "Yes, yes," in a manner which was equivalent to saying, "Go on, go on"; and the numerous questions he asked were uttered with much greater rapidity than usual. This would not have been noticed by persons unfamiliar with his habit; but to us it was evident that he was wrought up to an intensity of thought and action which he seldom displayed. At the close of the interview he informed us that he would begin the movement that night.

PREPARATIONS FOR A CHANGE OF BASE.

THE same day on which Comstock and I started from Cold Harbor (June 7), Sheridan had been sent north with two divisions of cavalry to break up the Virginia Central Railroad, and, if practicable, to push west and join General Hunter's force, which was moving down the valley. It was expected that the enemy's cavalry would be compelled to follow Sheridan, and that our large trains would be safe from its attacks during the contemplated movement across the James River. Nothing was left unthought of by the trained mind of the commander who was conducting these formidable operations.

On June 9 a portion of the Army of the Potomac had been set to work fortifying a line to our left and rear on ground overlooking the Chickahominy, under cover of which the army could move down that stream. Boats for making the ferriage of the James had been ordered from all available places. Preparations had been made for bridging necessary points on the Chickahominy, and a large force had been put to work under engineer officers to repair the roads. This day (June 12) was Sunday, but it was by no means a day of rest. All was now ready for the important movement.

DEALING WITH A LIBELER OF THE PRESS.

GENERAL MEADE had been untiring in his efforts during this eventful week. He was General Grant's senior by seven years, was older than any of the corps commanders, and was naturally of an excitable temperament, and with the continual annoyances to which he was subjected he not infrequently became quite irritable. He was greatly disturbed at this time by some newspaper reports stating that on the second night of the battle of the Wilderness he had advised a retreat across the Rapidan; and in talking this matter over with General Grant, his indignation became so great that his wrath knew no bounds. He said that the rumor had been circulated throughout the press, and would be believed by many of the people, and perhaps by the authorities in Washington. Mr. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, who was still with the army, was present at the interview, and he and General Grant tried to console Meade by assurances that the story would not be credited, and that they would give a broad contradiction to it. Mr. Dana at once sent a despatch to the Secretary of War, alluding to the rumor, and saying: "This is entirely untrue. He has not shown any weakness of

the sort since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated a doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign.» The Secretary replied the next day (June 10), saying: «Please say to General Meade that the lying report alluded to in your telegram was not even for a moment believed by the President or myself. We have the most perfect confidence in him. He could not wish a more exalted estimation of his ability, his firmness, and every quality of a commanding general than is entertained for him.» The newspaper correspondent who had been the author of this slander was seized and placed on a horse, with large placards hung upon his breast and back bearing the inscription, «Libeler of the Press,» and drummed out of camp. There had never been a moment when Meade had not been in favor of bold and vigorous advances, and he would have been the last man to counsel a retreat.

LOSSES.

WHILE at the mess-table taking our last meal before starting upon the march to the James on the evening of the 12th, the conversation turned upon the losses which had occurred and the reinforcements which had been received up to that time. The figures then known did not differ much from those contained in the accurate official reports afterward compiled. From the opening of the campaign, May 4, to the movement across the James, June 12, the total casualties in the Army of the Potomac, including Sheridan's cavalry and Burnside's command, had been: killed 7,621; wounded 38,339; captured or missing 8,966; total 54,926. The services of all the men included in these figures were not, however, permanently lost to the army. A number of them were prisoners who were afterward exchanged, and many had been only slightly wounded, and were soon ready for duty again. Some were doubtless counted more than once, as a soldier who was wounded in a battle twice, and afterward killed, may have been counted three times in making up the list of casualties, whereas the army had really lost but one man. The losses of the enemy have never been ascertained. No precise information on the subject has been discovered, and not even a general statement can be made of his casualties. In a few of the battles of this campaign his losses were greater than the losses suffered by the Union troops; in the greater part of the battles they were less. Our reinforcements had amounted to just about the same number as the losses. It was estimated from

the best sources of information that Lee had also received reinforcements equal to his losses, so that the armies were now of about the same size as when the campaign began.

All the reinforcements organized in the North and reported as on their way to the front did not reach us. There was a good deal of truth in the remark reported to have been made by Mr. Lincoln: «We get a large body of reinforcements together, and start them to the front; but after deducting the sick, the deserters, the stragglers, and the discharged, the numbers seriously diminish by the time they reach their destination. It's like trying to shovel fleas across a barnyard; you don't get 'em all there.»

GRANT RELATES SOME ANECDOTES.

GENERAL GRANT said during the discussion: «I was with General Taylor's command in Mexico when he not only failed to receive reinforcements, but found that nearly all his regulars were to be sent away from him to join General Scott. Taylor was apt to be a little absent-minded when absorbed in any perplexing problem, and the morning he received the discouraging news he sat down to breakfast in a brown study, poured out a cup of coffee, and instead of putting in the sugar, he reached out and got hold of the mustard-pot, and stirred half a dozen spoonfuls of its contents into the coffee. He did n't realize what he had done till he took a mouthful, and then he broke out in a towering rage.

«We learned something at Shiloh about the way in which the reports of losses are sometimes exaggerated in battle. At the close of the first day's fight Sherman met a colonel of one of his regiments with only about a hundred of his soldiers in ranks, and said to him, (Why, where are your men?) The colonel cast his eyes sadly along the line, wiped a tear from his cheek, and replied in a whimpering voice: (We went in eight hundred strong, and that's all that's left of us.) (You don't tell me!) exclaimed Sherman, beginning to be deeply affected by the fearful result of the carnage. (Yes,) said the colonel; (the rebs appeared to have a special spite against us.) Sherman passed along some hours afterward, when the commissary was issuing rations, and found that the colonel's men were returning on the run from under the bank of the river, where they had taken shelter from the firing; and in a few minutes nearly all of the lost seven hundred had rejoined, and were boiling coffee and eating a hearty meal with an appetite that showed they were still very much alive.»

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

THE MAN WHO WORKED FOR COLLISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERFUL WHEEL."



PERHAPS the loneliest spot in all the pine-woods was the big Collister farm. Its buildings were not huddled in the center of it, where they could keep one another in countenance, but each stood by itself, facing the desolate stretches of gray sand and pine stumps in its own way. Near each a few uncut pine-trees kept guard, presumably for shade, but really sending their straggling shadows far beyond the mark. Many a Northern heart had ached from watching them, they were so tall and isolate; for, having been forest-bred, they had a sad and detached expression when they stood alone or in groups, just like the look on Northern faces when they met the still distances of the South.

In Collister's day he and the man who worked for him were the only strangers who had need to watch the pines. A land-improvement company had opened up the farm, but after sinking all its money in the insatiable depths of sandy soil where the Lord, who knew best, had planted pine-trees, the great bustling company made an assignment of its stumpy fields, and somewhat later the farm passed into the hands of Collister. Who Collister was, and where he came from, were variously related far and wide through the piny woods; for he was one of those people whose lives are an odd blending of reclusion and notoriety. He kept up the little store on the farm; and though it was usually his man who came up from the fields when any one stood at the closed store and shouted, its trade was largely augmented by the hope of seeing Collister.

The sunken money of the land company must have enriched the soil, for the farm prospered as well as the store, yielding unprecedentedly in such patches as the two men chose to cultivate. In midsummer the schooner-captains, in their loose red shirts, came panting up two sunburned miles from the bayou to chaffer with Collister or his man over the price of watermelons; and when their schooners were loaded, the land breeze which carried the cool green freight through bayou and bay out to the long reaches of the sound, where the sea wind took the burden

on, sent abroad not only schooner and cargo and men, but countless strange reports of the ways and doings of Collister. At least one of these bulletins never changed. Year after year, when fall came, and he had added the season's proceeds to his accumulating wealth,—when even the peanuts had been dug, and the scent of their roasting spread through the piny woods on the fresh air of the winter evenings, making an appetizing advertisement for the store,—it was whispered through the country, and far out on the gulf, that Collister said he would marry any girl who could make good bread—light bread. That settled at least one question: Collister came from the North. The man who worked for him was thought to have come from the same place; but though he did the cooking, his skill must have left something to be desired, and after current gossip had risked all its surmises on the likelihood of Collister's finding a wife under the condition imposed, it usually added that, if Collister married, the man who worked for him would take it as a slight, and leave.

An old county road led through the big farm, and along it the country people passed in surprising numbers and frequency for so sparsely settled a region. They took their way leisurely, and if they could not afford a five-cent purchase at the store, gave plenty of time to staring right and left behind the stumps in a cheerful determination to see something worth remembrance. One day, when the store chanced to be standing open, one of these passers walked up to the threshold and stood for a while looking in. The room was small and dingy, lighted only by the opening of the door, and crammed with boxes, leaky barrels, farm produce, and side-meat. One corner had been arranged with calicoes and ribbons and threads; but though the inspector was a young and pretty girl in the most dingy of cotton gowns, she had scarcely a thought for that corner; she was staring at a man who was so hard at work rearranging the boxes and barrels that he did not notice her shadow at his elbow. Finally he glanced up of his own accord.

"Hello," he said, coming forward; "do you want to buy something? Why did n't you sing out?"

For a little while longer the girl stared at

him as steadily as if he had not moved. Most of the people who live in the pine-woods come to have a ragged look, but this was the raggedest person she had ever seen. He was as ragged as a bunch of pine-needles; yet he had the same clean and wholesome look, and his face was pleasant.

«Are you the man that works for Collister?» she asked.

«Yes,» he said.

The girl looked him up and down again with innocent curiosity. «How much does he give you?» she asked.

«Nothing but my board and clothes,» the man answered, and smiled. He did not seem to find it hard work to stand still and watch her while her black eyes swiftly catalogued each rag. When they reached his bare brown feet she laughed.

«Then I think he had ought to dress you better, an' give you some shoes,» she said.

«He does—winters,» the man answered calmly.

She gave an impatient shake of her sun-bonnet. «That is n't the thing—just to keep you-all warm,» she explained. «A man like Mr. Collister had ought to keep you looking 'ristocratic.»

The man who worked for Collister grinned. «Not very much in Collister's line,» he said. «We might get mixed up if I was too dressy.» He pulled a cracker-box forward, and dusted it. «If you ain't in a hurry, you 'd better come inside and take a seat,» he added.

The girl sank to the door-step instead, taking off her bonnet. Its slats folded together as she dropped it into her lap, and she gave a sigh of relief, loosening some crushed tresses of hair from her forehead. She seemed to be settling down for a comfortable inquisition. «What kind of clothes does Mr. Collister wear?» she began.

The man drew the cracker-box up near the doorway, and sat down. «Dressy,» he said; «'bout like mine.»

The girl gave him a look which dared to say, «I don't believe it.»

«Honest truth,» the man nodded. «Would you like to have me call him up from the field, and show him to you?»

Not to assent would have seemed as if she were daunted, and yet the girl had many more questions to ask about Collister. «Pretty soon,» she said. «I suppose if you don't call him, he 'll be coming for you. They say he works you mighty hard.»

It is never pleasant to be spoken of as something entirely subject to another person's will. A slow flush spread over the

man's face, but he answered loyally, «Collister may be mean to some folks, but he 's always been mighty good to me.» He smiled as he looked off from stump to stump across the clearing to the far rim of the forest. The stumps seemed to be running after one another, and gathering in groups to whisper secrets. «You 've got to remember that this is a God-forsaken hole for anybody to be stuck in,» he said; «'t ain't in humanity for him to keep his soul as white as natural, more 'n his skin; but there 's this to be said for Collister: he 's always good to me.»

«I 'm right glad of that,» the girl said. She too was looking out at the loneliness, and a little of it was reflected on her face. «You-all must think a heap of him,» she added wistfully.

«You can just bet on that,» he declared. «I 've done him a heap of mean turns, too; but they was always done 'cause I did n't know any better, so he don't hold me any grudge.»

«Would n't he mind if he knew you were a-losing time by sitting here talking to me?» she asked.

The man shook his head. «No,» he answered cheerfully; «he would n't care—not for me. There is n't anybody else he would favor like that, but he makes it a point to accommodate me.»

The girl gave her head a little turn. «Do you think he would accommodate me?» she asked.

He looked her over as critically as she had first looked at him. «It 's a dangerous business answering for Collister,» he ventured; «but maybe if I asked him to, he would.»

«Well, you *are* bigoty,» she asserted. «I cain't nowadays see what there is betwixt you. Why, they say that whilst you 're working he comes out in the field, an' bosses you under a 'umbrelly; an'—» a laugh carried her words along like leaves on dancing water—«an' that he keeps a stool stropped to his back, ready to set down on whenever he pleases. Is it true—(hones' truth)?»

A great mirth shook Collister's man from head to foot. «Such a figure—such a figure as the old boy cuts!» he gasped. «Sometimes I ask him if he 'll keep his stool strapped on when he goes a-courting; and he says maybe so—it 'll be so handy to hitch along closer to the young lady.» Without thinking, he illustrated with the cracker-box as he spoke. «And as for the umbrella, I certainly ain't the one to object to that; for, you see, when the sun 's right hot he holds it over me.»

He leaned half forward as he spoke, smil-

ing at her. It is hard to tell exactly when a new acquaintance ceases to be a stranger; but as the girl on the door-step smiled in answer, she was unexpectedly aware that the shrewd, kindly, furrowed face of this young man who worked for Collister was something which she had known for a long, long time. It seemed as familiar as the scent of pine-needles and myrtle, or as the shafts of blue, smoke-stained sunlight between the brown trunks of the pine-trees in the fall, or as the feathery outline of green pine-tops against the dreamy intensity of a Southern sky; and when all this has been said of a girl who lives in the « pineys, » there is no necessity for saying more. She gave a little nervous laugh.

The man began talking again. « It ain't such foolery as you would think, his wearing the stool and carrying the umbrella, » he said. « This is the way he reasons it out, he says. In the first place, there 's the sun; that 's a pretty good reason. But what started it was a blazing day up North, when he was hustling four deals at once; a man would need a head the size of a barrel to keep that sort of thing going for long, and Collister has just an ordinary head no bigger than mine. Well, the upshot of it was that he had a sunstroke, and was laid up a month; and then he reckoned up the day's business, and what he 'd gained on one deal he 'd lost on another, so that he came out even to a cent—queer, was n't it?—with just the experience of a sunstroke to add to his stock-in-trade. Then he bought himself an umbrella and a stool, and began to take life fair and easy. Easy going is my way too; that 's why we get along together. »

There was a jar of candy on a shelf behind him and above his head, and, turning, he reached up a long arm and took it down. It was translucent stick candy with red stripes round it—just such candy as every fortunate child knew twenty years ago, and some know still. In the piney woods it has not been superseded as a standard of delight, and the children expect to receive it gratuitously after any extensive purchase. Near the coast, where creole words have spread, it is asked for by a queer, sweet name—*lagnappe* (something thrown in for good measure). The man who worked for Collister handed the jar across to the girl, making her free of it with a gesture.

« Do you reckon Mr. Collister would want me to take some? » she asked, poisoning her slender brown hand on the edge of the jar. « You know, they say that when he first come hyar, an' the children asked him for *lagnappe*,

he pretended not to onderstan' 'em, and said he was sorry, but he had n't got it yet in stock. Is that true? »

« Yes, » the man answered; « that 's true, »

« Well, *did* he onderstan'? » she asked.

He lifted his shoulders in a way he had learned in the South. « To be sure, » he said. « I told him at the time that it was a mean thing to do, but he said he simply could n't help himself; young ones kept running there from miles around to get five cents' worth of baking-sody and ask for a stick of candy. But take some; he won't mind, for he 's always good to me. »

She drew back her hand. « No, » she said, pouting; « I 'm goin' to come in some time when he 's hyar, an' see if he 'll give some *lagnappe* to me. »

« I 'll tell him to, » the man said.

« Well, you *are* bigoty! » the girl repeated.

« If I was to tell him to, » the man persisted, « who should I say would ask for it? »

She looked at him defiantly. « I 'll do the telling, » she said; « but while we 're talking about names, what 's yours? »

« Well, » he answered, « if you 're not naming any names, I don't believe I am. You know considerably more about me already than I do about you. »

« Oh, just as you please, » she said. To be brought blankly against the fact that neither knew the other's name caused a sense of constraint between them. She picked up her bonnet, and put it on as if she might be about to go; and though she did not rise, she turned her face out of doors so that the bonnet hid it from him—and it was such a pretty face!

« Say, now, » he began, after one of those pauses in which lives sometimes sway restlessly to and fro in the balances of fate, « I did n't mean to make you mad. I 'll tell you my name if you want to know. »

« I 'm not so anxious, » she said. One of her brown hands went up officiously and pulled the bonnet still farther forward. « Is it true, » she asked, « that Mr. Collister says he will marry any girl that can make good light bread? »

The man formed his lips as if to whistle, and then stopped. « Yes, » he said, eying the sunbonnet; « it 's true. »

She turned round and surprised him. « I can make good light bread, » she announced.

« You! » he said.

« Yes, » she answered sharply; « why not? It ain't so great a trick. »

« But— » he paused, meeting the challenge of her face uneasily—« but did you come here to say that? »

«You've heard me say it,» she retorted.

He rose, and stood beside her, looking neither at her, nor at the fields, nor at the encircling forest, but far over and beyond them all, at the first touches of rose-color on the soft clouds in the west. He seemed very tall as she looked up to him, and his face was very grave. She had forgotten long ago to notice his bare feet and tattered clothing. «So that means,» he said slowly, «that you came here to offer to marry a man that you never saw.»

She did not answer for a moment, and when she did her voice was stubborn. «No,» she said; «I came hyar to say that I know how to make light bread. You need n't be faultin' me for his saying that he would marry any girl that could.»

«But you would marry him?»

«I allow if he was to ask me I would.»

The man looked down squarely to meet her eyes, but he found only the sunbonnet. «What would you do it for,» he asked—«a lark?»

«A lark!» she echoed; «oh, yes; a lark.»

He stooped toward her and put his hand on her shoulder. «Look up here,» he said; «I want to see if it's a lark or not.»

«I jus' said it was,» she answered, so low that he had to bend a little closer to be certain that he heard.

«That won't do,» he said firmly; «you must look up into my face.»

«I—won't!» she declared.

He stood gazing at her downcast head. There was something that shone in his eyes, and his tongue was ready to say, «You must.» He closed his lips and straightened himself again. The girl sat perfectly still, except that once in a while there was a catch in her breath. He kept looking off into the empty, sighing reaches of pine-country, which could make people do strange things. «We have n't known each other very long,» he said at last; «but a few minutes ago I thought we knew each other pretty well, and perhaps you don't have any better friend than I am in this desolate hole. Won't you tell me why it is that you want to marry Collister?»

«For his money,» the girl answered shortly.

His face darkened as if he were cursing Collister's money under his breath; but she did not look up, and he said nothing until he could speak quietly. «Is that quite fair to Collister?» he asked. «He did talk about marrying any girl that could make good light bread; but I don't suppose he wanted to do it unless she liked him a little too.»

«I—allowed—maybe I'd like him a little,»

the girl explained; «an' I was right sure that he'd like me.»

«That's the mischief of it,» the man muttered; «I'll warrant he'll like you!»

After hiding her face so long the girl looked up, and was surprised to see him so troubled. «You've been right good to me,» she said gently, «an' I reckon I don't mind—perhaps I had ought to tell you jus' why I come. I—I don't want to be mean to Mr. Collister, an' if you don't think it's fair I won't tell him I can make good bread; only—» she met his eyes appealingly—«if I don't, I don't see what I'm goin' to do.»

«What's the matter?» he asked. «Don't you have any home?»

She smiled bravely, so that it was sorrowful to see her face. «Not any more,» she said. «I've always had a right good home, but my paw died—only las' week. You an' Mr. Collister used to know him, an' he has often spoke' of both of you. He was Noel Seymour from up at Castauplay.»

«Noel Seymour—dead?» said the man. All her light words pleaded with him for tenderness now that he knew she had said them with an aching heart. «But Seymour was a creole,» he added, «and you are not.»

«My own mother was an American,» the girl answered, «an' I learned my talk from her before she died; an' then my stepmother is American, too.» She stopped just long enough to try to smile again. «What do you think?» she asked. «My stepmother don't like me. She is n't going to let me stay at home any more. Could you be as mean as that?»

He put his hand on her shoulder. «You poor child!» he said; for gossip came in sometimes in return for all that radiated from the farm, and he could recall a cruel story he had once heard of Noel Seymour's wife. It made him believe all and more than the girl had told him. «Poor child!» he said again; «you have n't told me yet what's your first name.»

«Ginevra,» she answered. «My own mother liked it; my stepmother says it's the name of a fool. She thinks she's young an' han'some; but I allow she's sending me off because I'm a right smart the best-favored of the two. She wants to get married again, an' thar ain't but one bachelord up our way, so she's skeered he'd take first pick of me.»

«My kingdom!» said the man who worked for Collister. «If there's somebody up your way that you know, and that likes you, why did n't you go and take your chances with him?»

A hot flush rushed over the girl's face. «Does you-all think I'd be talkin' like this to a man I knowed?» she demanded. She stared angrily until her lips began to quiver. «An' besides, I hate him!» she cried. «He's not a fittin' man for such as me.»

«You poor child!» he said again.

She caught the compassion of his eyes. «What had I ought to have done?» she asked. «What had any girl ought to do out hyar in the pineys if she was lef' like me? I've hearn o' places whar girls could find work, an' my stepmother she allowed I could go to the oyster-factories in Potosi; but whar would I *stay*? An' then I went to the factories onct with my paw, an' the air round 'em made me sick. You see, I was raised in the pineys, an' they has a different smell.»

He shook his head, though kindly, at so slight a reason, and the sharp pain of his disapproval crossed her face. «Oh, you don't know anything about it,» she cried desperately; «thar ain't no man that can tell how it feels for a girl that's had a father that's made of her like mine did to be turned right out to face a whole townful that she never saw. Can't you see how, if you was skeered, it would be a heap easier jus' to face one man? An' then I'd hearn no end about Mr. Collister, an' some of it was funny, an' thar wa'n't none of it very bad; so I jus' made up my mind to come round hyar an' see for myse'f what like he was. You see,» she went on, with a lift of the head, «it was for the money, but it was for the honorableness, too; an' I'd cross my heart an' swear to you on the Bible that when I come hyar I had n't no thought that anybody could think it was onder-reachin' Mr. Collister. I thought he'd be right proud, an' before we got to talking I never sensed that it would be a hard thing to name to him; but now—» her voice trembled and broke. «Oh,» she cried, «I wished I'd never come!»

The man looked away from her. «Don't wish it,» he said huskily. «Collister ought to be proud if he can have you for his wife; and he would give you a good home and everything your heart could ask for.»

Tears sprang into her eyes, and she dropped her head upon her knees to hide them. «Oh, I know, I know,» she sobbed; «but I'd rather marry you!»

«O-oh!» breathed the man who worked for Collister; «I'd so much rather that you did.» And with a laugh of pure delight he caught her up into his arms.

When they left the store a red blaze of sunset shone between the trunks of the pine-trees. The man fastened the padlock behind them, and they started in a lovers' silence along the road. The big farm was as empty and lifeless as ever, except for the lonesome neighing of a horse in the barn-yard and for a single straight blue thread of smoke which rose from one of the little houses. The girl pointed at it, and smiled.

«He's having to get his own supper to-night,» she said; «but I'll make it up to him: I'll make his light bread jus' the same.»

«Yes,» he said, «you'd better; for, whatever he's been to other folks, he's always been mighty good to me; an', please God, he's going to be mighty good to you.»

A breath of land breeze had started in the pine-woods, and was going out bearing a tribute of sweet odors to the sea. The disk of the sun sank below the black line of the earth, but the trees were still etched against a crimson sky. Softly and faintly in the far distance some passing creole hailed another with a long, sweet call. They reached the edge of the clearing, and went on through the deepening twilight of the pines. There were no words in all the world quite true enough to speak in that great murmurous stillness that was in the woods and in their hearts. At last they came to a path beyond which she would not let him go, thinking it better for this last time to go on alone.

«Good night,» she said lingeringly; and he held her close and kissed her, whispering good night. Then he stood and watched her slender swaying figure as it grew indistinct between the trees; and just before it vanished he called out guardedly.

«Say,» he summoned, «come here!»

She went laughing back to him. «You-all are bigoty,» she said, «beginning to order me about!»

He took her hands, and held her from him so that he could see her face. «You must n't be mad at me,» he said; «but there's something I forgot to tell you—I'm Collister.»

Mary Tracy Earle.

INAUGURATION SCENES AND INCIDENTS.



FROM the first the American people elected to make of the inauguration of a President a great national festival. They did this spontaneously, and in quiet disregard of all efforts to prevent them. Washington desired to be installed as first President without pomp or parade, as was natural in a man who looked upon his consent to serve as the greatest sacrifice he had ever been called upon to make, and who entered upon his task with a most unfeigned reluctance, and with a real diffidence, for which he did not expect to receive credit from the world.¹ Yet his journey from Mount Vernon to New York, which he wished to make as private as possible, was converted by the people, overflowing with veneration and gratitude, into an unbroken triumphal progress, which culminated in a series of public demonstrations and ceremonies that surpassed anything of the kind yet seen in the young republic. Each succeeding inauguration of a new President has been celebrated in much the same way, with a steadily increasing multitude of spectators, and a swelling measure of pomp and pageantry. In outward appearance there has been much similarity in these recurring quadrennial demonstrations; but each has had a distinct individuality shaped by the personality of its central figure and by the forces which prevailed in the election.

So long as Washington was on the scene he dominated it completely. He came much nearer to having his own way at his second inauguration, in Philadelphia, than he had been able to at his first, in New York, chiefly through the desire of his political rivals to prevent a fresh demonstration of the popular adoration for him. Jefferson's immortal devotion to republican simplicity had its origin in this desire; for he favored the abolition of all public exercises at the second inauguration, and wished to have the oath of office administered to Washington privately at his house, a certificate of it to be deposited in the State Department. Hamilton took the same view, but other members of the cabinet favored exercises in the open Senate-chamber, and their opinion prevailed. There was as large

an attendance as the hall would hold, but no parade or other popular demonstration. The people went on worshipping their hero with undiminished fervor, however. They celebrated his birthday with such honors, and in so general a way, that his rivals were more distressed than ever, and began to see in this infatuation a menace to the republic, a threat of monarchy.

The chief sufferer from this condition of affairs was John Adams when the time came to inaugurate him as Washington's successor. He is the only President we have had, with the possible exception of Mr. Van Buren, who can be said to have played a secondary part at his own inauguration. The people had no eyes for him; they saw only the stately figure of Washington passing forever from the scene. The ceremonies were held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in the House of Representatives. Washington drove to the hall in his coach and four, and was lustily cheered both outside and inside the building. He passed quickly to his seat, as if eager to stop the applause. Adams entered a few minutes later, dressed in a light drab suit, and passed slowly down the aisle, bowing in response to the respectful applause which greeted him. He took the oath, and then delivered his inaugural address. He described the scene subsequently as a solemn one indeed, made more affecting by the presence of Washington, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. There was a flood of tears, which he sought in various ways to explain, though no explanation was necessary. There was, he said, more weeping than there had ever been at the representation of a tragedy; but whether it was from grief or joy, whether from the loss of their beloved President or from the accession of an unbeloved one, or some other cause, he could not say. He suspected that the novelty of the sun setting full-orbed, and another rising, though less splendid, may have had something to do with it. For several days after the exercises he was still bewailing the tendency to weep. Everybody was annoying him by talking of tears and streaming eyes, but nobody told him why; and he was forced to believe that it was all for the loss of their beloved. Two or three had ventured to whis-

¹ Letters to Benjamin Lincoln and Samuel Hanson.

per in his ear that his address had made a favorable impression, but no other evidence of interest in him had reached him. One thing he knew, and that was that he was a being of too much sensibility to act any part well in such an exhibition.¹

If the tears at the inaugural exercises made Mr. Adams unhappy, what followed must have added greatly to his sufferings. When, at the close, Washington moved toward the door, there was a precipitate rush from the gallery and corridors for the street, and he found a great throng awaiting him as he emerged from the door. They cheered him, and he waved his hat to them, his countenance radiant with benignity, his gray hair streaming in the wind. He walked to his house, followed by the crowd, and on reaching it turned about for a final greeting. His countenance assumed a grave and almost melancholy expression, his eyes were bathed in tears, and only by gestures could he indicate his thanks and convey his farewell blessing.²

No inauguration myth has been more tenacious of life than that which pictured Jefferson, attired as a plain citizen, riding on horseback to the Capitol, hitching his horse to the palings, and walking unattended into the Senate-chamber to take the oath as President. To have done this would have been in accordance with his previous utterances, for he had strongly condemned as savoring of monarchy all public ceremony at the swearing in of a President. When the time for his own inauguration arrived, however, the case seems to have looked different to him. Whether it was because he was to be the first President inaugurated at the new Capitol, or because of an unwillingness to disappoint the large numbers of his friends and partisans who had assembled to honor him, is not clear; but the fact is that he did permit a considerable display at the ceremonies. He was met at the door of his boarding-house, which was only a stone's throw from the Capitol, by a militia artillery company and a procession of citizens, and, escorted by these, he went on foot to the Capitol. The horseback story, or "fake," as it would be denominated in modern journalism, was the invention of an Englishman named John Davis, who put it in a book of American travels which he published in London two years later. In order to give it an air of truthfulness, Davis declared that he was

present at the inauguration, which was not true. A veracious account of the ceremonies was sent to England by Edward Thornton, who was then in charge of the British legation at Washington; and in this Jefferson was described as having walked to the Capitol. These facts, together with a great mass of interesting matter about Jefferson's inauguration, are set forth in detail by Henry Adams in his "History of the United States," and leave no doubt that the Davis version was a pure fabrication.

On reaching the Senate-chamber, in which he was to be inaugurated, Jefferson became a member of one of the most striking groups ever gathered in a public place. On one side of him stood John Marshall as chief justice to administer the oath, and on the other Aaron Burr, who was to be sworn in as Vice-President. As described by his contemporaries, Jefferson was very tall (six feet two and a half inches in height), with a loose, shackling air about his slender figure, a very red freckled face, and neglected gray hair. He was clad in a blue coat, a thick, gray-colored, hairy waistcoat with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velvet breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heels—his appearance being very much that of a raw-boned farmer. Marshall, as described by Joseph Story in 1808, was tall and slender, not graceful and imposing, but erect and steady, with black hair, small and twinkling eyes, and rather low forehead, plain and dignified in manners, and very simple and neat in dress. Burr was rather small in stature, but dignified and easy in manners, and dressed with aristocratic care. The three men were alike in one respect: they distrusted and disliked one another thoroughly. Jefferson both feared and hated Marshall, saying of him that he had a mind of that gloomy malignity which would never let him forego the opportunity of satiating it on a victim. Marshall said of Jefferson, shortly before the inauguration, that by weakening the office of President he would increase his personal power, and that his letters had shown that his morals could not be pure. Both Jefferson and Marshall looked upon Burr as a political and social adventurer who was living up to his own creed, "Great souls care little for small morals." The outgoing President, Mr. Adams, was not present at the exercises; but he undoubtedly took a grim pleasure in the presence of Marshall, whom he had made chief justice, greatly to the wrath of Jefferson, only a few weeks before. After the ceremonies the new

¹ Letters of John Adams to his wife.

² Personal recollections of Wm. A. Duer, once president of Columbia College.

President proceeded to the Executive mansion, or «the Palace,» as it was then styled, in the same manner as he had gone to the Capitol.

Washington set the example, which has been followed at frequent intervals by new Presidents even to our day, of wearing at the first inauguration ceremonies clothing of American manufacture. He was dressed in a suit of dark cloth made at Hartford. I have been able to find no mention of the nationality of the «light drab suit» which John Adams wore. Jefferson was inaugurated in his «every-day clothes,» which may or may not have been exclusively American; but before the end of his service as President he appeared at his New-Year reception dressed in an entire suit of homespun. Madison carried the matter a step further; for, as he passed down the aisle of the House of Representatives to be inaugurated, he was spoken of as a «walking argument in favor of the encouragement of native wool.» His coat had been made on the farm of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small-clothes on that of Chancellor Livingston, all from the wool of merino sheep raised in the country. John Quincy Adams says in his Diary that the house was very much crowded, and that its appearance was magnificent, but that Mr. Madison read his address in a tone so low that it could not be heard. Contemporary descriptions of Madison picture him as a small, modest, and jovial man. Washington Irving spoke of him in 1812, at the time of his second election to the Presidency, as «a withered little apple-john,» and an English observer as «a little man with small features, rather wizened, but occasionally lit up with a good-natured smile.» He was habitually neat and genteel in his appearance, says another writer, dressed like a «well-bred and tasty old-school gentleman.» American wool seems, therefore, to have made its first appearance as a «walking argument» under favorable conditions.

Monroe's inauguration, in 1817, was remarkable chiefly for being the first one held out of doors since the seat of government had been moved to Washington. There had been out-of-door exercises when Washington was installed in New York, but all his successors till Monroe had been inaugurated within doors. It is said by some authorities that the proposal to change to the open air in 1817 was the outcome of a long and bitter wrangle between the two Houses as to the division of seats in the House at the ceremonies. Agreement being apparently impossible, some one

suggested that by going out of doors room enough could be found for everybody, and the idea was acted upon joyfully. An elevated platform was erected for the occasion under the unfinished portico of the Capitol, and from this Monroe delivered his inaugural address to the largest assemblage that had yet been gathered there. The day was balmy and beautiful. There were no outdoor exercises at Monroe's second inauguration, the weather being stormy, rain and snow falling throughout the day. The attendance on this occasion did not exceed two thousand persons. John Quincy Adams was also inaugurated indoors four years later, and it was not till the advent of General Jackson, in 1829, that the outdoor exercises became the established custom.

Jackson's entry upon the Presidency has been likened repeatedly to the descent of the barbarians upon Rome. It was accompanied with a huge multitude of people from all parts of the land, and by an amount of uproar altogether unprecedented. Webster wrote from the capital, several days before the inauguration, that the city was full of speculations and speculators, there being a great multitude, too many to be fed without a miracle, and all hungry for office. «I never saw such a crowd before,» he added. «Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger.» They surged through the streets shouting, «Hurrah for Jackson!» They swarmed about Gadsby's tavern, where the general lodged, in such masses as completely to hem it in and make access to his presence nearly impossible. When inauguration day arrived, fully ten thousand people gathered about the eastern portico of the Capitol, which was to be used for the first time for these ceremonies, and a ship's cable had to be stretched across the long flight of steps, about a third of the way from the top, to keep the portico clear. It was with great difficulty that the procession which escorted the general was able to reach the Capitol. He went first to the Senate, as usual, where the chief justice and other dignitaries joined him to proceed to the outdoor platform.

An eye-witness, who took a somewhat jocose view of the day's events, wrote that the most remarkable feature about Jackson as he marched down the aisle of the Senate with a quick, large step, as though he proposed to storm the Capitol, was his double pair of spectacles. He habitually wore two pairs, one for reading and the other for seeing at

a distance, the pair not in use being placed across the top of his head. On this occasion, says the eye-witness, the pair on his head reflected the light; and some of the rural admirers of the old hero were firmly persuaded that they were two plates of metal let into his head to close up holes made by British bullets. When he appeared on the portico, we are told that the shout which arose rent the air and seemed to shake the very ground. The ceremony ended, the general mounted his horse to proceed to the White House, and the whole crowd followed him. «The President,» says a contemporary writer, «was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running helter-skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the executive mansion, where it was understood that refreshments were to be distributed.» An abundance of refreshments had been provided, including many barrels of orange punch. As the waiters opened the doors to bring out the punch in pails, the crowd rushed upon them, upsetting the pails, and breaking the glasses. Inside the house the crush was so great that distribution of refreshments was impossible, and tubs of orange punch were set out in the grounds to entice people from the rooms. Jackson himself was so pressed against the wall of the reception-room that he was in danger of injury, and was protected by a number of men linking arms and forming a barrier against the crowd. Men with boots heavy with mud stood on the satin-covered chairs and sofas in their eagerness to get a view of the hero. Judge Story wrote that the crowd contained all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. «I never saw such a mixture,» he added. «The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible.»

The outgoing President, Mr. Adams, was not present. He and his father have been the only outgoing Presidents, alive at the time of the inauguration of their successors, who did not attend the ceremonies. The reason why the younger Adams did not was stated tersely in «Niles's Register» of March 27, 1829: «It is proper to mention, for the preservation of facts, that General Jackson did not call upon President Adams, and that Mr. Adams gave not his attendance at the installation of President Jackson.» This conduct must have been a cause of grief to the editor of the «National Intelligencer,» for four years earlier he had written, when describing the scene which followed the in-

auguration of Adams: «General Jackson, we were pleased to observe, was among the earliest of those who took the hand of the President; and their looks and deportment toward each other were a rebuke to the littleness of party spirit, which can see no merit in a rival and feel no joy in the honor of a competitor.» General Jackson was very conspicuous at the inauguration of his successor, Mr. Van Buren. The two rode side by side from the White House to the Capitol, and back again after the ceremonies, in a carriage made of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, presented by the Democrats of New York. But the general was at all moments the central figure; the crowd along the route and at the Capitol paid only slight attention to the new President.

Of the inauguration of General William Henry Harrison in 1841, John Quincy Adams says in his Diary that it was celebrated with demonstrations of popular feeling unexampled since that of Washington in 1789. It had more of a left-over campaign flavor than any other inauguration either before or since. The great «Tippecanoe» canvass, with its log cabins and hard cider, its enormous processions, its boundless enthusiasm and incessant uproar, got under such headway that it could not be stopped with election day. Enough of it was still in motion in March to make the inauguration of the general a virtual continuation of it, so far as the procession was concerned. The log cabins were brought to the capital for the occasion, and many of the clubs came with their regalia and banners. A magnificent carriage had been constructed by his admirers, and presented to General Harrison, with the expressed wish that he ride in it to the Capitol; but he declined to do so, insisting upon riding a horse instead. The crowd of visitors along the avenue from the White House to the Capitol was the largest yet seen in Washington. The procession created such enthusiasm that the novel expedient was put in operation of having it march and countermarch several times before leaving its hero at the Capitol. For two hours it went to and fro in the avenue before the spectators were supposed to have their fill of it. Mr. Adams, who saw it from his window, under which it passed, describes it in his Diary as a mixed military and civil cavalcade, with platoons of militia companies, Tippecanoe clubs, students of colleges, school-boys, a half-dozen veterans who had fought under the old hero in the War of 1811, sundry awkward and ungainly painted banners and log cabins, and without car-



THE CRUSH AT THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

A SCENE AT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S INAUGURATION.

riages or showy dresses. The *coup d'œil*, he adds, was showy-shabby; and he says of the general: «He was on a mean-looking white horse, in the center of seven others, in a plain frock coat or surtout, undistinguishable from any of those before, behind, or around him.» The day was cold and bleak, with a chilly wind blowing. General Harrison stood for an hour exposed to this while delivering his address, and at its close mounted his horse and returned to the White House with the procession again as an escort.

The inauguration ball dates from the very beginning. There was a ball when Washington was inaugurated in New York, but owing to the pressure of other demands upon his time, it did not take place till the evening of March 7. Washington attended, and performed a minuet with Miss Van Zandt, and danced cotillions with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Maxwell, and others. There was no ball at his second inauguration because of its extremely quiet character, and there was none when Mr. Adams came in because of the general grief over Washington's departure. I can find no mention of a ball when Jefferson was inaugurated, but there was one when Madison came in, and since then there has been no break in the custom. There were two when Polk was inaugurated, and two when Taylor succeeded him—an administration and an opposition ball on each occasion, both very well attended. The crush was so great at the Taylor administration ball that many persons narrowly escaped injury, and there were loud complaints because of the inadequate supply of refreshments.

The crowds at Polk's inauguration were said to be the largest yet seen at the Capitol, which was undoubtedly true; for as the country has advanced in size, the number of people going to Washington to witness the advent of every new President has steadily increased. Evidence that the outdoor custom had become firmly established in Polk's time is furnished by the fact that, although rain fell steadily throughout the day, he delivered his address from the portico to a wide, moving sea of umbrellas, with no protection save an umbrella which was held over his head. The crowds amused themselves during the progress of the procession along Pennsylvania Avenue by repeating the favorite cry of the opposition in the preceding campaign, «Who is James K. Polk?» Roars of laughter always followed this somewhat worn but always amusing query. An interesting contemporary note of this inauguration is the following: «Professor Morse brought out his

magnetic telegraph to the portico platform, close to one side of it, from which point he could hear everything that went on, having under view all the ceremonies performed, transmitting the results to Baltimore as fast as they transpired.»

There was little that varied the now well-established monotony of inauguration cere-

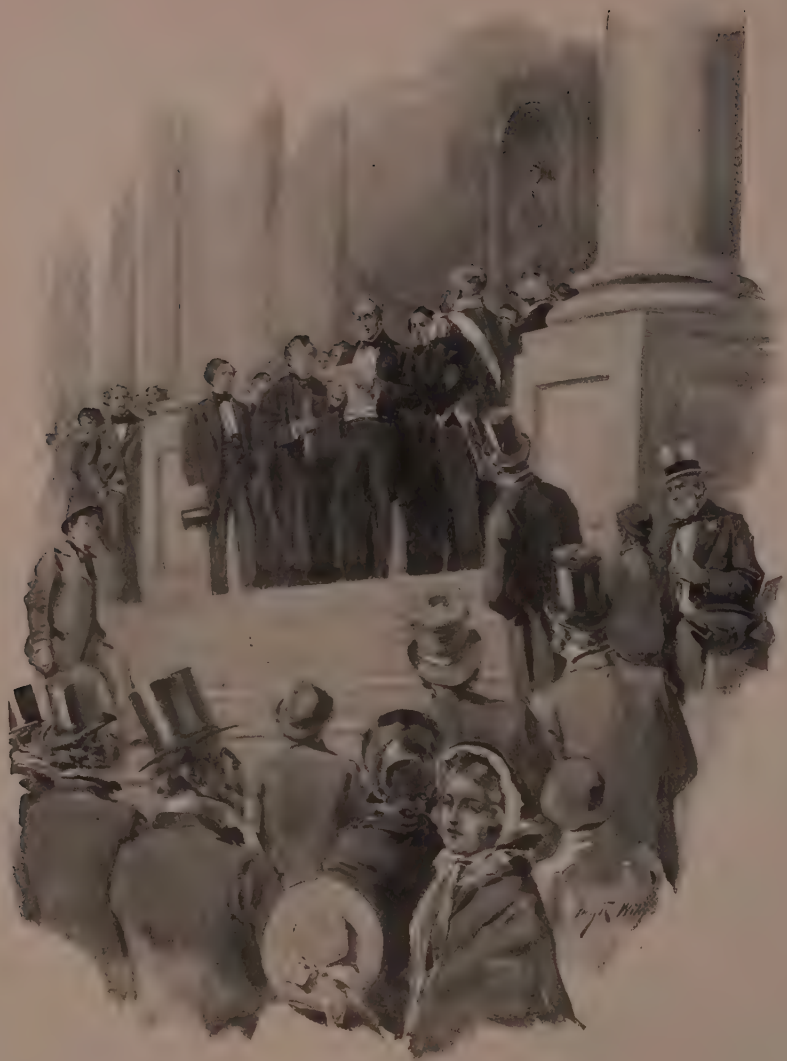


DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE APPROACH TO THE CAPITOL DURING POLK'S INAUGURATION. (BASED ON A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.)

monies when Franklin Pierce came in in 1853, and James Buchanan in 1857. Pierce was one of the most buoyantly self-poised men who ever entered upon the Presidency. He made the journey from the White House to the Capitol standing erect in the carriage beside President Fillmore, and bowing constantly to the cheers with which he was greeted. At the Capitol he distinguished himself by being the first President to deliver his address without notes, speaking in a remarkably clear voice, and arousing great enthusiasm by his handsome appearance, dignified bearing, and somewhat unusual oratorical powers.

Lincoln's inaugurations have been so fully described in recent years in the columns of THE CENTURY that it is unnecessary to say much about them now. Perhaps the most dramatic phase of the first inauguration, always ex-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

FROM A CONTEMPORARY PICTURE IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

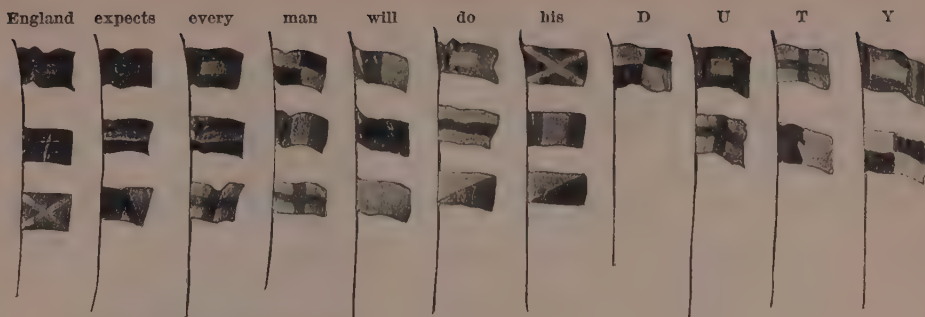
BUCHANAN'S INAUGURATION.

cepting the address itself, was that described in Dr. Holland's «Life of Lincoln,» when the new President stood on the portico to take the oath of office, with President Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, and Stephen A. Douglas prominent in the group about him, and the latter, his famous rival in debate, holding Mr. Lincoln's hat while he was delivering his inaugural address.

The chief characteristic of later inaugurations has been the steadily rising number of people in attendance. At both inaugurations

of General Grant the crowds were enormous; but those which have gathered every four years since have shown no diminution from the standard of bigness then fixed. That standard, which stood at from five to eight thousand in the early years of the century, will have passed one hundred thousand before the century closes. The managers of President McKinley's inauguration predict the finest pageant and the greatest throng ever seen in Washington, and doubtless their prediction will be verified.

Joseph B. Bishop.



DRAWN FROM THE MODEL IN THE GREENWICH COLLEGE MUSEUM.

NELSON'S SIGNAL.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N. (Ret'd),
Author of «The Influence of Sea Power upon History,» etc.¹

IN August, 1805, Nelson landed in England after a continuous absence of two years and three months. He remained twenty-five days, and then again departed, to die at Trafalgar. This short interval was all that the pressing exigencies of the times allowed him to spend with those who were dearest to him in the world—the woman he loved with un-

diminished fervor, and the only child he had. Brief as it was, it succeeded a period of tumultuous cruising and anxious care in the Mediterranean, during which, as he noted in his private diary, for more than two years he never went on shore; yet, although from the enfeebled condition of his health, always delicate, he for a great part of the time had in his hands permission to return to England, he could not bring himself to use it while any near prospect existed of the enemy's putting

¹ This is the last paper of a series by the same author, the others being, «Nelson at Cape St. Vincent,» «Nelson in the Battle of the Nile,» and «The Battle of Copenhagen.»



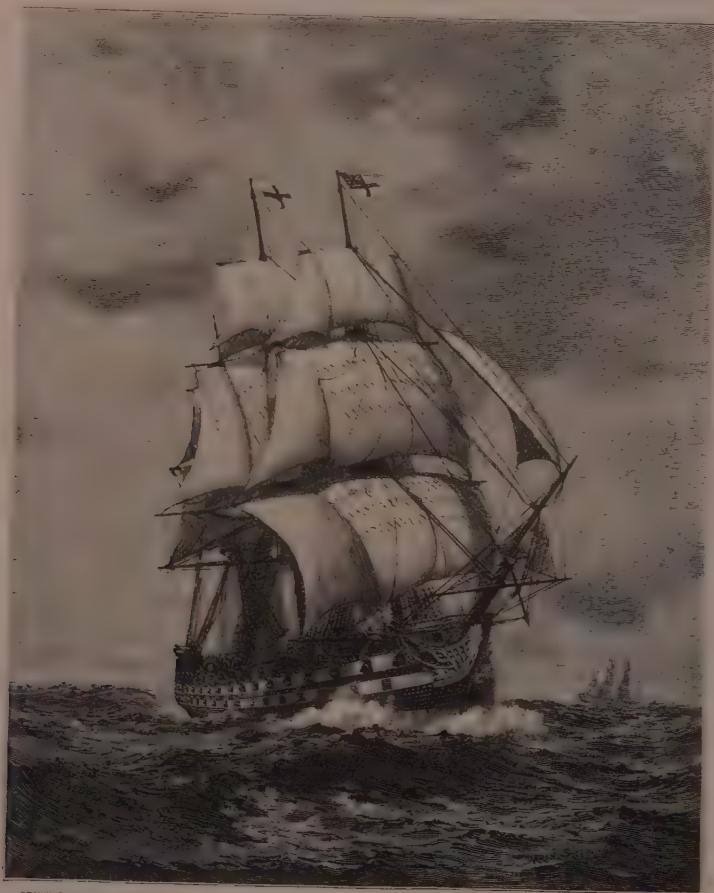
RESTORED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY F. BRION, LONDON.

MODEL OF THE «VICTORY» FLYING THE SIGNAL «ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.»

to sea. The passion which had swept before it all other obstacles was powerless to drag his frail and suffering body from the post of painful duty to the comforts of home.

The armed struggle between Great Britain, single-handed, and France in alliance with Holland and Spain was then approaching its

A series of untoward circumstances, and the irresolution of its admiral, Villeneuve, brought that great fleet, not to the Channel, but to Cadiz, whence it issued again only two days before Trafalgar. On the 19th of August, at 9 P.M., Lord Nelson's flag, the symbol of his command, was hauled down at



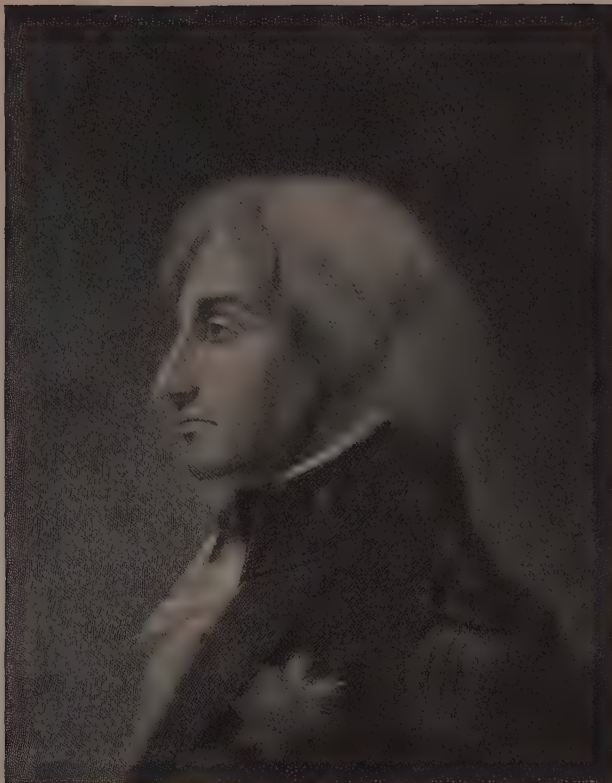
DRAWN BY WARREN SHEPPARD.

A SHIP OF THE LINE UNDER FULL SAIL.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

crisis. Since the declaration of war, May 16, 1803, Napoleon had given his great energies to the preparations for an invasion of England with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men. In July, 1805, these were collected on the coasts of France over against Dover, ready to embark at a moment's warning upon the approach of the great fleet of thirty-five ships of the line, French and Spanish, which the emperor, with profound wiliness and sagacity, was concentrating from various quarters to cover the crossing.

Spithead, and he left the *Victory*, the ship at the masthead of which it had so long flown. On the afternoon of the 20th, Villeneuve brought the Franco-Spanish fleet into Cadiz. This marked, in Napoleon's judgment, the failure of the scheme of invasion; but to Great Britain it remained no less imperative than before to crush the allied fleet as the sure seal and gage of future safety. There was but one man to whom with perfect confidence the heart of the nation turned as surely able to save it; upon him it called, and



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JOHN WHICHEO, IN SEPTEMBER, 1805, AT MERTON.

OWNED BY SIR W. BIDDULPH PARKER.

PORTRAIT OF NELSON.

he, not unwilling, yet with sad foreboding, obeyed.

«At half-past ten,» wrote Nelson in his diary for September 13, «drove from dear dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and Country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my Country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done! Amen, amen, amen.»

At two o'clock the next afternoon he embarked in a boat at Portsmouth to return on board the *Victory*. He had sought an unfrequented landing-place to elude the crowd, but one collected, nevertheless, «pressing forward to obtain sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed.» With softened

feelings, still fresh from his recent parting, Nelson was visibly moved. «I had their huzzas before,» said he to his old comrade in arms, Captain Hardy, who sat beside him; «I have their hearts now!» «On the 14th,» reads the *Victory's* log, «hoisted the flag of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B. Sunday, 15th, weighed, and made sail to the S. S. E.» (for Cadiz).

On the 28th of September the *Victory* joined the fleet before Cadiz, which to the number of twenty-nine ships of the line had been rapidly collected under Admiral Collingwood after Villeneuve entered the port. By Nelson's orders none of the customary salutes were exchanged, it being his object to keep the enemy, as far as possible, ignorant both of his own arrival and of the force that they might have to encounter, lest they might hesitate to come out. For the same reason the main body of the British fleet was kept fifty miles west of the port; but between the latter and it there were spaced three subdivisions, the innermost of which, composed

of frigates and other lighter vessels, kept within sight of the enemy, watching every indication. Despite these precautions, however, Villeneuve could not fail ultimately to hear of Nelson's coming, and the number of his fleet, which gradually rose to thirty-three, of which twenty-seven only were present when the battle was fought. The French admiral despaired of success; but learning that the emperor, dissatisfied with his previous conduct, was about to relieve him from command, and aware that malice attributed to him cowardice, when weakness only was his fault, he closed his eyes to all other considerations than that of wounded honor, and went forth to hopeless battle. The orders to the French fleet were to enter the Mediterranean and appear off the coast of Italy, where its presence was expected to favor the great campaign, then beginning, which is identified with the name of Austerlitz.

"The morning of the 19th of October," wrote an eye-witness from the inshore squadron, "saw us so close to Cadiz as to see the ripple of the beach and catch the morning fragrance which came off the land; and then, as the sun rose over the Trocadero, with what joy we saw the fleet inside let fall and hoist their topsails, and one after another slowly emerge from the harbor's mouth!" The movement began at 7 A. M., but there were eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships of the line, besides smaller vessels, to take part in it, and the operation is long and intricate for a body of sailing ships in a restricted harbor, especially with unskilled men, such as were many of the allies. At 9:30 Nelson knew that the movement was begun. "At this moment," wrote the commander of the advanced frigates later in the day, "we are within four miles of the enemy, and talking to Lord Nelson by means of Sir H. Popham's signals, though so distant, but repeated along by the rest of the frigates of this squadron. The day is fine, the sight, of course, beautiful." Nelson at once made signal for a "general chase southeast," and the fleet moved off to the Straits of Gibraltar, to block the suspected purpose of the allies to enter there. On that day only twelve of the allied ships cleared the harbor.

The following morning, Sunday, October 20, the remainder got to sea. The wind and weather had changed. It now blew from the southwest with heavy rain, thick and squally. With the wind from this quarter the Franco-Spanish fleet could not clear the shoals off Cape Trafalgar, and it had therefore to steer to the northwest from Cadiz. In its move-

ments it was closely dogged by the hostile frigates, the main body of the British being then near the Straits' mouth, between Cape Trafalgar and Cape Spartel, on the African coast. In this locality it continued to work back and forth, keeping out of the enemy's sight, but observing their movements warily by the lookout ships. At five in the evening Captain Blackwood, the commander of the frigate squadron, signaled that the allies seemed determined to go to the westward. "That they shall not do," said Nelson in his diary, "if in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them"; and he replied that he relied upon the frigates' keeping track of them during the night. "The last twenty-four hours," wrote Blackwood next day to his wife, "have been hard and anxious work for me; but we have kept sight of them, and are this moment bearing up to come to action."

On the evening of the 20th Nelson issued special orders. Two frigates were to keep the enemy in sight throughout the night. Between them and his flag-ship communication was maintained by a chain of four ships, duly spaced, which repeated signals from end to end. If the enemy steered in one direction two blue lights were burned together; if in the other, three guns were fired in rapid succession. Thus throughout the watchful night messages flashed back and forth over the waste of waters separating the hostile squadrons. From their tenor Nelson judged that the enemy sought to keep open their retreat upon Cadiz. He was therefore careful not to come near enough to them to be seen before daybreak. From twelve to fifteen miles was the distance between the two fleets.

October 21, the day of the battle, dawned hazy, with light airs from west-northwest, and a heavy swell, a token of the approaching gale which during the succeeding days wrought devastation among the prizes. Soon after daylight Nelson came on deck. It was noticed that he wore his usual service coat, on which were stitched the stars of four different orders won by him in battle, and which he always carried. His sword, contrary to his custom, he did not wear, probably by oversight. The hostile fleet was visible in the east-southeast, forming a long irregular column, distant ten or twelve miles, and heading to the southward. Cape Trafalgar lay in the same direction, about ten miles farther off. The place where the battle would be fought was therefore dangerously near the land, if the threatening gale fell upon ships crippled in the encounter.

The British were then under easy sail head-

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

“THE FIGHTING ‘TÉNÉRAIRE,’ TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP.”

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.





DRAWN BY WARREN SHEPARD.

THE SPANISH AND FRENCH FLEETS WEARING SHIP.



THE «BELLEISLE» APPROACHING THE ENEMY'S LINE.

ing to the northward, nearly parallel to the enemy. At 6:30 were made in quick succession the signals to «form order of sailing in two columns» and to «prepare for battle.» Ten minutes later followed the decisive command to «bear up» for the enemy, steering east-northeast. The plan upon which the battle was to be engaged, and his own share in it, were perfectly understood by every flag-officer and captain in the fleet; for it was Nelson's practice to assemble them in his cabin, to explain both his general idea and the varying phases and conditions to which it might have to be applied, as far as he could foresee them. The general idea was to throw upon the rear twelve ships of the enemy a superior number—fifteen or sixteen—under the command of Admiral Collingwood, while Nelson himself, with the remainder of his force, would act as seemed best to prevent Collingwood being disturbed. The particular application in the battle was that the attacking fleet advanced in two columns perpendicular to the enemy's line, Collingwood assailing the rear as proposed, and Nelson piercing the hostile order a little forward of the center; so that the brunt of the fight fell on the twenty-three rear ships of the allies, the ten which formed the van being for a long time untouched, and themselves remaining inactive. There is reason to believe that

Nelson would have preferred to attack in line instead of column, thus bringing his ships into action simultaneously, instead of one after another; but the wind was so light that invaluable time would have been consumed in the necessary manœuvres. Obedient to his unvarying principle, he would not give the enemy time which might possibly permit them to escape battle altogether; for Cadiz was not far distant, neither were the days long, and at their best the ships, with the breeze they had, were unable to make more than two to three miles an hour.

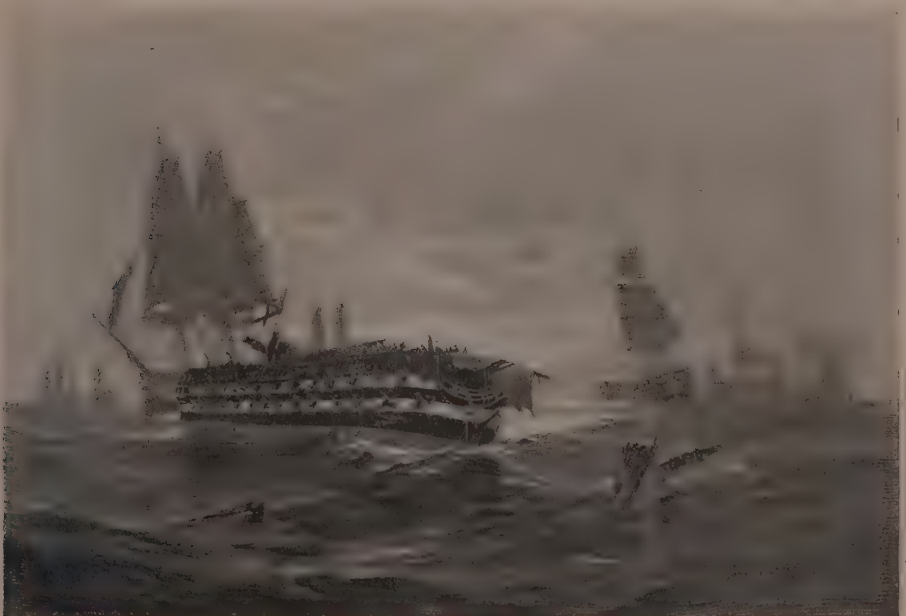
From the same cause—the faintness of the wind—the ships advanced under every stitch of canvas they could carry, even to studding-sails on both sides. Studding-sails, commonly pronounced «stu'n'sails,» are light sails of large spread hoisted outside of the ship, and which, when not in use, are not, like the principal sails, furled upon the yards, but gathered into the body of the vessel and stowed within her. They were rarely carried when going into action, but the urgent need to gain every foot of ground and moment of time necessitated their use at Trafalgar. The ships kept them set, if not shot away, up to the instant of reaching the enemy's line, and then, according to the exigency of each case, they were either taken in, or cut adrift and dropped overboard.

Six British ships were absent at Tetuan for water. The remaining twenty-seven, while still advancing, formed as best they could into two columns, separated by a distance of about a mile. On the left were twelve, led by Nelson's flag-ship, the *Victory*; on the right, Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, headed the remaining fifteen. The wind being from the west-northwest, the former body was to windward, and has therefore been commonly spoken of in contemporary accounts of the battle as the «weather line.» It was neither possible nor desirable, with the little wind, to form the columns with great precision, ship after ship. The vessels got forward as they could, sometimes sailing in pairs; and, in fact, the need of gaining time was so urgent that faster ships were in some instances ordered to leave their regular station, and approach the head of their column by passing their slower predecessors. The great point was to get the heads of the columns into action as soon as possible. As will appear, that was not accomplished until noon, while over two hours more elapsed before the rear ships came fairly under fire.

The allied commander-in-chief, Villeneuve, was of course watching the British movements. As their plan developed he saw that battle was inevitable; and knowing that, even if total defeat were avoided, there would still

be many ships too crippled to admit of his entering the Mediterranean, he looked to the safety of their retreat. This could be made only upon Cadiz, some twenty miles to the north-northeast. He therefore ordered his fleet to wear (turn around from the wind), and form its line again, heading north. This would cause it gradually to bring Cadiz more and more under the lee. The manœuver, being executed simultaneously by the allied ships, reversed their order. Admiral Gravina, commander of the Spanish contingent, had been leading. His now became the rear ship, and it was upon his portion of the field that the brunt of Collingwood's attack was to fall.

Nelson could hardly have been unprepared for this step of Villeneuve's, but he viewed it with great concern. By it Gibraltar, the British port of refuge, became less accessible, the retreat of the allies more secure, and the perilous shoals off Cape Trafalgar more immediately to leeward. He had summoned the frigate captains on board the *Victory*, to be at hand to receive in person his last commands; for, the frigates not being in the fighting line, the character of services to be required of them was too varied to admit of being laid down long before. A close and practised observer of the weather, Nelson foresaw clearly the approaching gale. He expressed his uneasiness to Blackwood; and



DRAWN BY WARREN SHEPPARD.

THE «BELLEISLE» AFTER THE BATTLE.

whole bearing on that final day a solemnity, not uncheerful, yet impressive, that reflected, although without a trace of irresolution, the conscious resignation and self-devotion with which he went forward to his last battle.

The admiral in person, accompanied by the train of frigate captains, inspected the *Victory* and her preparations throughout all decks, ample time for the tour being permitted by the slowness of the advance. At 11 A. M. he was in his cabin, where the signal-lieutenant, entering to prefer a request of a personal nature, found him upon his knees writing; and it is believed that the following words, with which his private diary closes, were then penned: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, amen."

After returning to the deck, Nelson asked Blackwood whether he did not think another signal was needed. The captain replied that he thought every one understood perfectly what was expected of him. After musing a while, Nelson said, "Suppose we telegraph that 'Nelson expects every man to do his duty.' " The officer to whom the remark was made suggested whether it would not read better, "England expects." In the fleet, or, for the matter of that, to the country, the change signified little, for no two names were ever more closely identified than those of England and Nelson; but the latter wel-

comed it eagerly, and at 11:30 the signal which has achieved world-wide celebrity flew from the *Victory's* masthead, and was received with a shout throughout the fleet.

The *Royal Sovereign*, Collingwood's flagship, leading the other column, had been



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE MIZZENTOP OF THE "REDOUTABLE."

recently coppered, and accordingly outstripped the *Victory*, although the latter was a fast ship. She was now about two miles distant to the southeast, a considerable interval separating her from the ship next behind in her own column—the *Belleisle*. At noon she was within range of the enemy, and the day's combat was opened by a French ship called the *Fougeux*, the nineteenth in the allied order counting from the van. At

that moment, as though by signal, the ships of both fleets hoisted their colors, and the admirals their flags, a necessary yet chivalrous display, resembling the courteous salute which precedes a mortal combat. It has been said that Villeneuve's flag was not then hoisted, but the log of a British ship distinctly mentions that it was flying before the

under a fire which centered upon her alone for a measurable time, until some of it was drawn off by the *Belleisle*. Nelson watched her with emulous and admiring eyes, ungrudging of her glory. «See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action!» he cried. Beside Collingwood stood his flag-captain, Rotherham, between whom and him-



PAINTED BY A. J. WOOD.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

IN THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH COLLEGE.

Victory opened fire. This she did not, and indeed could not, do until some time after the enemy had begun to fire at her. When the shots began to pass over, Nelson dismissed Blackwood and the captain of another frigate, who had till then remained, directing them to pull along the column, and tell the captains of the ships of the line that he depended on their exertions to close rapidly with the enemy, but that he left much to their discretion in the unforeseen contingencies that awaited them. As Blackwood took his hand to say good-by, he said, «I trust that on my return to the *Victory* I shall find your lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes.» To this Nelson replied, «God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never speak to you again.»

The *Royal Sovereign* advanced in silence

self there had been bad blood till Nelson in person had reconciled them a few days before. As the *Royal Sovereign* drew up with a Spanish three-decker—the *Santa Ana*, of 112 guns—to pierce the hostile array between her and the *Fougeux*, and open the day for the British, Collingwood, in keen sympathy with the old and tried friend he should never again see alive, made the like remark: «Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!» An instant later the guns of the port (left-hand) batteries were fired in rapid succession, as the ship's measured advance brought them to bear, pouring a double-shotted broadside into the *Santa Ana's* stern, raking her fore and aft, and striking down, by Spanish accounts, four hundred of the thousand men that manned her decks. The starboard guns were at the same time discharged

at the *Fougeux*, but, being from a greater distance, with less effect. The *Royal Sovereign*, putting her helm over as she fired, now ranged up alongside the *Santa Ana* so closely that the muzzles of the guns of the two ships nearly touched. A desperate duel then ensued, much to the disadvantage of the *Santa Ana*, already dazed by the fearful first blow; but round the *Royal Sovereign* were grouped four other hostile ships, from which issued such storms of shot that it is reported they were often seen to strike together in mid-air.

For some minutes the *Royal Sovereign* was alone engaged, but before long the *Belleisle*, a large two-decker of eighty guns, came to her relief. As one of the ships most severely handled on this day, losing all her masts, the dry, brief, jerky remarks of her log possess interest; and they are typical, as by family likeness, of the experiences common to most in such a scene. «At 12:05 opened our fire on the enemy; 12:13, cut the enemy's line astern of a French 80-gun ship, second to the Spanish rear-admiral's ship (*Santa Ana*), at the same time keeping up a heavy fire on both sides; 12:40, our maintopmast was shot away. At 1 a great ship bore up to rake us, and a ship on each side engaging us. At 1:10 the mizzenmast went six feet above the deck. At 1:20 the enemy's ship on our starboard side sheered off; at 1:30 the enemy's ship which had laid itself athwart our stern placed herself on our larboard quarter; at the same time a fresh ship ranged up at our starboard side. Kept up a heavy fire on them as we could get our guns to bear, the ship being lately unmanageable, most of her rigging and sails being shot. At 2:10 the mainmast went by the board;¹ at 2:30 an enemy's ship placed herself across our starboard bow; at 2:40 the foremast and bowsprit went by the board, still engaging three of the enemy's ships; 3:15, one of our ships passed our bow and took off the fire of one of the enemy's ships laying there. At 3:20 the enemy's ship on our starboard side was engaged by one of our ships. At 3:25 the *Swiftsure* passed our stern, and cheered us, and commenced firing on the enemy, and into the enemy's ship on our larboard quarter. Ceased firing, and turned the hands up to clear the wreck. Sent a boat and took possession of the Spanish 80-gun ship *Argonaut*. The action still continuing general, cut away the wreck fore

and aft. . . . At 8 P. M. mustered the ship's company; found killed in battle two lieutenants, one midshipman, and thirty-one seamen and marines, and ninety-four seamen and marines wounded.»

But we have also of the *Belleisle* one of those too rare personal accounts which let us into the human interest of such a scene. The writer² was a lieutenant of marines, only sixteen years old, and had but just joined the ship when called to pass through this fierce ordeal.

«As the day dawned the horizon appeared covered with ships. I was awakened by the cheers of the crew, and by their rushing up the hatchways to get a glimpse of the hostile fleet. The delight manifested exceeded anything I ever witnessed, surpassing even those congratulations when our native cliffs are desecrated after a long period of distant service. At nine we were about six miles from them, with studdingsails set on both sides. The officers now met at breakfast, and though each seemed to exult in the hope of a glorious termination to the contest so near at hand, a fearful presage was experienced that all would not again unite at that festive board. One was particularly impressed with a persuasion that he should not survive the day.³ The sound of the drum, however, soon put an end to our meditations, and after a hasty, and, alas! a final farewell to some, we repaired to our respective posts. Our ship's station was far astern of our leader, but her superior sailing caused an interchange of places with the *Tonnant*. On our passing that ship, the captains greeted each other on the honourable prospect in view. Captain Tyler (*Tonnant*) exclaimed: 'A glorious day for old England! We shall have one apiece before night!' As if in confirmation of this soul-inspiring sentiment, the band of our consort was playing (Britons, strike home!)

«The drum now repeated its summons, and the captain sent for the officers commanding at their several quarters. (Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have only to say that I shall pass close under the stern of that ship; put in two round shot and then a grape, and give her *that*. Now go to your quarters, and mind not to fire until each gun will bear with effect.) With this laconic instruction, the gallant little man posted himself on the slide of the foremost carronade on the starboard side of the quarter-deck.

«From the peculiar formation of this part of the enemy's line, as many as ten ships brought their broadside to bear with powerful effect. The determined and resolute coun-

¹ Close to the deck.

² Lieutenant Paul Harris Nicolas. The account was published in 1829.

³ This officer, first lieutenant of the ship, was killed.

tenance of the weather-beaten sailors, here and there brightened by a smile of exultation, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they exhibited. Some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief round their heads; and all seemed eagerly to await the order to engage. The shot began to pass over us, and gave us an intimation of what we should in a few minutes undergo. An awful silence prevailed in the ship, only interrupted by the commanding voice of Captain Hargood, 'Steady! starboard a little! steady so!' echoed by the master directing the quartermasters at the wheel. A shriek soon followed, a cry of agony was produced by the next shot, and the loss of a head of a poor recruit was the effect of the succeeding; and as we advanced destruction rapidly increased.

It was just twelve o'clock when we reached their line. Our energies became roused and the mind diverted from its appalling condition by the order of 'Stand to your guns!' which, as they successively came to bear, were discharged into our opponents on either side. Although until that moment we had not fired a shot, our sails and rigging bore evident proofs of the manner in which we had been treated; our mizzentopmast was shot away, and the ensign had thrice been re-hoisted. The firing was now tremendous, and at intervals the dispersion of the smoke gave us a sight of the colors of our adversaries.

At this critical period, while steering for the stern of the *Indomptable*, which continued a most galling raking fire upon us, the *Fougeux* being on our starboard quarter and the Spanish *San Justo* on our larboard bow, the master earnestly addressed the captain: 'Shall we go through, sir?' 'Go through, by ——!' was his energetic reply. 'There's your ship, sir; place me close alongside of her.' Our opponent defeated this maneuver by bearing away in a parallel course with us, within pistol-shot.

About one o'clock the *Fougeux* ran us on board on the starboard side, and we continued thus engaging till the latter dropped astern. Our mizzenmast soon went, and soon afterward the maintopmast. A two-decked ship, the *Neptune*,² 80, then took a position on our bow, and a 74, the *Achille*, on our quarter. At two o'clock the mainmast fell over our larboard side; I was at the time under the break of the poop aiding in run-

ning out a carronade, when a cry of 'Stand clear there! here it comes!' made me look up, and at that instant the mainmast fell over the bulwarks just above me. This ponderous mass made the ship's whole frame shake, and had it taken a central direction it would have gone through the poop and added many to our list of sufferers. At half-past two our foremast was shot away close to the deck.

In this unmanageable state we were but seldom capable of annoying our antagonists, while they had the power of choosing their distance, and every shot from them did considerable execution. Until half-past three we remained in this harassing situation. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen apparently steering toward us; it can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye turned towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbors or render our situation desperate. We had scarcely seen the British colors since one o'clock, and it is impossible to express our emotion as the alteration of the stranger's course displayed the white ensign to our sight. Soon the *Swiftsure* came nobly to our relief. Can any enjoyment in life be compared with the sensation of delight and thankfulness which such a deliverance produced? On ordinary occasions we contemplate the grandeur of a ship under sail with admiration; but under impressions of danger and excitement such as prevailed at this crisis every one eagerly looked toward our approaching friend, who came speedily on, and when within hail manned the rigging, cheered, and then boldly steered for the ship which had so long annoyed us.

Before sunset all firing had ceased. The view of the fleet at this period was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Just under the setting rays were five or six dismantled prizes; on one hand lay the *Victory* with part of our fleet and prizes, and on the left hand the *Sovereign* and a similar cluster of ships; the remnant of the combined fleet was making for Cadiz to the northward; the *Achille* had burned to the water's edge, with the tricolored ensign still displayed, about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously defended her; but only two hundred and fifty were rescued, and she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The *Royal Sovereign* suffered even more severely than did her successor, the *Belleisle*. Her loss in men was forty-seven killed and ninety-four wounded, and although one of

¹ Orders for steering.

² There were three *Neptunes* at Trafalgar—one French, one Spanish, and one British.

her masts was still standing when the battle ceased, it was so tottering as to fall within twenty-four hours. It is, in fact, inseparable from all attacks in column, whether on sea or land, that the leading ships or men take the brunt of the punishment, while their followers, coming in fresh upon the havoc they have wrought or sustained, reap the fruits of the victory of which the seed has been sown by the former. This was more especially true in the days of sailing ships, because, their artillery being necessarily disposed along their sides, they had no offensive power directly ahead; nor was it practicable to support them, as a shore column often could be, by a flank cannonade before and during its advance. At Trafalgar the leaders underwent the greater injury because the sluggish breeze made the rear ships slow in coming to their aid. So it was that on the left the *Victory* and her next astern, the *Téméraire*, shared the experience of the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Belleisle*, with results the same in broad outline, but so far differing in detail as to afford themes of novel interest and peculiar excitement.

About twenty minutes after the *Fougeux* had opened upon the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Bucentaure*, Villeneuve's flag-ship, fired at the *Victory* a shot which fell short. This trial for range was repeated at intervals till the fifth or sixth shot, passing through one of the upper sails, showed the enemy that she was under their guns. Seven or eight ships then opened a tremendous cannonade concentrated upon this single vessel bearing the flag of the hostile commander-in-chief, which was powerless to reply. Nelson's secretary was killed near him among the first, all the studdingsails were stripped from the yards, and by the time the *Victory* reached the enemy her sails were riddled; but though the result could not but be to deaden her already slow progress, and though she lost fifty killed and wounded before able to return a gun, she was not stopped, nor were her powers of offense seriously impaired. When still five hundred yards from the enemy her mizzen-topmast and her wheel were knocked away, and another shot passed between Captain Hardy and Nelson. The latter smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." At about 1 P. M. her hour of vengeance arrived.

Nelson, in his instructions to his captains, had laid particular stress upon the speedy reduction and capture of the enemy's commander-in-chief, and, following precept by example, he now aimed to make her the

special antagonist of the *Victory*. Unexpected difficulties prevented. The two allied ships behind the *Bucentaure* had dropped to leeward, leaving an open space in which, though commanded by their guns, the *Victory* might have found room to manœuvre, and to place Nelson alongside of Villeneuve; but the third ship, the *Redoutable*, 74, Captain Lucas, pressed into the place left by them, obtaining thus a position which, by the gallantry displayed alike in taking and holding it, has given to her and her commander a renown second to none achieved on that day of so many heroic deeds and so much heroic endurance. Thus were three ships crowded together behind and on the far side of the *Bucentaure*, while the *Santísima Trinidad*, a huge four-decked ship of 120 guns, immediately ahead of her, throwing her sails aback, drew nearer her there. To use the vivid phrase of the naval historian James, the French and Spanish ships ahead of the *Victory* "closed like a forest."

Nelson was walking the quarter-deck when Captain Hardy, who directed the *Victory's* steering, told him it was impossible to pass through the line without running into one of the three ships there assembled. "I cannot help it," replied the admiral. "Go on board which you please; take your choice." At one o'clock the bows of the *Victory* reached the wake of the *Bucentaure*, the British ship passing within thirty feet, a projecting yard-arm grazing the enemy's rigging. One after another, as they bore, the double-shotted guns tore through the timbers of the French ship, the smoke, driven back, filling the lower decks of the *Victory*, while persons on the upper deck, including Nelson himself, were covered with the dust which rose in clouds from the wreck. As, from the relative positions of the two ships, the shot ranged from end to end of the *Bucentaure*, the injury was tremendous. Twenty guns were dismounted, and the loss by that single discharge was estimated by the French at four hundred men. Leaving the further care of the French flag-ship to her followers, the *Victory* put her helm up, inclining to the right, and ran on board the *Redoutable*, whose guns, as well as those of the French *Neptune*, had been busily playing upon her while she was dealing with the *Bucentaure*. At 1:10 P. M. the *Victory* lay along the port (left) side of the *Redoutable*, the two ships falling off with their heads to the eastward, and moving slowly before the wind to the east-southeast.

The *Téméraire*, 98, a three-decked ship, had followed close on the heels of the

Victory. The movements of the latter, and the other exigencies of the situation, had compelled her to keep more and more to the right, so that she passed through the enemy's line somewhat to the rear of the place pierced by the *Victory*, amid a heavy cannonade, and in a cloud of smoke. Here she endeavored, in accordance with the general instructions sent by Nelson through Blackwood, to haul up to the left. A slight lifting of the smoke showed her the *Redoutable* on her port side, and after a few minutes' cannonading, in which some of the *Téméraire's* spars went overboard, the two ships, now virtually ungovernable, fell together, so that the little *Redoutable*, with her colors still flying in defiance, lay between the *Victory* on her left side and the *Téméraire* on her right, the three lashed together.

The contest seemed, and was, most unequal; yet the little French vessel possessed a means of offense in which her two adversaries were deficient. The French ships, imperfectly manned with seamen, carried many soldiers, and their musketry fire was comparatively heavy. They also stationed many musketeers and men with hand-grenades aloft—in the tops—a practice to which Nelson was averse. Therefore, although the *Redoutable* could oppose but feeble resistance below decks, and received such injuries to the hull that she sank in the gale of the following day, on the upper deck her small-arm fire dominated that of both antagonists. Thus it was that Nelson met his death. He was pacing the quarter-deck side by side with Captain Hardy, the two officers having just then little to do but to await the issue of the strife raging round them. At 1:25 they were walking from aft, and were within one pace of the forward end of their short promenade, when Nelson suddenly faced left about and fell to his knees, his left hand touching the deck. Hardy hastened to him, expressing the hope that he was not much hurt. "They have done for me at last," replied the admiral; "my backbone is shot through." The fatal ball had come from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*. He was carried below, where he lingered for a little over three hours, receiving before his death the assurance of a decisive victory.

Nelson fell a few moments before the *Téméraire* and the *Redoutable* came together. So destructive was the fire which claimed him as its greatest victim that the upper deck of the *Victory* was almost deserted. Captain Lucas, noticing this, conceived the bold idea of carrying his opponent by boarding. A

large part of the French crew, with their cutlasses and pistols, assembled for that purpose along the side engaged; but it was found impossible to pass, because the upper parts of the ships, being narrower than the lower, were by the latter kept too far apart to permit men to leap across. An attempt was made to use as a bridge the main-yard of the *Redoutable*, which either had fallen or was lowered for the purpose; but the British improved the respite to gather a party from their lower decks to repel the attack. A sharp musketry skirmish followed, which cost the *Victory* forty killed and wounded, including several officers; but the enemy was forced to retire.

At this moment occurred the collision between the *Téméraire* and the *Redoutable*. The latter was swept by the fire of her new heavy antagonist, which, being nearly raking, struck down near two hundred of her already desolated crew. Nevertheless, the fire from aloft continued so galling that Captain Harvey of the *Téméraire* ordered his men below to escape injury and to concentrate their effort on the great guns, which the weaker vessel could not expect long to resist.

Still, among the fluctuating fortunes of the day, neither hope nor chance had yet wholly forsaken the dauntless though well-nigh prostrate *Redoutable*. The *Fougeux*, which had opened the fire upon Collingwood, had afterward stood slowly north, crossing the space separating the allied rear and center. Seeing the *Téméraire* before her, she shaped her course with the apparent intention of either raking or boarding that already crippled ship. But the latter had as yet had no occasion to use her starboard broadside, on which the *Fougeux* threatened her, the *Redoutable* being on the other. The starboard guns, therefore, were manned under charge of her first lieutenant, the captain continuing to devote his attention to the *Redoutable*. When the *Fougeux* approached within a hundred yards, incautiously confiding, perhaps, in the preoccupation of her intended victim, she received the full force of a nearly fresh broadside. The crash was by the British described as terrible, and the *Fougeux*, in confusion, ran on board of the *Téméraire*, where she was immediately lashed. A small party of boarders sprang upon the French vessel, and after a short contest she was taken into possession. Her captain had been mortally wounded by the broadside.

Thus was decided this singular encounter, in the midst of which England's greatest sea-captain met his fate. While these excit-

ing events were occurring about him, Nelson's life was rapidly ebbing away in the cockpit of the *Victory*. Nothing could be done for the glorious sufferer but to ease the pain and thirst which harassed him, and to bring him assurance from time to time that the fortunes of the day were with Great Britain. He was from the first hopeless of recovery, nor did the surgeon, after examination, mock him with vain assurances. «You know I am gone,» said the admiral to him. «My lord,» replied he, with a noble and courteous simplicity, «unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you.» «I know it,» said Nelson. «God be praised, I have done my duty.»

For a few minutes the four ships, *Victory*, *Redoutable*, *Téméraire*, and *Fougeux*, lay side by side; but about 2:15 the *Victory* shoved herself clear, getting her head to the northward, while the other three drifted off in the other direction. The main- and mizzenmasts of the *Redoutable* fell almost immediately. A lieutenant, with a few men, crossed from the *Téméraire* to her by one of these impromptu bridges, and took quiet possession of a ship already beaten, but whose heroic efforts, second to none in naval annals, have linked her name enduringly, if mournfully, with that of the greatest of seamen. Her loss was, by the French official returns, stated to be three hundred killed and two hundred and twenty-two wounded, out of a total of six hundred and forty-three.

The fate of the *Bucentaure*, the flag-ship of the allied fleet, was decided at about the same moment. The results of the *Victory's* attack upon her have been mentioned. The ships following in the column obeyed Nelson's injunction to concentrate their efforts on the capture of the enemy's commander-in-chief. The *Téméraire* had been unable to do so, but the *Neptune* (British) at 1:45 passed close under the *Bucentaure's* stern. Her broadside, raking like that of the *Victory*, brought down the French main- and mizzenmasts. To the *Neptune* succeeded the *Leviathan*, which raked at a distance of thirty yards. Upon the *Leviathan* followed the *Conqueror*, which, after raking, hauled up on the lee side of the crushed vessel, and in a few minutes shot away the one remaining mast. Twenty minutes of careful concentration had reduced the *Bucentaure* to absolute helplessness. Villeneuve, a man of gallant but dejected spirit, who had undergone the disasters of the day with the same hopelessness that had characterized him throughout the campaign, looked sadly upon the scene of

ruin and desolation about him. «The task of the *Bucentaure* is fulfilled,» said he; «mine is not yet finished;» and he ordered a boat manned to carry him to one of the vessels in the van which, still unharmed, had viewed with strange apathy and inaction the destruction of their comrades. But no boat was left that could swim, and his brave resolve could not receive fulfilment. At 2:05 the *Bucentaure* struck to the *Conqueror*. The *Santisima Trinidad*, next ahead, lost her three masts within the next thirty minutes, and although not taken possession of for some hours, was thenceforth virtually at the mercy of the British.

This, at 2:30 P.M., completed the ruin of the allied center, its other ships having gradually moved to the assistance of the rear. The contest there was more prolonged, a much greater number of the allied ships, first and last, taking part in it. Although in that quarter occurred the heaviest of the struggle and the most copious fruits of their victory were reaped by the British, no attempt will be made to present in further detail the course of the fight there; for to do so would be but to repeat, though with much variety of incident, the fortunes of the *Belleisle* and the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Victory* and the *Téméraire*, the *Redoutable* and the *Bucentaure*.

Yet, before quitting this part of the subject, it may receive further interesting illustration from the log of a ship which for long viewed from the outside, and undisturbed, the events of which inside accounts of participants have been quoted. The *Spartiate*, 74, was the rear ship in Nelson's column, and the falling wind left her out of action, gliding imperceptibly forward, until nearly two hours after the *Victory* entered upon it. The following brief memoranda of incidents observed will, with but slight effort of the imagination, convey to the reader a striking picture of the vivid scene, which must have borne no faint resemblance to the felling of a forest:

«At 12:25 H. M. ship *Victory* commenced firing at a ship ahead of her, she then bearing down on the *Santisima Trinidad* and a French two-decker with a flag at the fore. 12:30, the *Tonnant* lost her foretopmast and main-yard. 12:31, the *Victory* lost her mizzen-topmast. 12:33, a Spanish two-decker struck to the *Tonnant*. 12:45, a Spanish two-decker's mizzenmast fell. 12:51, the *Santa Anna* struck to the *Royal Sovereign*, she then making sail ahead to the next ship. 1:02, the *Téméraire* lost her maintopmast. 1:05, the *Santa Anna* rolled overboard all her lower masts. 1:15, observed the *Tonnant* had wore,

and had lost her maintopmast, an enemy's ship being on board her on the quarter. 1:25, observed a Spanish two-decker, who was engaged by the *Neposun*, lose her main and mizen masts. 1:34, observed *Scutissima* Téméraire's main and mizen masts go by the board; then engaged by the *Neposun* and *Compart*. 1:36, the Spanish two-decker, which had struck to the *Neposun*, lost her foremast and bowsprit. 1:37, the *San Trinidad* lost her foremast and bowsprit. 2:04, the *Royal Sovereign* lost her main and mizen masts. 2:11, one of the enemy's two-deckers lost her main and mizen masts. 2:22, cut away our lower and uppermost standing sails, observing the van of the enemy's ships had wore to form a junction with their center. With this last entry the *Spartiate*'s own share in the battle began.

The heads of the British columns had dashed themselves to pieces against the overpowering number of lines which opposed their passage. An analysis of the returns shows that upon the four ships which led—the *Victory* and the *Temeraire*, the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Ballahoo*—fell one third of the entire loss in a fleet of twenty-seven sail. But by this sacrifice they had shattered and pulverized the local resistance, destroyed the coherence of the hostile order, and opened the way for the successful action of their followers. With the appearance of the latter upon the scene, succeeded shortly by the approach of the allied van, but too late, and in disorder, began what may be called the second and final phase of the battle.

Before the *Busanator* struck, Villeneuve had seen that his van was quiescent. Instead of initiating the prompt steps necessary to retrieve the lay-by coming betimes to the aid of the center and rear, against which it was already apparent that the weight of the British effort was to be thrown. The thought must arise whether his mind did not then revert to the catastrophe of the Nile, and his own passing under circumstances not dissimilar, which had drawn upon him the severe reproach of a brother admiral there engaged. Be that as it may, he shortly before two o'clock made a signal, duly repeated by the attendant frigates, that "the ships which were not engaged should take the positions which would bring them most rapidly under fire." The lightness of the breeze made it difficult for the van ships to turn round and move toward the center and rear, whither both the signal and the call of honor imperatively summoned them; but by using their boats their heads were got in the right

direction before 2:30. By an inconceivable fatality, however, they did not keep together. Five passed to leeward of the line of battle, and five to windward; with the latter division being Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, the commander of the van.

The two divisions, being thus separated, met with different antagonists and different fortunes. As the farthest ships could not have been much over a mile from the *Busanator*, half an hour sufficed, even with the flickering breeze, to bring most of them to that part of the field where lay the shattered and glorious relics of the fight. As has before been said, several of the allied center had fallen to leeward, and not being able to regain their true positions, had made the best of their way to the rear to support their comrades in that quarter. To this is partly due the fact that Collingwood's column met much heavier resistance and loss than did Nelson's.¹ The rear ships of the latter, with two exceptions, had reached their disabled predecessors before Dumanoir's squadron put about. Passing through the line of wrecks, they fell in to leeward with the ships of the allied van that passed on that side, and captured two of them.

When Dumanoir's five other ships showed their purpose of passing to windward, the British *Minotaur* and *Spartiate* had not yet come up with the *Victory*—that is, they were still to windward of the field of battle. It is advisable here to mention that when a ship has lost her masts she no longer drifts to leeward as fast as she did; and, besides, the movement of the vessels in the mêlée would necessarily tend rather to leeward than to windward. From these causes it resulted that the dismantled ships—the *Victory* and the *Royal Sovereign* among them—lay to windward of most of their consorts, who were still under sail, and were specially threatened by the approach of these five fresh ships. At this moment Captain Hardy saw Nelson for the first time after he received his wound. "They shook hands affectionately, and Lord Nelson said, 'Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?' How goes the day with us?" "Very well, my lord," replied Captain Hardy; "we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have therefore

¹ The heavier loss of Collingwood's column was also due to the fact that his ships distributed their efforts more widely, whereas Nelson's concentrated their efforts upon the hostile flag-ship and her two seconds. The comparative losses may be stated thus: in force, Collingwood's was to Nelson's as 5 to 4; in total loss it was as 8.2 to 4; in killed alone as 7.2 to 4.

called two or three of our fresh ships around us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' (I hope,) said his lordship, (none of *our* ships have struck, Hardy.) (No, my lord,) replied Captain Hardy; (there is no fear of that.)"

The *Spartiate* and the *Minotaur* were two of the fresh ships of which Hardy spoke. They were in a sense old comrades, having been near neighbors at the battle of the Nile, where the *Spartiate* was taken from the French. The two now hauled close to the wind, to cover the *Victory* and her disabled companions,—consorts and prizes,—and hove to (stopped), with their maintopsails to the mast and their heads to the northward, between Nelson and Dumanoir. As the latter's division went by on the opposite tack, steering to the southward, a sharp cannonade followed, in which the *Victory* joined. «Oh, *Victory, Victory!*» said the dying admiral, as he felt the concussion of the guns, «how you distract my poor brain!» and added, «How dear is life to all men!» Four of the allied ships passed without serious injury, and continued to sea to the southwest. A few days later they were all taken by a British squadron which had had no share in Trafalgar. The *Minotaur* and the *Spartiate* succeeded in cutting off the fifth ship,—the Spanish *Nep-tuno*, 80,—and she was added to the list of prizes.

The *Neptuno* struck at 5:15, after a gallant defense, in which were shot away her mizzenmast and fore and main topmasts—a loss which left her helpless. Fifteen minutes later firing had ceased altogether: the battle was over. Eighteen ships had struck their colors to the British, one of which—the French *Achille*—was then in a blaze, and at 5:45 blew up. With her went many of her crew, despite the efforts of British boats to save them. Four ships had escaped with Dumanoir. Admiral Gravina, the senior Spanish officer, was by Villeneuve's capture

left in command of the allies. His ship, the *Principe de Asturias*, had been desperately assailed and had fought desperately. Her loss was forty-one killed and one hundred and seven wounded, among them being Gravina himself, who lost his arm, and afterward died from the effects of the amputation. She now retreated upon Cadiz with a signal flying to rally round her flag. Ten ships—five French and five Spanish—accompanied her. These eleven only, of the thirty-three that had sailed two days before, again saw a friendly port. None of those which returned to Cadiz ever went to sea again during that war.

Three years later, in 1808, the Spaniards rose in revolt against Napoleon's attempt to impose a French sovereign upon them. With that struggle we have no present concern; but one of its earliest incidents was the enforced surrender of the French ships that had taken refuge in Cadiz after Trafalgar.

Nelson's spirit had departed before the last guns of the battle had been fired, but not before he knew the probable extent of the victory. He died at half-past four o'clock, his last audible words being, «Thank God, I have done my duty.» These he had frequently repeated, making, said the medical eye-witness, every now and then a greater effort, and with evident increase of pain, to utter them distinctly.

Other men have died in the hour of victory, but to no other has victory so singular and so signal stamped the fulfilment and completion of a great life's work. «*Finis coronat opus*» has of no man been more true than of Nelson. Results momentous and stupendous were to flow from the annihilation of all sea power except that of Great Britain, which was Nelson's great achievement; but his part was done when Trafalgar was fought, and his death in the moment of completed success has obtained for that superb victory an immortality of fame which even its own grandeur could scarcely have insured.

CENTURY V. 53 A. T. Mahan.

A DARK DAY.

GLOOM of a leaden sky,
Too heavy for Hope to move;
Grief in my heart to vie
With the dark distress above;
Yet happy, happy am I,
For I sorrow with her I love.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

OUR WITCH.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

What are these . . .
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?
—*Macbeth.*



WITCHES—those, I mean, that were visible, tangible, and liable to be caught at their practices—were scarce in the extreme South. Warm weather or something else discouraged immigration. Now and then an old early settler who was posted on their history was not quite sure in his mind but that ghosts of a few flitted about at night, playing their pranks, though not to a very alarming degree. Relief of its kind was derived from the generally accorded fact that their visitations were confined to those of their own sex, and consisted in knotting manes and tails of mares, drying up milk cows, ruffling the feathers of setting hens, and spreading nightmares over the breasts of honest women who, after hearty suppers richly deserved for hard days' work, went to their beds never dreaming, until fast asleep, what was coming. Preventives were used by those who were apprehensive of such molestings of their premises. The one regarded most reliable was a meal-sieve leashed sifter hung on the outside of doors. The argument ran thus: From the very beginning of the institution of witches, one of the fixed rules of their discipline was that, when confronted by this useful domestic implement, they were to go in and out of every one of its openings before proceeding farther. Pausing to calculate that such continuous up-and-down, right-and-left movement over and through a limited circular plane, on, above, and beneath which were few objects to interest a traveler, might not be completed before daybreak, more often than otherwise they turned their backs and went away in disappointment.

Yet there was one in bodily, actively moving, even notably discernible, existence, whose suspected practices in the way of her profession wrought for a while considerable distress in a family that was living theretofore in moderate peace, at least with the world outside of itself. The witch was Mrs. Polly Boddy, and the family the Magraws.

From the very start, Mrs. Magraw, whose maiden name was Nancy Tall, was plain, and she continued growing on that line until one ceased to look for any change for the better. During the good many years of waiting in her young womanhood she did not seem, except at times, painfully heartsick at the delay of suitors, and was said to have a disposition that under the circumstances was, if not remarkably good, not as bad as some. In time came along Andy Magraw, a Scotchman, two years younger, who by degrees offered himself; and she took him much as one, disappointed of something dainty and hot, takes a cold potato rather than go without dinner of any sort. He would have been regarded as plain himself except for the advantage he held of continuous comparison. They had one child; but, a weakling from the beginning, it gave way to the season of its first summer, and had no successor. As time went on, the wife, never of a cheerful spirit, seemed to grow less and less satisfied with surroundings both at home and outside of it, and learned to be quite voluble in the use of complaining words. This became particularly so of late, although she was now sixty years old.

Mrs. Boddy, on the contrary, with an excellent beginning, had kept it up surprisingly well. She had outlasted two husbands,—stout, brave men in their time,—and now, the junior of Mrs. Magraw by only four years or such a matter, looked hardly fifty. Not only that, but the bland smoothness of her cheek, the cheery beaming of her eyes, the uniform tidiness of her dress, and the cordial welcome of her voice and general manner, all made it seem that she intended to keep herself agreeable as long as possible.

They were adjoining neighbors, the Magraws living on the first rise beyond the river, and Mrs. Boddy a mile farther up the stream, and nearly opposite (on our side) Mr. Johnny Rainey, the oldest deacon in the church.

Mr. Pate, who was the first to tell me this

story, showed, I thought, that much kind compassion yet lingered in his recollection of Mrs. Magraw.

«Why, sir, it looked like a pity any female to be so unfortun'ate and immortal plain as what she were. They's a sayin' that pootty is only skin deep, and ugly goes to the bone. It seem like 'ith Mrs. Magraw, the ugly in her constootion went clean thoo and thoo, meat, bone, sinner, and muscle, and kep' itself in every single p'int of view out'ards and in'ards, and that she were jes turned loose in a flock by herself for other people to be sorry for her that had to look at her. They say she were right toler'ble mild and biddable when she were young, and even for a while arfter she got married, exceptin' when she got mad. But somehow she begun to take up the notion that things in gen'l was ag'in' her and gittin' worse a constant. Yit she were a female of powerful sperrit. She worked herself, and she made everything about her work.

«People called her a pincher. She pinched herself, and she pinched the niggers, and she pinched her husband all she could; but who, Andy Magraw, he, good, peaceable man if he were, sometimes bowed up his back, and cussed, and would n't. Some said he were too good and leniunt to her, and if he'd take the reins in his own hand, and let her understand as the head o' the family he were goin' to keep 'em, she'd swage down and come reason'ble. But one thing I've noticed in my expe'unce, and it's that them that think they know how to manage sech wives as what Mrs. Magraw were is them that ain't got 'em thei'selves. Andy Magraw I no doubt done the best he knowed how accordin' to the war'ous risin's o' the case before him, so to speak. He never talked ag'in' her to t'other people, and nobody dares n't talk ag'in' her where he were.

«Now, as for the poor 'oman believin' in witches, they was other people in them times that done the same,—that is, to a' extent,—and if anybody disputed 'em, they'd fetch in Scriptur' to back 'em up. My own sip'rate opinion is that that were a long time ago, and in a fur-away fur'n country, where the good Lord seemeth him meet to app'int 'em for the skearin' o' them hard-head Izzleites out o' their disobedience; but in these Nunited States, and special' in as healthy, peaceable country as the State o' Georgia, it's not worth while for people to bother their brains overly much about 'em. The stand my father always took about the things it was—if you let them alone and not

try to locate 'em, they'd let you alone. The trouble 'ith Mrs. Magraw, she would n't.»

Suspitions, first vague, had been lurking for some time in the mind of Mrs. Magraw. Feeling herself Mrs. Boddy's superior in every quality except personal attractiveness, she began to speculate how it was that the cheek of a woman not far from being as old as herself, survivor of two husbands, held, and kept holding, the beauty of her youth. Instead of being marred by marriage life and widowhood, it seemed to be improved by them—specially the latter. Her gift of resilience from the loss of such companionship Mrs. Magraw for a time confessed not to understand. Particularly within this last gone year, since Mr. Boddy had been given a place under the cedars by the side of his predecessor, the woman looked, and to Mrs. Magraw's mind behaved, as if her desire were set upon going back to the period of youngest womanhood, to stay there forever. For all such as these Mrs. Magraw in time judged the cause to be preternatural, and so informed her husband. The grunt heard from his breast made her feel without any doubt that the judgment was correct.

Visiting between these ladies, always rare, for some time past had ceased. The difference was too great to let either, particularly the elder, become fond of seeing or being seen by the other. Necessarily they saw each other on monthly-meeting Sundays, and must sometimes be thrown together going or returning. It had been painful always to Mrs. Magraw that the other was so much praised by all the men, and even by some of the women who were satisfied with their own conditions and belongings. Henceforth she watched and brooded, occasionally hinting to others besides her husband the decision at which she had arrived. Lately two of the milch cows on the place suddenly went dry, both on the very same day. On the next the horn of another set in to crumple. Quickly thereafter, a middle-aged hen, theretofore as steady and sure as any the most respectable of her sex, one morning, in the very middle of her three weeks' incubation, came off the nest with every feather ruffled, and no sort of handling could make her stay there again when the back of the yard woman was turned, though she repeatedly put her upon it. Finally, Flower, a red-and-white-speckled calf of extraordinary promise, came under the spell. Irrational or not, of all the animals in the family, Mrs. Magraw's heart was set on this calf. She was a very pink of a calf, pretty, shaped to perfection, sweet-

tempered, light-hearted even to frequent gaiety. Often and often, when her mistress was walking in the yard, wherein she was let to be petted, the dear little thing, making a festoon of her lovely white tail, would caper about her mistress in all sorts of exuberant fun, occasionally stopping immediately before her and gazing into her face apparently in great admiration for it. One evening, while the two were in this affectionate attitude to each other, the elder was heard to say:

"Poor innocent little Flower! Mist'ess don't seem so awful ugly to you, does she?"

The youngling licked her extended hand, and bounded away for further sport, leaving the other with a corner of her apron to her eyes.

Now even this favorite, heretofore so cheerful, so harmless, so full of goodly promise, was noticed one day looking melancholy. To fondest caressings she gave no answer but doleful cries. For four days she dwindled—if with any earthly disease, one impossible to be diagnosed. On the fifth she died. They buried her in the garden. A basket of nice pebbles was gathered, and spread over her grave.

After a day given up to mourning, of its kind earnest, even distressing, came on dire resentment. To her husband Mrs. Magraw said:

"What made me know positive in my mind it were her,—about that poor calf anyhow, if not the t'others,—when me and her were flung together on the road last meetin'-day, and I were obleeged to say somethin' to all her deceitful palaver, and I told her about Flower, she looked at me out of one eye, and she smiled at me insignificant, and said she hoped I'd be able to raise her; and the very next day it took to drindlin'. And if you don't do somethin' about it, Andy Magraw, I will. You know I can shoot a shot-gun mighty nigh as well as you can, and I'll go to that horrid witch's cuppen and calf parscher, and I'll keep goin' there tell every one of 'em lays dead. What you goin' do, Andy Magraw?"

Mr. Magraw, although feeling not quite

sure that occult evil influences had not been among the cattle and poultry, yet had no sort of sympathy with his wife's convictions; for, like other men, he much admired and respected Mrs. Boddy. Abundant experience, however, having taught him that argument against any opinions once risen in his wife's mind served only to fix them more firmly therein, he briefly speculated on what to do in order to appease what boded serious scandal. After some meditation he gave out that he would try to find out if anything could be done.

"In a day or two I'll go over there and peruse around."

"Yes, you'll peruse around, and that's all you'll do."

"Vera weel, then; I won't go."

"Yes, you will."

He uttered a grunt, and went out.

Brief and inarticulate as was this response, Mrs. Magraw knew very well that it contained more meaning than some other men's multitudes of words. So when he returned he found that she had moderated; for, daring and unreasonable as she had become, she must recognize, if she did not respect, the sentiment of the community that it was not becoming for a married woman to move in public with no coöperation of her husband in matters threatening collisions with outsiders. The heaviest



ANDY MAGRAW.

complaint that her mind had ever lodged against him was his persistent, doggedly obstinate refusal to quarrel with her. One day her disgust for his weakness on this line had driven her to say:

"Andy Magraw, it do seem to me that when you was very born they come mighty nigh a-makin' you a fool."

"Fool! Why, Nancy," he answered meekly, "it's the vera name I answer to."

And her reply was: "Goodness gracious! To think a man would be satisfied with them conditions! I wish I was one of 'em."

"Umph, umph! We never know about sic things."

After another day's rumination, the while

making a quiet visit to the old man Rainey, which he did not mention to her, next morning, getting himself up with some smartness, he remarked that he was going to call upon Mrs. Boddy. The little confidence of his wife was somewhat enhanced when, taking down his rifle from its forks, he loaded and shouldered it.

Noting his approach, the rosy widow despatched her house-girl to gather in the garden a handful of mint. By the time the usual greetings, neighborly questionings and

ment of the special purport of the call, the lady, smiling kindly, said:

"Mr. Magraw, of course I know what your wife sent you here for. Mrs. Magraw has been talking and making her insinuations about me for a good while. I've stood it because I knewed she could n't stop her mouth any more than she could help some other things she's got. I never had anything more to do with her home matters and concerns than she's had to do with mine—that is, as I know of; and as for being the witch she tells people I am, it's all news to me, and, of course, I some rather she'd stop it."

"Why, Mrs. Boddy," he answered, with uplifted hand, "I dunn—I—I—Mrs. Boddy—ye—ye know—a man canna say anything ag'in' his ain—I know weel ye're na witch, but I canna—canna—"

His tone and manner were so entirely what a good man's should be in the circumstances that she was deeply sensible of them, and, interrupting him, said:

"You're perfectly right, Mr. Magraw. No good man will open' take sides against his own wife. It is nothing. Let it go. I don't think anybody is apt to take me for the thing she

names me; and now I see how it pains you, I'm going to try and not let it trouble me any more. It has n't but mighty little. I think it must be Mrs. Magraw's health. I'm glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Magraw."

He gave himself a nervous shake; then, rising, said:

"Mrs. Boddy, I—thank ye, ma'am. I think mysel' somethin' may be wrang wi' Nancy, and—and—I bid ye guid day, Mrs. Boddy."

He went away, trailing his rifle as if he were ashamed of it.

"Good man," soliloquized Mrs. Boddy—"the best, the very best, in all this neighborhood—not hardly except' old Brother Rainey—spite of being yoked to a woman that of all in this world I do suppose is the sorrowfulest, ugliest, the foolishhest, suspiciousest, the backbitingest, mouthiest, and the general beatingest, that—may the good



answerings, and a few remarks on the weather were over, there was handed to the visitor a tumbler, of the size they had in those days, brimming with a julep of a savor whose better neither eye nor nostril nor throat of man was ever regaled with. Under the influence of this king (or queen, as the case may be) of Southern potations, whatever remonstrance might have been on Mr. Magraw's mind even to hint sneaked out and tried to hide behind his back. He was not an intemperate man at all. Yet from his ancestors he had inherited quick recognition of a good thing, and promptness of acceptance when thus graciously extended. As he sat and sipped, Mrs. Boddy, who merely for the sake of added grace to her hospitality had joined him in a glass smaller and paler, seemed to him to float in a very lake of loveliest innocence. When these cheering rites were over, and some moments had passed in waiting announce-

Lord have mercy on us all poor sinners! Amen, I pray!"

When Mr. Magraw, upon returning, reported such incidents of the visit as he deemed prudent, his mate broke out upon him with words of which the following are a few:

"Yes; it's perfect cle'r that thing have witched you too, Andy Magraw. You never was a man that could tackle with women, exceptin' of me, that can't help herself; and I can smell on you this minute the mint-dram she give you, that before you got to the gate I see you tryin' to blow off the scent of it on your hat and on your coat-sleeve. If such as that is to go on, they'd as well begin to season the lumber for my coffin. But I tell you now, Andy Magraw, it sha'n't go on! She may witch you in the bargain of them poor dumb cattle, but she don't tromple on me no furdur. You hear me?"

"Well, now, my son," said Mr. Pate, "good, patient man if he were, Andy Magraw could n't always stand her mouth. And so he told her plain down that Mrs. Boddy were n't no more a witch than she were, and he add that maybe the reason he want to got shet o' the julp, it were he were afeard, when the scent struck her, it might make her yit hotter with Mrs. Boddy for bein' more liber'l in the mixin' of her sperrits and sugar, and the dividin' with other people. Because she were knew to love the article well as Andy, albe' nobody ever accused her of knockin' it too heavy. My expe'unce is, mighty few people make ser'ous objection to a julp in its place, when people that makes 'em know what they 're about, which all don't, unfort'nate, and some may push the use of 'em to a too much extents. But them words of Andy made her ravin' mad, and she declared that if the good Lord have made her a man—that he, unfort'nate, did n't—she'd raise thunder quicker 'n ever run down a skinned poplar. Did anybody ever! And she said that the very next mornin', soon as her breakfast she would git, on her head her bonnet it would go, on her horse she would mount, and then ride about 'mong the neighbors a-forewarnin' of 'em ag'in' the witch Polly Boddy. What you think Andy Magraw done then? He determ'd in his mind that it were absolute necessity for the old man Rainey to take a hand in the business, him bein' the on'est man in the whole neighborhood she were afeard of, because it were him that persuaded the brothern to let her in the church when they hizzitated about her high temper and the freckwent sloshin' of her

tongue. He argied that if she did n't quite have grace, it might come to her arfter she were took in. Of course Andy could n't go in, because o' his cussin' sometimes, which he never denied. And so Andy, a-knowin' she would n't take his advices, sot in, he did, to beggin' her to not fetch the thing up in the church, and special' not to go to the old man Rainey about it. Fact is, Andy Magraw were one o' the sensiblest men they had in them days, spite o' bein' surrounded with sech a wife. The old man Rainey were the oldest and influentialest man in the church, and Andy Magraw knewed that if anybody could head her in her ravin' course it were the old man Rainey."

The praise of Mr. Pate had good foundation. Immediately after the utterance of Mr. Magraw's urgent remonstrance, his wife, becoming calm, looked at him pitifully and said:

"Well, Andy Magraw, I do think, on my soul, you're the poorest hand to help out and give advice to a body in the suffering fix I'm in that ary poor woman ever took up with for a husband in this lonesome, perishing world. Why, man, sence you mention it, it's the very thing for me to do; and I'm a-goin' straight over to Br'er Rainey's if my life is spar'd tell to-morrow."

He nodded in humble disappointment, and after dinner, resuming his rifle, remarked that he believed he would go out and see if he could not find a hawk. Returning in the evening with the body of one of these enemies of the barn-yard, he was comforted to see her in reasonable placidity of mood, in which she remained for the rest of the day.

Everybody said that Uncle Johnny Rainey had a long head, which he used for his own good and that of his neighbors, particularly those belonging to the congregation of his church. In the half-century of his diaconate he had settled a greater number of difficulties and disputes, doctrinal, social, and domestic, than any other one man in his generation throughout that whole region. Calm and conciliatory, but confident, firm, even adroit when needed, he kept his more than a thousand fellow-members in all possible harmony. The case of Mrs. Magraw had long been in his mind, and he was not surprised at the coming of its climax. On her approach, he met her at the gate, helped her to dismount, and led her into the piazza, where he had instructed his wife, after a few words of welcome salutation, to leave them together. When all preliminaries were over, and Mrs. Rainey on polite pretense withdrew,

the good man began to talk. He well judged that it was best for him to take the initiative. As for his supplies of words, whether at conference meetings or other occasions, inexhaustible is hardly the word; yet with this single hearer he deemed a couple of hours enough for his purpose.

«Sister Magraw,» he began, «my mind—I don't know as you may know it, but my mind jes here lately it have been a-runnin' consider'ble on witches, and I been a-studyin' up the subjects of 'em, from the witch o' Endor down till now that they seem to be a sispicion that they is one, and maybe two, in the Jukesborough Baptist's congegation.»

«Two, Br'er Rainey?» Mrs. Magraw, shuddering, asked.

«Come, Sister Magraw, don't put in and interrup' me. Yes, one; maybe two; and if the thing ain't stopped, no tellin' how many more. Now, you know—if you don't, I'll tell you—that the on'lest way, when oncet a witch were caught, and pine-blank proved—the on'lest way laid down for her was to burn her up bodaciously. That have been done in time, more or less; yit from what I could gether in my readin' o' hist'ry, them that done it was sorry they done it arfter the thing blowed over, a-feelin' jub'ous in their mind if they did n't act hasty about the takin' in o' evidence. In my own mind—that is, in what mind the good Lord, for useful purpose, I humble hope, he have merciful putt in here—right in here»—thankfully tapping his forehead with a forefinger—«my opinion, as no longer than day before yisterday I told Sister Boddy, that I did n't believe they was a witch in the whole State o' Georgie, and special' in the congegation where I been app'inted deacon by the reg'lar layin' on o' hands accordin' to the Scriptor'; and I added to Sister Boddy that ef, for instance, she, Sister Polly Boddy, was to fetch up in conf'ence,—I did n't name names plain and open p'inted as some does,—but ef she was to fetch up ary 'nother female o' the congegation for bein' of a witch, and then could n't prove it to the satisfaction o' the brothern,—which they is no doubt she could n't,—then and in them case she might possible be turned out herself, and, what's more, run the resk o' bein' sued for slander and scandal by the said female sister, and have her plantation and the very house over her head took for damage. Now, as for the dryin' up of milch cows, and the drindlin' o' calves, what I told Sister Boddy of my expe'unce, it were that ever sence I could 'member, and long before, milch cows and calves and settin' hens been

doin' them things when the time for 'em come for doin' o' 'em, like the Scriptor' say they 's a time for all things.»

About thus on, on, and on he discoursed, occasionally turning to note upon the listener's face the effect of his words. It was plain to see that they were going straight home. She shuddered both at the intimation clearly conveyed that she herself was suspected by Mrs. Boddy of witchcraft, and at the risk of being sued by her for words already spoken to many persons. When at last Mr. Rainey saw that he could safely stop, he did so, and looked benignly into her face.

«Br'er Rainey,» she said, panting, but in a low tone, «I did n't know any of Polly Boddy's milch cows had dried up, nor any of her calves—»

«There! Of course you did n't. I knowed you did n't; and you had no more to do with 'em than I did, which of course I could n't, not bein' of a female. And it all come, like sech always in gen'l does, from neighbors not understandin' one 'nother better, and makin' 'lowances for nobody bein' perfec'. Is there anything on your mind, Sister Magraw, you wanted to open to me special'?»

«N-no, Br'er Rainey; not now. My mind has been pestered a good deal here lately; but—but I reckon maybe I'm mistaken. But if Polly Boddy think—oh, my Lord, Br'er Rainey, what is a poor woman to do like me, that nobody ever did keer anything for her, excepting of you?»

The old man, calling in his wife, set in with words of comfort, the latter holding her hand. It was an easy task. Tears long buried at length came in her eyes. When she was slowly riding away, Mr. Rainey said:

«Poor woman! my opinion is, the climak have come on her, and I'm thankful it ain't of the ravin' kind. Me and Sister Boddy thought that were the best way to swage her down—bein' took for a witch herself. But I tell you now, she ain't long for this world.»

I let Mr. Pate tell the rest in his own way.

«Old man Rainey were right. It come out that the poor creetur' were out her head. The doctor said she been so ev'y sence her baby died, but he never told nobody but old man Rainey, because tellin' would n't do the case no good. Soon as she got home, 'thout sayin' a word to a soul, smilin' to ev'ybody said anything to her, she went to bed. Andy Magraw put a nigger on a horse and told him not to spar' him gallopin' for the doctor. He say—the doctor say—the egzitement about Mrs. Boddy have been too much for her head, and it have now struck her heart.

And he told Andy Magraw to prepar' his mind, and that she were n't goin' to git out that bed alive. And what time she lasted she were perfec' calm and biddable, and she talked pleasant about people and things forty and fifty year before. And when she give out final, they said it were same as a little baby goin' to sleep in a cradle. And if anybody ever see a man cry and go on about a dead companion, it were that same Andy Magraw. And that 's the end o' the tale about the witch.»

I felt much surprise at a finish so unusually abrupt. Evidently Mr. Pate had anticipated it. After a brief pause, looking down into my unsatisfied face, he said:

«Well, what is it? What more you want?»

I ventured to ask what became of them afterward.

«Of who?» he asked, in teasing delay—«of Andy Magraw or Mrs. Boddy?»

«Of both.»

«What you think? Now, jes on a ventur', what you think?»

«I think they got married.»

«There, now! Ain't it astonishin' how yearly young boys their mind 'll begin to run on marryin'? But I s'pose they can't he'p it, bein' of their natur'. Well, I'll answer your quest'on. Look like they ought to get married, don't it? Plantations j'inin', even their very geese gittin' everlastin' mixed. Ev'rybody looked for it, same as the sun a-risin' of a mornin'. As for the old man Rainey, he told 'em both, look like to him the good Lord have jes paved the way for 'em; and they

were n't any doubts but, soon as it were decent, the widdier sot her cap for him. But, sir,—and there were the interestest part o' the whole business,—Andy Magraw took up the idee that maybe it were his fau't his poor wife gittin' so discontented and crazy in her mind, and nobody—not even the old man Rainey—could git him to go a-nigh Mrs. Boddy, albe' he acknowledged he loved her dear. They is people o' that kind, and I has heerd readin' people say that of all denomina-

tion of folks, a Scotmon is the stickiest about hangin' to a' idee that have oncet settled itself in the back o' his head. Some said he were crazy as his poor wife not to take up with sech a' oporchunity as Mrs. Boddy—that she were only waitin' for him to name the word. And some even add the opinion of him a-sispicionin' her bein' a witch like his poor wife 'cused her. As for her, Mrs. Boddy, she got tired a-waitin' for him, and she whirled in, she did, and she got married spite of him, and that to a monstrous good, suitable husband. You know, havin' the expe'unce o' two of



MRS. MAGRAW.

'em, she have learnt to know how to pick and choose. But she always said Andy Magraw were as good a man as ever lived or died, and other people give their opinion the same. But, don't you know, soon arfter she got married seem like he got more and more restless and fidgety in his mind and in his gates in gen'l, and 't were n't long before he sold out and moved away—clean away—back yonder where he come from original'»

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE STRANGER.

HE read the books that all the wise men writ;
He searched the world for knowledge, not for pelf;
He thought no man unknown, so keen his wit,
But once he met a stranger—'t was himself.

Maurice Francis Egan.

THE ART OF LARGE GIVING.



TO-DAY individual fortunes in the United States far surpass those of any other age or country. The first attack on the resources of a continent has meant winning prizes such as the world never saw before, and centralizing tendencies, inevitable because economic, are

bringing into fewer and fewer hands the control and the tribute of vast industries. So rapidly has all this come about that public sentiment has not yet reckoned with the problems introduced into the social and political order by the new massing of riches. The multimillionaire is usually as little enlightened as his neighbors concerning the duties bound up with the surplusage which has fallen to his lot; he is apt to inherit the ideas of a generation when property was distributed more evenly than now, when the disparity between earning and having was less glaring than to-day. In the political sphere, at the end of centuries of strife, power has been partnered with responsibility. At the present hour supremacy has passed to the chieftains of business; the real masters of the situation are the land, railroad, and manufacturing kings. Not the discontented poor alone, but the thoughtful rich, begin to feel that financial primacy creates new debts toward the public. But can these debts be legally defined and enforced? Skill and wisdom are lacking for the task, even if the question were closed as to the justice of the attempt. For many men of great possessions the voice of conscience is effective, as the contemplated grasp of the tax-gatherer could never be. Around them they see ignorance to be banished, talent missing its career, misery appealing for relief. They know that the forces of the time have brought them their huge fortunes only through the coöperation and the protection of the whole community: so, with justice in their hearts as well as generosity, they found the benefactions which are doing so much to foster the best impulses of American life; and in this response to public duty they find conferred upon riches a new power and fascination. It is the purpose of these pages to glance at a few typical large gifts in this country, show-

ing, as they do, distinct progress in the art by which those with a great deal have come most helpfully to the aid of those with too little. Incidentally, also, it may appear that the heaping of wealth in the hands of individuals carries with it advantage in the masterfulness and singleness of aim which can transmute a vast treasure to a splendid public service.

LARGE GIFTS ARE MAINLY FOR EDUCATION.

OF large gifts in America the chief have been devoted to education, as in the Enoch Pratt, the Newberry, and other public libraries; in institutions for original research, as the Smithsonian, the Lick Observatory, and Clark University; in industrial universities, as Pratt and Drexel institutes; and in universities proper, as Johns Hopkins and Leland Stanford. A second group of great gifts has aimed at caring for the helpless and the sick; of these Girard College and Johns Hopkins Hospital are the foremost examples. A third class are concerned with public recreation and the refinement of popular taste, as the gifts by Henry Shaw to St. Louis of the Missouri Botanical Garden and Tower Grove Park; that by William W. Corcoran to Washington of a gallery of art; and that by George Peabody to Baltimore, where the institute bearing his name, in addition to departments educational in character, furnishes musical entertainments of a high order on terms merely nominal. Only in the first of these three classes are the benefactions formally set apart for education, yet in both the others education is in large measure the purpose. Girard College not only shelters, clothes, and feeds its wards, but it instructs them for practical work and duty. Johns Hopkins Hospital maintains one of the best training-schools for nurses in existence, and is united with the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University. The Corcoran Gallery of Art conducts free classes, so well attended that the accommodation for students has recently been doubled.

In America, then, the commanding object of large giving has been education, the cultivation of intelligence, skill, faculty, and, since even enjoyment needs apprenticeship, some worthy appeal to delight, to the tastes which enrich leisure and lighten toil. As jus-

tice includes all other virtues, so wise education is regarded as bearing in its train every other benefit. An evidence of this is the growing favor in which the teaching profession is held by the men and women able to enter its ranks. To cite a case, forty-four per cent. of the alumni of Johns Hopkins to June, 1894, have become teachers and college professors. The far-sighted Baltimorean thus planted a veritable seed-plot and nursery. Baltimore, too, answers the question whether a large gift for education really does much to promote the intellectual life of a community. The doubting are apt to imagine that a university must needs be the growth of generations; that the capacity to pursue the highest inquiry is rare, and does not always appear in response to opportunity. Since 1876, when Johns Hopkins University opened its doors, a notable change has taken place in the intellectual interests of Baltimore. Nearly half the students have been drawn from the city, and even the local circles of fashion are to-day alive to questions of scholarship and criticism. Clubs have been formed among society people for the study of art and letters, and Professor Jebb, lecturing at the Peabody Institute on permanent elements in Greek literature, has attracted audiences very much larger than he addresses in Cambridge. Toward this happy result the Peabody Institute preceding the establishment of the university, and the Pratt Library following it, have undoubtedly contributed.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

As a means of popular education a public library has a foremost place, especially when it is free. In June, 1894, the public library of St. Louis abolished its fees, small as they were. A fourfold increase of circulation is the result. Books and periodicals are not simply increasing in number every year, but in every province of science and art they have broken fresh ground; in the interpretation of nature they register a transformation of thought little short of revolutionary. While in the schools the training of the eye and hand is supplementing instruction from the printed page, never before were the student and the experimenter more under bonds to the last published word in science, art, and research, to the latest records of the studies and experiments of others. And, beyond its own immediate province, the spirit of science has made itself distinctly felt in literature. History and biography are now written with an exactitude wholly new. The student of taxation, of

trade-unions, in care and scruple is beginning to emulate his fellow-inquirer whose thought takes form in the suspension-bridge or the alternating dynamo. To adapt the contents of shelves and tables to the specific manufacturing, commercial, and artistic needs of a community, as at Worcester; to name works illuminating the living question of the hour, as at Providence; to court helpful relations with the schools, as at Milwaukee and Detroit; and, withal, judiciously to cater to the literary recreation of the people, are among the duties which to-day fall to the public librarian. His outlook is for yet greater usefulness: last year a beginning was made by the American Library Association in giving important works a competent note of description and appraisal—a pilotage, in these days of multiplied literary wares, invaluable to the reader and the student.

In public libraries Massachusetts leads the Union: less than two per cent. of her population are unserved by public, and for the most part free, libraries. This provision has been largely at the hands of individual founders, whose cash gifts exceed \$8,000,000, and who have also given more than one hundred memorial library buildings, and many valuable collections of books and manuscripts. None of these gifts in Massachusetts, however, compares with that of John Jacob Astor to New York, historic as it is in American benefaction. This library, opened to the public in 1854, to-day represents with its endowment \$2,100,000. It is to form the nucleus of the projected New York Library, merging itself with the Lenox and Tilden foundations to form an institution unique in the history of great gifts. The day has dawned when the economy of united control is as clear in benefaction as in manufacturing or trade. The Astor is exclusively a reference library. A library combining a reference department with the popular circulating plan was given by Enoch Pratt to Baltimore in 1886. To bring its volumes within reach of every home in Baltimore, six branches have been established in various centers of the city; the buildings for these branches, and that of the central library, with furnishings, cost \$325,000. The endowment, an additional sum of \$833,333, was handed to the city on condition that six per cent. thereon (\$50,000) should annually be paid for maintenance. In Chicago, Mr. Walter L. Newberry, who died in 1886, bequeathed about \$2,500,000 for a reference library to serve the north side of the city. Its first librarian, the late William F. Poole, planned its buildings, bestowing

each great department of literature in a room of its own. For the south side of the city provision even more generous has been made by Mr. John Crerar, who, dying in 1889, constituted Chicago his residuary legatee for the purpose. His bequest will probably realize \$2,700,000. Sums much more in the aggregate than this large amount have been bestowed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has founded and extended free public libraries at Pittsburg and elsewhere in Pennsylvania, at Fairfield, Iowa, and in his native Scotland.

AID TO RESEARCH.

GIFTS which appeal less directly to popular regard than the public library may, for all that, have claims as weighty. There are many kinds of investigation which resemble forest trees, the benefits of which are only enjoyed years, or even generations, after the planting. Civilization for its advance must rely on applied science; but how, as Professor F. W. Clarke asks, can there be applied science unless first there be science to apply? This question has particular pertinence in the industrial sphere. Joseph Henry and John William Draper, in discovering the laws of electromagnetism and the chemical action of light, had no thought of the electric lamp or motor, or of the camera, which in so large a measure has superseded pencil, brush, and graver; yet all the while they were preparing the way for these triumphs of ingenuity. In the record of American science the first large gift for original research is that of \$500,000, received in 1838 by the United States as a bequest from James Smithson, an Englishman, who, by the way, never set foot in this country; in 1891, Thomas Hodgkins, another Englishman, gave the Smithsonian Institution \$200,000 more. This foundation has been singularly favored in the men who have presided over its fortunes. Its first secretary was Professor Joseph Henry, whose researches in electricity are classical. To him succeeded Professor Spencer F. Baird, a zoölogist famous in the science and art of fish-culture. The present secretary, Professor S. P. Langley, is an astronomer and physicist of eminence, whose studies of the sun have thrown new light on its constitution and internal disturbances, and whose "New Astronomy," the best popular treatise on the subject extant, first appeared as a series of chapters in *THE CENTURY*. As an aid to the investigation of the heat radiated by the stars, Professor Langley devised the bolometer, which detects a change of temperature of one one-hundred-thousandth

part of one degree centigrade. Joining this instrument to an automatic camera exposing plates sensitive to invisible rays, he has explored the solar spectrum with marvelous results. To the limited range of solar rays directly visible he indirectly maps to the eye regions more than thrice as extensive. Since 1887 he has been conducting experiments in mechanical flight. In consequence of this remarkable work, also described in *THE CENTURY*, actual flights of over half a mile have been made with his "aërodrome," built of steel, and driven and sustained on the air solely by the power of a steam-engine. This achievement for the first time brings within measurable distance the annexation of the air to human pathways.

In the ordinary university practice original research is prosecuted as an incident to teaching, with but slender aid from the general fund, so that often a man who might be profitably employed in the laboratory adding new tracts to knowledge is kept in the classroom traversing a time-worn round. In a few happier cases, as at Clark University in Worcester, the man of originality, who has gained the faculty of exploration by mastery of the known field, conducts research as his primary function, teaching only that he may communicate and apply his discoveries. Perhaps because observatories are monumental, and their work appeals to the imagination as that of the laboratory cannot, astronomy has attracted the largest gifts for original research. Yet equally must we look to the investigations of the physicist, the chemist, the student of body and mind in health and disease, if science is to continue its conquests and carry its flag into territory to-day at the verge of the horizon.

In bringing the result of research to the service of the public on the lines of an industrial university, Pratt Institute in Brooklyn is doing notable work. With its endowment of \$3,500,000, it represents a total gift of about \$4,000,000. Charles Pratt, its founder, in his experience as a young man in business, saw that current education was unpractical, and, as fortune came to him, resolved to do what he could for reform. He devoted years to observation, conference, and thought, and the result is expressed in Pratt Institute. As *THE CENTURY* for October, 1893, described the institute in detail, it may suffice to say that its work groups itself into four departments: educational, pure and simple, patterned on high-school methods; normal, preparing the student to become a teacher; technical, imparting skill in the fine, indus-

trial, and domestic arts; and supplementary courses in special subjects, domestic, social, and philanthropic.

UNIVERSITIES.

ON a plane of yet higher educational activity than that of Pratt Institute—the plane of the university proper—stands the foundation of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, to which he gave \$3,500,000. This university, inaugurated in 1876, has won distinction in the emphasis it has placed on advanced work. At the outset it established twenty fellowships for graduates who should pursue original study and research. The impulse thus given is significantly registered in its enrolment to 1896. Out of a total of 2981 students, graduate studies have been prosecuted by 2086. This result is chiefly to be credited to the academic freedom which inspires the university; to the hearty coöperation between its professors and students. The ideas embodied in its administration have, with some modification, been adopted by the University of Chicago, which, opened but five years ago, has already received about \$12,000,000 as gifts. Yet a sum comparatively small may be so used as to do noble work for the higher education. Of this Cornell University affords an example in its union of individual munificence with national aid. On July 2, 1862, despite the turmoil and anxiety of civil war, Congress passed an act, introduced by Senator Morrill, evincing the nation's sustained interest in education. This act granted public lands to the several States which should "provide at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts."

The share of this national bounty which came to New York was scrip for 990,000 acres. On April 27, 1865, its legislature incorporated Cornell University, toward which Ezra Cornell had promised \$500,000, appropriating to it the proceeds receivable from sale of the land scrip. Through the shrewdness of Mr. Cornell, lands were chosen among the best pine regions of the Northwest, and were retained until they became of several times their original value, adding some five millions to the university's capital. Not content with arduous services through years of grievous commercial depression, Mr. Cornell added to his first donation the sum of \$170,000. His example has been so generously followed that to-day the cash gifts to Cornell aggregate \$2,738,000, the roll beginning with

\$1,171,000 from the Hon. Henry W. Sage, who has succeeded Mr. Cornell in administering the grants of the university. The sole gift of the State of New York, from its own treasury, has been \$50,000 for an agricultural building; but the State supports a State Veterinary College, located on the campus, allied with the university. Cornell educates annually 512 students from the State of New York free of charge for tuition.

When Columbia University, New York, recently announced its intention to remove to a new site, and asked its friends for \$4,000,000 to provide it with shelter, there was a general shrug of incredulity. The popular impression was that Columbia's riches were indefinitely great, and equal to all demands; the truth is that its income is wholly required for maintenance, and not a dollar of it can be used for building. Of this convincing proof appears in the gift of \$350,000, for the Natural Science Building, by Mr. W. C. Schermerhorn, chairman of the board of trustees; and in the gift of \$1,000,000, for the Library Building, by President Seth Low—a gift believed to form a material part of his fortune. One of the first buildings to be completed on Columbia's new grounds will be Havemeyer Hall, erected in memory of Mr. Frederick C. Havemeyer by members of his family, at a cost of \$400,000. Before the new wants of the university were declared, its medical departments, certain of which are unsurpassed in the world, had received \$1,970,000 from members of the Vanderbilt family. These departments are better known as the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The university during Mr. Low's presidency has so much extended and strengthened its work that its present appeal for aid is certain of response. In its services in behalf of popular culture, Columbia has placed New York deeply in its debt, and added a new argument for universities in great cities. Affiliated with Columbia is the Teachers' College. Its original site, which was presented by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, has since been doubled by other gifts. The Manual Arts Building, completed in 1894, was constructed and equipped at a cost of over \$250,000 by Mrs. Josiah Macy, Jr., as a memorial to her husband, and the western wing of the main building, the name of the donor of which is withheld, is now being built at a cost of \$250,000.

AID FOR THE SICK AND DESTITUTE.

WHEN from the needs of education we turn to those of the sick and destitute, we find

the stream of benefaction equally broad and deep. The superb buildings and grounds of Girard College, and its vast endowment, estimated at \$15,000,000, make it in every way the most remarkable orphanage in America. Since 1848, when it first opened its gates, to the end of 1895, it had sheltered 5519 boys; in 1895 its family numbered no fewer than 1524, nurtured, too, with no stinting hand, for the average expense per boy was \$330. Since Mr. Girard's time public sentiment with regard to the massing of children in vast institutions has undergone a decided change. It is urged by thoughtful critics that to withdraw children from the influences of home, and regiment them under the command of teachers and officials, is to deprive them of the best discipline of life, of that familiarity with every-day matters of work and business which an ordinary child picks up as he goes along. Still, accidents of fortune continue to cast orphans adrift, the choice for whom is not between an asylum and a home, but between an asylum and the street. The authorities of Girard, aware of the shortcomings of orphanage routine, have sought to better it in a variety of ways, and with a fair degree of success. But the aim of the foundation—to do all that can be done for children bereft of parents—will be realized only when its vast income is parceled out among hundreds of households, each caring for an orphan group, and making it possible for discipline to be tempered with affection.

As Girard is easily first among the orphanages of America, Johns Hopkins Hospital is foremost among its hospitals. Its founder bestowed for it \$3,300,000. So much thought and care were devoted to its design by Dr. John S. Billings of the United States army, that it is acknowledged to be by far the most complete and admirably planned hospital in the world. Its means of warming, of providing pure air, of making easy the removal of dust and refuse, are virtually perfect. They lead the visitor to ask, Why should such appliances be reserved for the sick? Is it less desirable to maintain health than to restore it? And when shall training redeem domestic service from incompetency, as it has the calling of the nurse?

In this hospital the medical school of Johns Hopkins University receives clinical instruction, women being admitted to the classes equally with men. This is in accordance with the terms of an endowment of \$500,000, gath-

ered by a women's committee, Miss Mary Elizabeth Garrett contributing \$307,000.

As this article is about to go to press it is announced that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has given \$1,000,000 to the Lying-in Hospital of the city of New York.

ADMINISTRATION.

IN the control of benefactions a wide variety appears, each example an endeavor to meet the circumstances of a particular case. As a rule, trustees are designated by the donor, and are a self-perpetuating body. This was the course chosen by Johns Hopkins and Enoch Pratt of Baltimore. Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, is directed by three sons of its founder; it is provided that his three other sons may be added to the board. The trust deed of Peter Cooper regarding Cooper Union, New York, provides that his eldest male descendant shall be a trustee. The eldest lineal descendant of Ezra Cornell is entitled to a like honor—a seat at the board of Cornell University; its board of trustees consists of thirty-nine members, of whom nine hold office *ex officio*,¹ and the remaining thirty are elective trustees, two thirds of them being elected by the board and one third by the alumni, the term of office in all cases being five years. Of the fifteen trustees who rule Girard College, twelve are appointed for life by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia; the other three are *ex officio* the mayor and the presidents of the select and common councils of Philadelphia. That the public should be represented on the board which controls a large benefaction is held by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to be a principle of cardinal importance. In the library founded by him at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, at a cost of \$300,000, the majority of the committee of management are appointed by the president of the common council; this gives him virtual control of the library's policy and power to choose the librarian. That this plan needs revision is clear, and the example of Allegheny has a lesson that applies to much else than public-library management. The superintendent of a great benefaction is all the better for lacking skill in the arts by which political favor is won and kept. When once a board of trustees is satisfied that their chief officer is worthy his place, why harass him by exposure to removal unless he can

¹ The eldest son of the founder, the President of the University, the Governor of New York, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the Assembly, the Superinten-

dent of Public Instruction, the President of the State Agricultural Society, the Commissioner of Agriculture, and the Librarian of the Cornell Library.

ingratiate himself at the city hall? Why not let him engage his subordinates, making him answerable for their good behavior and efficiency?

To Pittsburgh Mr. Carnegie has recently given \$1,100,000 for a library with branches, a music-hall, an art gallery, and a museum; he has provided in addition \$1,000,000 as endowment, the income to be expended mainly in the purchase of pictures by American artists. Nine of the library trustees are of his appointment, with self-perpetuating powers; the other nine are the mayor of Pittsburgh, the president of the Central Board of Education, the presidents of the select and common councils, with five members chosen by and from these councils. Allegheny has not agreed to appropriate for the maintenance of its Carnegie Library any specific sum; Pittsburgh binds itself to pay not less than \$40,000 a year toward the expenses of its Carnegie Library. This definiteness has obvious importance.

Easy as it usually is to find fault with a trust administration in part or wholly political, the difficulty remains that a self-perpetuating body may become sluggish and irresponsible to reasonable public demands. In Worcester, Massachusetts, the admirable public library, which originated in a gift by Dr. John Green, is managed by trustees who at the end of a term of service (six years) are not eligible for immediate reelection: this evidently with intent that there shall be no sleepy settling down into arm-chairs by men who like the honor of office without its toil. And, in truth, the duties of a board administering a large gift are far from being as easy as they may at first sight appear, especially when the founder of the trust is president. To give wisely in a small way is a severe test of good sense; to give wisely on a large scale is difficult indeed. When a difference of opinion arises, a founder is apt to be chagrined if he cannot have his way. He may have had the trouble of making the money which is being spent, and naturally he wishes to have the decisive word in spending it. It is hard for rich and forceful men to learn that they must rein their instinct for command when they enter an unfamiliar field. The tactful adjustment of relations between men who have and do not know, and men who know and do not have, is familiar enough in the sphere of business. The same adjustment arrives, sometimes after sharp conflicts, in the administration of large gifts. Confronted by the difficulty of judiciously managing a great educational or other benefaction, more

than one founder has placed his gift virtually in the hands of an officer of tested ability, reserving to the board only nominal oversight.

WHEN AND WHAT TO GIVE.

At this point in our rapid survey certain principles of the art of large giving begin to make themselves tolerably clear. First, as to *when* it is best to give. During life, by all means. The diversion of the Stewart and Tilden bequests is too fresh in the public mind to bear restatement. They are two examples among a score which might be cited to prove the folly of trying to bestow a large gift by will. And, after all, can that truly be called a gift which falls from the clutch of death? To fortunate men opportunities for amassing great wealth come earlier in a lifetime than formerly, so that it is now easier than ever for gifts to be granted during life. When, however, it would entail serious loss were a large business brought to a close or shorn of its active capital, the rich man at its head can give what he can during life, and in his will provide for strengthening such lines of endeavor as have proved most worthy. This was what, in some degree, George Peabody did.

Of large gifts, those have been by far the most fruitful which have proceeded upon the fullest information, as in the case of the University of Chicago, where President Harper began his work by an examination of the field of the higher education in both America and Europe. Experience has abundantly established, also, that unless a gift is very large, it is preferable that it add to the usefulness of an existing institution rather than that it found a new one. To roof an uncovered house is better than to dig a new cellar. A fund to be known by the donor's name is, as a rule, of more benefit than a building likely to demand for the work done in it a new outlay from the general chest. In not a few colleges, while special funds for the observatory or library or chapel are ample, the general treasury from which that forgotten man, the ordinary professor, is paid is often sadly scant. These institutions always miss the symmetry and balance which come from placing a fair margin of income at the free disposal of the governing body.

A disputed point in large giving is whether it is better to found a small local college or to strengthen a great university not local. The small college will bring the higher education to thousands who otherwise could go no further than the public school. The uni-

versity, if its technical and professional departments are to be suitably manned, will need all the aid its most liberal friends can render. During the year 1894-5, the income of Harvard was \$1,084,000, yet the university made ends meet only through gifts for immediate use. In the development of Harvard every college, small and great, in America has aided and shared. The question, then, is less, Which, the local college or the great university? than, Why not both? There is good reason to expect that neither need will be ignored as fortunes are multiplied among the many men whose careers have been created by what the best education has done for mother wit. Let us hope that the years of the near future will also see accomplished the end which the foremost teachers of America have at heart—the work of the universities made continuous with that of the colleges, and the creation of centers of instruction where inquiry, physical or philosophical, political or ethical, may be carried to its utmost bound. As these advances are gained, we are likely to see the public schools more and more strengthened by alliance with the universities, and gradually freed from their abounding irrationality. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and other universities have recently created departments where the science and art of teaching are imparted in the light of the latest discoveries in informing and training the mind. In the West, where the State university crowns the scheme of public education, this bringing to the people the benefit of the most helpful word of mental science is likely to be realized more fully than elsewhere in the United States. To-day exigencies, largely due to meagerness of support, are such that throughout the country, in the higher education as in the lower, there are not enough good teachers to go round. In selecting the faculties for Chicago and Leland Stanford universities, their presidents had to introduce an element of pecuniary competition, new in university halls, and not a little disconcerting to some venerable seats of learning inadequately endowed.

THE LARGE GIVER AS PIONEER.

WHEN a large giver has initiative in him, and can lead the way in rendering some new public service of plain value, through emulation or sheer stress of competition his work is imitated far and wide. What he directly does is vastly exceeded by what he prompts others to do. Peter Cooper, in establishing Cooper Union for New York, did much to

suggest to Charles Pratt the magnificent institute which has arisen in Brooklyn; and this foundation in its turn showed a generous friend of education in a third great city how best to give form to a long-considered purpose. The original intent of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel was that the Drexel Institute should be a college for women, not in but near Philadelphia. A visit to Pratt Institute resulted in his choosing an urban instead of a suburban site, and in founding with somewhat more than \$3,000,000 a college of art, science, and industry for both sexes. The president of Drexel Institute, Mr. James MacAlister, as superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia gave them a new efficiency. His experience has suggested departments in especial for the training of teachers and for the coördination of studies. In Chicago Mr. Philip D. Armour has recently given upward of \$2,000,000 for aims which first found expression in the gift of Peter Cooper to New York. Like-minded with Mr. Cooper was the late Colonel R. T. Auchmuty, who founded the New York Trade Schools for the building and allied handicrafts. With maintenance these schools cost their founder and Mrs. Auchmuty about \$425,000. In 1892 Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan gave \$500,000 as endowment. Colonel Auchmuty proved to be a veritable pioneer: ten cities of America have established classes on his plan; those of Philadelphia enjoyed his generous aid. In 1893, during the Columbian Exposition, Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago gave \$1,000,000 to found a museum in Jackson Park. Givers of large means and small have followed his example, and, enriched by many valuable exhibits from the Exposition, the museum already stands its worthy memorial. Mr. John D. Rockefeller not only gives largely, but insures that others will follow his example. In October, 1895, he offered the University of Chicago \$2,000,000, in addition to his previous gifts to that institution, on condition that an equal sum should be given to it by 1900. His offer has already resulted in a gift of \$1,025,000 by Miss Helen Culver of Chicago.

Because the welfare of the bee in our complicated civilization is more and more bound up with the welfare of the hive, the sphere of action for public bodies grows ever wider and more vital. Of necessity these bodies are limited in their preparation for difficult duty, in their freedom of action, and often they are glad to take a new path of public service opened by a judicious giver. Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw of Boston for some years maintained

the kindergartens of that city at her own expense. In the fullness of time the civic authorities ingrafted them upon the system of public schools. New York has had a somewhat similar experience. In 1889 a few friends of the education which begins at the beginning formed an association to maintain free kindergartens. Last October kindergartens were conducted in fifteen public schools of the city, and the Board of Education announces its purpose to extend the system to every primary school as fast as its means will allow.

A large giver, instead of leading official action for the public good, may choose to coöperate with it. Thus George Peabody gave \$2,000,000 for education in the Southern States, and John F. Slater \$1,000,000. The revenues of these gifts, administered by the Hon. J. L. M. Curry of Washington, serve to supplement the support locally given to the schools and normal colleges of the South. The main purpose is to promote industrial education, and to lift the whole plane of instruction, by providing more and better teachers.

There can be helpful initiative and coöperation in matters of social reform, no less than in education. In 1885 a few men of capital built a model tenement in Cherry street, in one of the worst districts of New York, limiting to four per cent. the rate of dividend sought. This tenement has aroused Cherry street to a just discontent: to-day competitive landlords find it to their advantage to provide paved back yards, good plumbing, and a degree of comfort and order unknown in the neighborhood twelve years ago.

UNDISCOVERED WORLDS.

To educate power, to impart skill, have been the aims of many large gifts; to add to the world of the known, to the sphere in which power and skill find play, has rarely entered the mind of the large giver. Original research, wherever in America prosecuted, is commonly an incident, seldom the main purpose. And yet the area for discovery, useful and helpful, is virtually infinite. The properties of substances as familiar as iron, copper, sulphur, are yet known only in part. To determine them fully would be to broaden the foundation-stones on which rises the whole fabric of industry. American science still awaits its adequate physical and chemical laboratory for pure research. Were such a laboratory to be established,—let us say at the Smithsonian Institution,—with a

corps of trained investigators, it could with success attack problems too difficult for the individual inquirer, yet problems the solution of which is eagerly awaited by the metallurgist, the working chemist, the engineer, and the inventor. Through disposing the chemical elements in family groups, Newlands and Mendelejeff detected that the law of octaves obtains as truly in chemistry as in music. Observing gaps in the chemical gamut, Mendelejeff was able to predict the properties of the missing elements; three of these elements—gallium, scandium, and germanium—have been discovered, confirming in their characteristics the law which directed the quest for them. The verification of this "periodic law" chemists are convinced is no more than the first step toward mapping the molecular motions in which consist the properties, the characteristic modes of behavior, of a substance. An approach to success in this direction has already been achieved in the study of alloys; there seems to be no reason why, within the limits of possibility, the chemist of the twentieth century may not for a special purpose produce an alloy having any degree of elasticity, conductivity, tensile strength, or lightness which he shall desire. A little carbon added to iron gives us steel; a little nickel added to steel gives us in ferro-nickel yet greater tensile strength. When results such as these have been won in the darkness of empiricism, what may we not expect when research has lighted the lamp of law?

And this question of advanced physical exploration has a very practical side in its bearing on civilization. It is a common remark that there is wealth enough in the world were it only fairly apportioned. But let us remember that were the total yearly income of this country, one of the richest on earth, allotted equally among its inhabitants, each share would be less than \$200. Could this be called wealth? In truth, the world is poor, and while equity in distribution is desirable, not less desirable is it to increase the sum of divisible things.

BOTANY A PLASTIC ART.

In the experimental farm and garden there is quite as much to be done as in the physical and chemical laboratory. Botany is a plastic art; what has been achieved with the rose, the chrysanthemum, and the so-called small fruits, is only an earnest of what can be done in perfecting and diversifying plants and their products. Professor G. L. Goodale, the successor to Professor Asa Gray at Har-

vard, declares that were all the cereals now used for food swept out of existence, the experimental farms of America could probably replace them within fifty years. He estimates the number of flowering plants at 110,000, utilized by civilized man barely to the extent of one per cent. As foods, as fibers for textiles, as sources of perfume and ornament, many neglected plants, he tells us, offer rich rewards to the explorer and man of experiment; while, too, our common fruits can be improved both in flavor and beauty. Professor Goodale warmly commends the work of acclimatization and experiment going forward at two splendid benefactions for botany—the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis and the Arnold Arboretum in Boston. Their work, he holds, has only to be extended and linked with that of the experimental stations scattered throughout the Union immensely to enrich the resources of the country. Professor Goodale is a physician as well as a botanist, and he has a hopeful word to say concerning the remedial agents to be found or molded amid the disregarded wealth of forest and field.

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

In the sphere of medicine the rewards held out to the investigator are of even higher moment than those which tempt him in the physical laboratory or the garden. In 1892 the Laboratory of Hygiene, built through a gift of \$50,000 from Henry C. Lea, and equipped through the munificence of the late Henry C. Gibson, was opened at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. The gift came on condition that the laboratory be suitably endowed, and that hygiene should be a compulsory study in the medical department of the university. The laboratory has been constructed and its work organized under the direction of Dr. John S. Billings. Here the chemistry and bacteriology of air, water, and foods are studied, with methods of detecting hurtful impurities. Diverse systems of ventilation, heating, drainage, and sewage disposal are compared. Many diseases, among them typhoid, erysipelas, diphtheria, and consumption, due to minute forms of life, are studied, as well as the best modes of disinfection, and of protection by inoculation such as since Jenner's day has banished smallpox from among civilized men. Although the laboratory has scarcely more than begun its work, it has already made valuable additions to our knowledge of the nature and effects of sewer-gases, of expired air, of dan-

gerous dusts, of the means of destroying microscopic foes, such as the bacillus of typhoid fever.

THE EXPLORATION OF MIND.

A LAND of promise, indeed, is it which to-day stretches itself before the investigator of the nature of the human body in health and disease; equally rich is the territory just opening to the explorer in the realm of mind. Psychology is reaping the gain which comes to a science when it adds experiment to observation, when it can surprise nature in her secrets by artificially varying the conditions of a question. Refined and subtle introspection of mental processes has well-nigh come to its limits and finished its work. To its store of discovery is being added, day by day, a knowledge of the contents and powers of the mind unimaginable in times when their study was a department of speculative philosophy, when to invoke the aid of instrumental tests would have seemed grotesque. To-day, apparatus, some of it most simple, some of it exquisitely ingenious, serves to explore impressibility, attention, the power to associate ideas; while light is incidentally thrown on the subtle play of imagination and the bonds of habit. Experimental psychology has exponents at every leading American university; one of its centers is at Worcester, Massachusetts, where Jonas G. Clark's gift, estimated at \$1,500,000, has established Clark University. Here President G. Stanley Hall, aided by a corps of other investigators, is adding to the knowledge of mind with the special purpose of turning that knowledge to account in the economy of education. When a score of children are examined with regard to their quickness in recognizing tones and forms, in discriminating hue from hue, in detecting the features wherein similar flowers resemble one another, the aptitudes and deficiencies of each child are not only revealed, but may be definitely measured. The teacher is thus brought to see what areas of each mind will best repay cultivation, and what other areas, from natural sterility, require attention not less gainful. Yet more, well-contrived experiments are constantly determining just when the details of this education can best be timed, and how they can best proceed. Professor Scripture of Yale, formerly of Clark University, in a series of preliminary tests, has found reason to believe that the acquisition of a foreign language can be hastened threefold when pictures accompany the words. He looks to the psychological laboratory for definite guidance as to how

all the faculties—for color, music, what not—may be elicited, and brought to their best estate. The psychologist in the classroom is thus in the way of solving the difficulty which attends the lengthiness and variety of our courses of instruction in school and college; of giving invaluable aid in making up the round of elective studies in the university. He is, in short, addressing himself to the task of both enriching and lengthening life. A generously wide curriculum, when joined to matured experimental methods of discovering aptitude and bringing it out, can put the world for the first time within reach of its truest riches, in the ability of its young minds rightly appraised and fully developed.

TALENT-SAVING.

ONCE more emerges the need that the values in girls and boys of uncommon talent, or skill, be fully brought out in those possessed of little means or none. Despite the steadily rising requirements for matriculation, nearly every college and university in the land has constantly to turn away from its doors candidates worthy and poor. Among them, without doubt, are those who have it in them to add to knowledge, to prosecute original research. If discoverers be found and given a chance, every other discovery will follow from that. Many as are the scholarships and fellowships provided for those who seek the best education, they are all too few. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of New York, at a yearly outlay of \$15,000, enables pupils from the public schools, selected for merit, to obtain collegiate instruction. At present they are seventy in number. Such aid proceeds upon the conviction that the strength of an army lies even more in its officers than in its rank and file. Original power, inventive talent, the faculty for leadership, are rare; but need we regret that common trades and businesses are largely recruited from high schools and colleges? Rather let us rejoice that every-day men and women are brought to the utmost fullness of life, into that active sympathy with the highest work and the best thought which only cultivation can bestow.

THE AX LAID AT THE ROOT.

EDUCATION, momentous as it is, does not fill the whole round of human need. Not only ignorance, but destitution, and destitution with disease, afflict mankind. Typical here of a revolution in the attitude of all philanthropy is the contrast between the views of

the physician of to-day and those of his predecessor of the last generation. In the profession of medicine thirty years ago the conviction reigned that disease was largely inevitable; to-day there is knowledge that disease is as largely preventable. And this knowledge extends to other ills than those which fill the hospitals: in the scientific examination of chronic poverty, of drunkenness, of insanity, of criminality, the most effective means of attack are coming into daylight. Charitable agencies are scrutinized with a cool, informed eye, which often detects them fostering the very distress they would succor. In Charles Booth's masterly study of the labor and life of the London poor, we have a model of what can be done toward giving definiteness and measure to perplexing social maladies. Charity can work its will only as espoused by wisdom to show it

What must be, and what may yet be better.

The note of the new philanthropy is not one so much of hope—that vague sentiment which is little else than desire in ignorance—as of expectation based on knowledge that certain grievous ills of society can be not abated simply, but uprooted. The wisest helper of men strives so to plan his aid that soon it may be needless.

RECREATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

LIFE has other sides than those which touch education and the war on disease and misery: life is also for joy. In promoting healthy and refining recreation, large giving has before it a field little more than entered. With the growing domination of machinery, the more and more minute subdivision of labor, there comes a greater need than ever for the cultivation of talent and taste for art and music. In Europe the masterpieces of Raphael, Murillo, and Velasquez are public property; it is beginning to be felt by the rich men of America that the hardly less inspiring canvases of Millet, Corot, and Inness are out of place in private mansions. But in power to confer delight, the music-room is much more democratic than the picture-gallery. The love of good music is well-nigh universal, and no service has ever been rendered the people of New York, Boston, and Chicago which has evoked more enthusiasm than the high-class operas, concerts, and oratorios furnished them on nominal terms during recent winter seasons. Cincinnati, through a gift of \$50,000 from Mr. W. S. Groesbeck, has for some years enjoyed free open-air concerts of a high order. The Boston Symphony, the leading orchestra

in America, is supported by its founder, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, who has thus greatly served the cause of education in music. Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber of New York has founded a National Conservatory of Music, which offers the highest order of instruction, and placed it under the direction of Dr. Antonín Dvořák, the greatest living composer. The Conservatory imposes no fee on those quite without means, whose talent promises distinction. The new movement for education in music recognizes the fact that where one student can learn to execute music well, a hundred hearers can be taught to take a heightened pleasure in an opera or a symphony; hence the increase of popular exposition as distinct from instrumental instruction. Musical education, extending as it is throughout the length and breadth of the country, has friends among the very foremost teachers, and in spheres remote enough from music. Professor Henry C. Adams, who fills the chair of political economy at the University of Michigan, and who is an alumnus of Johns Hopkins, has said: "Nothing in my life at Baltimore did me more good than the fine music I heard at the Peabody Institute. If I were a rich man, the first gift I should make to the University of Michigan would provide it with the service of Seidl, Thomas, and Damrosch. Our education to-day is lopsided: it is addressed to the intellect, and to very little else; emotion, sentiment, are almost ignored. What is the sense in taking so much pains to assure the power to command leisure; while the power to enjoy that leisure is almost neglected?" Since Professor Adams said this his university has established an excellent course of musical instruction.

MONUMENTALISM.

In this rapid survey of the *when* and the *what* of large giving, its *how* remains to be glanced at. An allurements which has not always been resisted is that of monumentalism. A fund withdrawn from use to display can prefer only the plea of the incidental refinement of public taste. The buildings of Girard strike the visitor as much too costly and elaborate for the housing of needy orphans. In more than one temple of art reared by private munificence we have imposing architectural effects at the expense of security against fire. The frankly expressed intent of James Lick originally was to build himself a monument on some lofty peak of the Pacific coast. It was suggested to him that such a shaft could easily be demolished by a foreign

foe, and that the projected memorial might fitly take the form of an observatory on an inland eminence. Accordingly his name is perpetuated, and the cause of astronomy advanced, in the noble structure which crowns Mount Hamilton. To mark the opposite pole of sentiment, we have the case of a large giver on the Atlantic seaboard, Mr. Charles Pratt, who designed his buildings in such wise that in case his educational purpose failed he might readily convert the premises into a factory.

MAINTENANCE.

A BENEFACTION fitly housed and equipped for its work, the next desideratum is that provision be made for its maintenance. Many foundations in America lead a life of struggle, of crippled usefulness, from lack of adequate endowment. Cooper Union, New York, perhaps the most admirable benefaction in the metropolis, has an endowment of only \$1,500,000; with \$500,000 more its usefulness could be doubled. Its officers point with sorrow to a waiting list of more than a thousand young men anxious for admission to its classes. Lick Observatory, with its instruments built at a cost of \$610,000, has an endowment fund of only \$90,000. It is incorporated with the University of California. So scanty are the appropriations for its support, that while doing work which places it in the foremost rank of the world's observatories, it has the absurdly small number of seven observers, as against a working force of forty-eight at Paris, twenty-four at Greenwich, and fifty at Harvard. Only when suitably furnished with additional observerships will the Lick Observatory cease to be the most signal instance in America of a great gift merely launched, and missing much of its purpose through its work being miserably undermanned.

With an eye to the vicissitudes of even the best investments, and confident that if an institution is not to fall behind it must advance, the trustees of Pratt Institute have accumulated a large reserve fund. Apart from direct losses of property such as have befallen some great benefactions, it must be borne in mind that the earning power of capital tends to shrink by virtue of the very scientific conquest of nature which benefactions largely promote. The city of New York, in buying its northerly parks, borrowed the money at a rate which brings the investor less than two and a half per cent. per annum. When an endowment is insufficient, and particularly when an annual deficit must be referred to a founder, there is discouragement of the

best work; for how can the haunting dread be banished that he who holds the purse-strings may any day prove a Mr. Ready-to-halt?

Next to making it enough as an element in the success of a gift is the leaving its trustees untrammelled. Johns Hopkins gave his board freedom to form plans as they thought proper, and to alter them at will. His wisdom has been abundantly justified. Mr. Francis T. King, the chairman, and his co-trustees, received \$3,300,000 for a hospital; they erected and equipped the buildings out of the income, leaving the original fund, available for endowment, increased by \$113,000. In these days of mutation in the methods of education and philanthropy, as in all else, restrictions imposed by a donor, however wise for his own day, are apt eventually to work harm where he meant to do good. In times past language, the arts of expression, held the first place in culture; as a survival of this preference there is apt to be to-day comparatively meager provision for university students of scientific bent. Yet these, were trustees always free, would, from the rarity and value of their powers, receive at least equal encouragement with youth of literary inclinations.

ENLISTING COÖPERATION.

BECAUSE there are bounds even to the most liberal benefaction, it has always proved advantageous when its work has enlisted public sympathy. This has been chiefly the case, of course, when the administration has been able and just; and next, when no sectarian sieve has been set up between the public and the good intended to be done. Responsive to the spirit of the time, we see denominational colleges and hospitals managed with more and more relaxation of their original exclusiveness. The conviction steadily gains ground that no man or woman other than the best should direct them, and that for their benefits the only qualifications should be simple need and desert. When a benefactor is as remote and hallowed a figure as John Harvard, it becomes an honor to build on his foundation; but when days of stress befall a recent gift, help is more easily secured when the institution bears an impersonal name. Here it is necessary to distinguish between an institution as a whole and its several departments. These latter, each requiring comparatively moderate outlay, may, as in those which cluster at Yale and Princeton, fitly commemorate honored names. But with regard to the general purposes of an institution, subscribers

are human, and do not like to have their donations merged in a monument which glorifies somebody else. Johns Hopkins's original intent was to found the "University of Baltimore." Had he done so, there is little doubt that funds needed to sustain the work of his university would be forthcoming more freely than they are. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, from its public character, draws to itself many donations and bequests which would never go to a museum other than public. The giver of a great gift can go beyond entitling it with an impersonal name: in a recent case the last extreme of self-effacement has been reached by a man who has taken pains that no picture, bust, memorial, or other mention of himself shall be found within the walls he reared. Almost as striking is the example of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the founder of the University of Chicago. His gifts aggregate \$7,426,000,—more than half its total benefactions,—yet he has not become even a trustee; he has not suggested a single appointment, or tried in any way to control or influence the work of organizing the university; and he has sought on its behalf large gifts from others. From unknown givers many colleges, asylums, hospitals, receive noteworthy aid. New York University is indebted for a round million to anonymous givers. A few years ago its medical school received \$300,000 from a friend who wished not only to be unknown, but to have the gift unannounced to the public. The example was catching. A donor whose name is withheld has recently built a residence-hall at an outlay approaching \$200,000. At the bidding of a third unnamed friend, the university is soon to enjoy a library structure to cost more than \$500,000.

TO BE RICH CAN MEAN MORE THAN EVER.

BRIEF as this glance at large giving has been, it may nevertheless suggest that superfluity to-day can do more for mankind than ever before: the paths for beneficence are broader, they are better understood. Large giving now can make the most and best of human nature in aiding education rightly timed, justly adapted to individual power and need. It can equip the explorer, and bring from the mine, the garden, the laboratory, a thousand new resources. Nor ought any narrow regard for the utilities cramp the quests it sets on foot. Were no observatory telescope to be directed to the heavens for the next fifty years, the mariner would sail the seas as securely as ever. Yet, if the astronomer with

spectroscope and camera can add proof to proof that the universe is in substance one, can give it a vastly extended diameter, unfold a fresh chapter in its history, make yet clearer its immanent order, has he not done something to dignify and wing the mind of man?

Physical science, unfinished as it is on every side, is opulent with promise to the large giver; even more abounding is promise in the field of social science—the field in which individual weal becomes more implicated with every passing year. Let us take, for example, the conditions which create the large giver himself. The winds of fortune which heap up his treasure as a Northern snowdrift do so, in part, by making bare necessity yet barer. In decided measure the want to which he ministers springs from the very maladjustments which to him have brought excess. What are the causes at work here? They may well engage the skilled inquirer, whose opportunity

for the work, perchance, grows out of a gift from superabundance. Have not many great fortunes been the rewards of preëminent business capacity, more gainful to the community than to itself, which fact, on proof, draws the sting of discontent? Have not other great fortunes risen through turning to account opportunities for immense profit, which profit would remain in the hands of the community could public spirit and private probity be enlisted to that end? How far has the enginery of taxation been made a means of strengthening the strong; and how can that tendency with equity be reversed, so that the disparity between what men need and what they get shall be less extreme? In advancing such inquiries as these, in promoting, as the response may indicate, the culture of the sense of social right and duty, the large giver strikes at the roots of both want and surplusage, and wins for himself the worthiest remembrance among men.

George Iles.

«FLOWER BEFORE THE LEAF.»

I.

FLOWER before the leaf, boy-loved Rhodora,
Morning-pink along the valley of the birch and maple,
Now the green begins to cling about the silver birches,
Rush the maple buds and ruddy yonder hillside;
Sudden as the babbling brook or robin's whistle,
Spring-swift, thou art come in the old places,
In the hollow swamp-land, bloom on brake!

Flower before the leaf!
Ah, once here in the sweet season—
Flash of blue wings, birds in chorus,
Ere the violet, ere the wild-rose,
While the linden lingered and the elm-tree—
Years ago a boy's heart broke in blossom,
Flower before the leaf,
While he wandered down the valley loving you;
And above him, and around him,
Beam and gleam and distant color,
Waiting, waiting, hung the Spirit
To rush forth upon the world.

II.

Somewhere in the years of the dawn did I dream that a youth all boy-like stands?—
And the tender Rhodora's bloom, the first of the year, is red in his pure, sweet hands;
And in the doorway bending, dark-haired, bright-cheeked, a girlish form appears,—
A word, a smile, a blush, and out of the blue a black rook downward nears,—
And all the spirits rush to his heart, and the fragrant world, save her, turns dim,
The flowering of whose face was the glory of spring through the years of the dawn to him!

G. E. Woodberry.

SOME WRITERS OF GOOD LETTERS.¹

EDWARD FITZGERALD—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—MATTHEW ARNOLD.



AMB, in his whimsical way, talks about the «books which are no books, *biblia a-biblia*.» He drew a wry face at court calendars and directories as he wrote his anathema; at «the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, . . . and, generally, all those volumes which «no gentleman's library should be without.»» His distaste is sympathetically understood to-day; and though it is impossible to yield him his Gibbon as belonging among *biblia a-biblia*, the drift of the phrase is accepted as sound. In the present instance, however, it is recalled for the sake of its admirable description of some of the best books in the language, some collections of letters. Such books are véritable *biblia a-biblia*. Their contents were never intended by their authors to be published. We owe their pages to the loving hands of those friends or kindred who have collected and preserved them somewhat as a woman of gentle feeling gathers old rose-leaves and puts them in a jar to achieve a fragrant immortality.

Just because there is no literature in letters, placed therein of malice prepense, they make the most exquisite literature of all. They have no professional flavor. When they have, it spoils them to a certain extent. Regnault wrote good letters; so did his countryman Berlioz; so, finally, did Mendelssohn: but not one of these correspondents is a model, because not one was without the accent of his particular art. In the best correspondence there is rarely discovered an attempt deliberately to exploit the writer's point of view in ways that would appeal to a public audience. The true letter-writer, fascinating a whole nation of readers after his death, does so because when he wrote this or that letter he cared for nothing save the pleasure of appealing to his friend. There are, of course,

letters and letters. Some of the most famous and most readable belong to times when people took as much pains over their private correspondence as over their most public acts. Goethe had a Jovian way with him even in ephemeral epistles. He always wrote in character. So also did Voltaire. Walpole, who was witty because he could not help himself, was furthermore witty because he wanted to be so; polished, courtly, artificial, because when he sat down to write the smallest note he thought of the impression it would convey, just as an actor thinks of the effect of his art upon his audience. The Earl of Orford never lets himself go. Neither does Chesterfield. Neither does Macaulay, quite, though he felt some, if not all, of the softening influences of his time; and while in Trevelyan's «Life and Letters» he is still the pontifical Thomas that he was in his conversation and in his books, he is, in spite of himself, a brilliant epistolary figure.

In so far as a man's time affects the nature of his correspondence, he must be criticized accordingly. No one counts the artificiality of Walpole against him for a sin, any more than one blames the dilettanti of France in the eighteenth century for writing like—dilettanti. But appreciation of their sincerity, such as it was, of their representative character, and of their entertaining qualities, need not blind us to this crucial fact, that theirs are not the best letters. The best letters are those in which the character of the writer is accurately mirrored and shown to be in itself delightful. In such letters the writer is frequently observed rising superior, with serene unconsciousness, to the epistolary accent of his time. Cowper offers a conspicuous example. Compared with his great contemporary Walpole, he is not so amusing a correspondent; but his letters are more cherished possessions than the earl's. Both writers give us vivid self-portraiture, but in one case the picture is

¹ «Letters of Edward Fitzgerald.» Edited by William Aldis Wright. In 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 348, 368. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

«Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883.» Edited by William Aldis Wright. 8vo, pp. 261. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

«Letters of James Russell Lowell.» Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. In 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 418, 464. New York: Harper & Brothers.

«Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888.» Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. In 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 467, 442. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

lovable, and in the other it is not. Thus the observation of Joubert, that «Une femme qui voudrait écrire comme Mme. de Sévigné serait ridicule, parce qu'elle n'est pas Mme. de Sévigné,» may be applied to much more than the question of style by which it was provoked. The important conclusion to which it leads is that the very soul of Mme. de Sévigné is in her letters, and, style or no style, her magic cannot be renewed. There is the key to imperishable correspondence. It makes us acquainted with what is best in a noble individuality. One hears much talk about «art» nowadays, and the finesse with which a letter may be written is admired beyond measure; but the artless letters are the letters to go back to over and over—the letters in which matters of literary or artistic significance bubble up to the surface with no more suggestion of the «shop» about them than when the writer is talking about daffodils or the sea. In the correspondence of Edward Fitzgerald there are constant references to Mme. de Sévigné, whom he adored.

She now occupies Montaigne's place in my room [he writes to Mrs. Kemble], well—worthily: she herself a Lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her. I am sometimes vexed I never made her acquaintance till last year: but perhaps it was as well to have such an acquaintance reserved for one's latter years. The fine Creature! much more alive to me than most Friends.

And then, four years later, in a letter to Mr. Aldis Wright, there comes a peculiarly eloquent reference to one source of her extraordinary charm:

Half her Beauty is the liquid melodiousness of her language—all unpremeditated as a Blackbird's.

Unpremeditated as a blackbird's! The words may seem a little rhetorical when employed with reference to the letters of Fitzgerald, Lowell, or Matthew Arnold. Yet if those three men exert a positive fascination in their letters, it is for much the same reason that moved the first of them to admire Mme. de Sévigné. All were possessed of individuality fitted to win and hold the friendship of every one who knew them. They wrote with an absence of premeditation which makes them already as classical in the direction of private correspondence as in that of formally published literature. They were men of letters, all three, in the technical sense of the phrase; but in their corre-

spondence they are men pure and simple—personalities, figures appreciated for their own sakes, no matter how much their literary tastes may contribute to the enrichment of their letters. Their qualities are rare. Contrast them with those which appear in the recently published «Vailima Letters» of Stevenson, in the correspondence of Dante Rossetti brought out not long ago by his brother. The nineteenth century has produced much more of the morbid kind of thinking and feeling which we find typified by Stevenson and Rossetti in their letters than it has of the lucidity and health which characterized the three subjects of this paper. It is no whimsical assumption which detaches Fitzgerald, Lowell, and Arnold from their time. Though two of them at least were nurtured by it, though Lowell and Arnold threw themselves heart and soul into the interests of their respective nations, and were modern to their finger-tips, it is surprising to see how readily they adapt themselves to Fitzgerald's remote atmosphere when the three are met together. It is surprising, because it seems paradoxical, that a busy diplomatist, a hard-working school-inspector, should speak, for all their literature and nature-worship and poetry, the same tongue as that of a hermit living among books and flowers, and forever turning wistfully to the past.

But the solution of their harmony is the explanation of their charm. They had the instincts which belong to no time. They had imagination, taste, humor. They had the love of beauty and of purity. Above all, they had the two supreme gifts, intellectual originality and human sympathy. It is astonishing how those gifts, especially the second, lift a man above his time, make him its master, keep him from ever being subdued to the stuff he works in, keep him a man and yet three fourths pure spirit. The most absurd thing in the world would be to read any of Arnold's letters merely for so-called «facts» about his life; to read Lowell's correspondence just to find out what he did on his diplomatic missions; to read Fitzgerald for «new light» on his translations from the Persian. One can imagine with what gusto the Omar Khayyâm faddists turned to Fitzgerald's «Letters and Literary Remains» when they first appeared in 1889. But it is not his place in the world of scholarship, it is not his work, it is not anything concrete, that should be sought in those volumes, or in the collection of letters to Mrs. Kemble which was brought out a short time since. It is the

temperament, the heart, the feeling underlying a passage like this. Writing to Mrs. Kemble on a subject that appealed closely to him, he says:

Now once more for French Songs. When I was in Paris in 1830, just before that Revolution, I stopped one Evening on the Boulevards by the Madeleine to listen to a Man who was singing to his Barrel-organ. Several passing «Blouses» had stopped also: not only to listen, but to join in the Songs, having bought little «Libretti» of the words from the Musician. I bought one too, for, I suppose, the smallest French Coin; and assisted in the Song which the Man called out beforehand (as they do Hymns at Church), and of which I enclose you the poor little Copy. «*Le Bon Pasteur, s'il vous plait*»—I suppose the Circumstances: the «*beau temps*», the pleasant Boulevards, the then so amiable People, all contributed to the effect this Song had upon me; anyhow, it has constantly revisited my memory for these forty-three years; and I was thinking, the other day, touched me more than any of Béranger's most beautiful Things. This, however, may be only one of «Old Fitz's» Crotchets, as Tennyson and others would call them.

For all that it implies, much more than for what it tells upon the surface; the foregoing passage is invaluable to a student of Fitzgerald's character. The last word is used advisedly. We have heard of his life, of his solitary tastes, of his modest and yet deep learning, of his art in translation: but it is his character of which it is interesting to hear more and more; and in the picture he draws of himself, linked quickly to the strangers about him on the Parisian street, joining so sympathetically in their spontaneous feeling—in this free confession he touches the reader's heart where otherwise he would have touched only his mind. The virtue of a man like Fitzgerald is that his sympathies are open to the movement of the times, because they are open to conviction on any subject under the sun. He was a hermit, yes, and he seems to have withdrawn himself from what we call «the active work of the world»; but as a matter of fact, he looked at public affairs as wisely and as sympathetically as the most bustling of his contemporaries. Tennyson and Thackeray, two of the most worldly-wise writers of the century, were his dear friends, and honored him profoundly. Would they have felt the tenderness that they undoubtedly did feel for him if he had been a mere indifferentist? It was Carlyle, one of the most strenuous thinkers on social and economic and spiritual matters that England has ever known, who wrote to Fitzgerald:

Thanks for your friendly human letter; . . . One gets so many inhuman letters, ovine, bovine, porcine, etc., etc.: I wish you would write a little oftener; when the beneficent Daimon suggests, fail not to lend ear to him.

It is good for the hearts, it may be repeated, of his readers to-day that Fitzgerald went on writing his «friendly human letters.» He wakes uplifting thoughts. There is a savor as of the kindest, truest human things in every line he wrote, and this not alone in the letters of his maturity, but in those of his early manhood. Thus in his twenty-fourth year he wrote to his friend Allen a letter in which he deals with friendship almost as tenderly, certainly with as much penetration, as he shows in the letters of his old age, which chiefly make up the volume devoted to Mrs. Kemble. In his letter to Allen he says:

Lord Bacon's Essay on Friendship is wonderful for its truth: and I often feel its truth. He says that with a Friend «a man *tosseth* his thoughts,» an admirable saying, which one can understand, but not express otherwise. But I feel that, being alone, one's thoughts and feelings, from want of communication, become heaped up and clotted together, as it were; and so lie like undigested food heavy upon the mind: but with a friend one *tosseth* them about, so that the air gets between them, and keeps them fresh and sweet.

Of this tossing of his thoughts Fitzgerald was very fond, and he indulged in the exercise with a wholesome freedom, a cheery frankness, which are in themselves inspiring, leaving a pleasant memory even when the actual things said are of no great consequence. There is, for example, his bantering way whenever he refers to the forehead of his friend Spedding. To Samuel Laurence the painter he writes:

You have of course read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel, mistaking it for Beachy Head.

The sensitive ear can catch the writer's laugh, merry, affectionate, the very music of innocent glee.

The last word is possibly an odd one to use in the description of a man, and yet why should it seem odd? The guilelessness of Fitzgerald, the perennial sweetness and gentleness of his nature—one returns to all this, and upon each return loves it the more. He was, on the whole, one of the most lovable men that ever lived. His modesty has passed into a tradition. Mrs. Kemble called him a man of genius who was more anxious to remain unknown than most people are to become

famous. How his Omar quatrains waited for the renown which they now enjoy is one of the commonplace anecdotes of literature. And there was not the smallest suggestion of pose in his life. He meant, with all his soul, every shade of his modesty, his seclusiveness, his absorption in quiet things. When Frederick Tennyson was traveling in Italy in 1840, Fitzgerald wrote to him:

While you are wandering among ruins, waterfalls, and temples, and contemplating them as you sit in your lodgings, I poke about with a book and a colour-box by the side of the river Ouse—quiet scenery enough—and make horrible sketches. The best thing to me in Italy would be that you are there.

That last line is no exaggeration. Fitzgerald was certainly no insensitive man, but nothing on the Continent could ever have given him the same pleasure that he got from his own country and countrymen.

Well, say as you will, there is not, and never was, such a country as Old England—never was there such a Gentry as the English. They will be the distinguishing mark and glory of England in History, as the Arts were of Greece, and War of Rome. I am sure no travel would carry me to any land so beautiful, as the good sense, justice, and liberality of my good countrymen make this.

At first glance this may seem to mean no more than the insularity with which many of Fitzgerald's countrymen have made us unpleasantly familiar. But this would be a hasty conception of his character. His insularity is rather of the sort which may be studied in some of Lamb's essays, in a paper like "Blakesmoor in Hertfordshire," for example. It is the insularity which is rooted in high-minded pride of race, in love of old gardens, old English books, the poetry of English life and history. Prepossessions such as Elia's, such as Fitzgerald's, may not seem defensible to the hard logician; but to any one who recognizes the right of the human spirit to be as illogical as it pleases, so that it makes for whiteness, loveliness, and the stimulation in us of what is right and fine, the calm "narrowness" of such a passage as that just quoted is simply an unmixed delight. Behind it is the affectionate heart of the writer, warm with natural and manly feeling. Neither does the spiritual placidity of the man involve intellectual stagnation. As has been said above, Fitzgerald had the great gift of intellectual originality. He wrote out of a full mind, and his independence of judgment gives to the reader a sharp sensation of pleasure: with the inde-

pendence there is such maturity, such mellowness, such a sense of leisured and careful thought. For this alone Fitzgerald would be remarkable: for the fullness of his letters. There is thought in them to the brim and running over. And always it is such sane thought, so fresh, so sympathetic. He had few prejudices, and not any fetishes. He was not afraid to speak his mind in blame, and it is noticeable also that he was equally fearless in praise. His royal appreciation of Dickens is in fine contrast to the patronage which that writer has received at the hands of more recent critics. Fitzgerald's estimates are usually discriminating, and there is a heartiness about them that takes the reader captive. To read them is to feel, as has been insisted upon above, that hard thought was his persistent genius; but this fact is, after all, not the one upon which it is specially desired to concentrate attention in these pages. Enough has been said elsewhere about Fitzgerald's labors, about his literature; and whether or not he judged Dickens correctly is not now the point. The great point is that every one of his letters, whether it be devoted to Persian poetry or an English village lad, or both, is the revelation of a personality which haunts the reader with increasing tenderness as time goes on. "He hated a set dinner-party," says one who knew him well, and he hated it for a reason suggested in lines which make him more endeared to his readers: "It is very cold here: ice of nights: but my Tulips and Anemones hold up still." "Well: a Blackbird is singing in the little Garden outside my Lodging Window, which is frankly opened to what Sun there is." His nature, like his window, was "frankly opened" to the sun, to the fragrance and freshness of his garden. That was why he hated a set dinner-party; that is why his letters are an immeasurable solace. It is such a relief, after all the "literary" talk which floods the world, after all the "technic" and "style" of which one hears interminable things on every hand, to find a great writer, a genius of literature, living his life out for the sake of the fresh air in its paths, the flowers in the hedge, the wind upon the heath; to find him using as his touchstone in every phase of existence not the words, words, words of the "literary man," not the notions of modern introspection, but the divinity in things, the humanity, the infinite tenderness, of which our glib "technicians" take little account.

Whatever speaks of the inherent nobility in man touches him and wins his admiration.

Thus his friends were not Thackeray, Carlyle, and Tennyson alone. They were his Lowestoft and Woodbridge seamen; they were the country folk, the plain, honest, brave souls everywhere, even in the city, when he could find them there. They eluded him generally in London, however; and though he loved the town for his friends there, for the opera, for the theater, for a few other pleasures, the sum of his feeling in regard to it is expressed pretty closely in the following line from a letter to Mr. Norton: «What bothered me in London was—all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing which I could n't confute.» There are no «clever» things in Fitzgerald's correspondence: but there are noble things; there are

High and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted;

and for these it is an experience to go through the three volumes of letters. What the man did, who his friends were, how many books he published and how he published them, why he became interested in Persian poetry, and how his translations from Omar, from Calderon, and from Æschylus were carried out—exactly where all these things occupied him, and for how long, may be learned from the correspondence if the reader's tastes are biographical, historical, critical. But it is a merely human sympathy which will get most out of Edward Fitzgerald.

To the enjoyment of Lowell's letters it is necessary to bring a sympathy like that which unlocks the gate to Fitzgerald's innermost charm; and all that has been said concerning the latter's exact balancing of the claims of literature with those of life—rich, sensitive life—may be said of his American contemporary and friend. But Lowell, while less eccentric than Fitzgerald, was really a more striking compound of apparently irreconcilable qualities. He had the raciness, the profound human insight and sympathy, of Fitzgerald; and added to this he had a greater number of conflicting interests. Not literature alone, but all the threads of social life were woven into the fabric of his career; and while his kinship to Fitzgerald is the one thing to which it is imperative that the reader should hold fast, there is a subtle distinction between the two which is almost equally important. Perhaps it is most succinctly stated in the observation that while Fitzgerald was Vergilian by temperament, Lowell was Horatian. With one you stand ankle-deep in the rich soil, amid the white

oxen and the brown rustics who guide the plows. With the other you drive over the same fields at ease, pausing delighted from time to time to rescue a daisy that the senseless steel has thrown with the upturned sod to mingle with the loam. The scene is the same, the sky gleams with the same light, there is the same freshness, there is the same sweet smell of mother earth, and the same sense of proprietorship animates your guide. There is a difference in the latter's way of enjoying his domain, that is all.

Lowell, like Horace, belongs to the modern world; and it is perhaps easier to enter into the spirit of his correspondence than into that of Fitzgerald, with whose genuineness a certain old-world quaintness is not incompatible. Lowell could be quaint of phrase when he chose; but if Fitzgerald's charm is that he sees life across the beautiful serenity of an English garden, Lowell's may be discovered in his American alertness to every movement in modern life. This comes out not merely in his diplomatic experiences: it is proclaimed by the very texture of his «Biglow Papers»; it is revealed in the «contemporaneous» character of his letters. International copyright, civil-service reform, and similar topics, recur again and again in the two volumes edited by Professor Norton; and in one letter to Mr. Godkin there is a perfect example of the way in which his literary and political intelligences were intertwined.

By the way [he says], I found a curious misprint in the new edition of Chapman (vol. ii, p. 159), which I thought might make a paragraph for the *Nation*.

«*Caucusses*»

That cut their too large murderous thieveries
To their den's length still.»

He means *Cacus*, of course, though the editor did n't see it, for the word does n't occur in his index of proper names. It is a curious *sors castigatoris preli*, at any rate, and hits true, for the *Caucus* always cuts down its candidates to the measure of its robber's cave. It shows, too, that old Chapman pronounced a *au*.

The last playful line is eloquent; it marks so characteristically the return of Lowell from the political to the literary theme. For without losing any interest in the first, he was, it must be admitted, very much in love with the second, and this fact is incessantly brought forward by his letters. How spontaneously he writes to Miss Norton, apropos of his readings in early English and French literature at Elmwood in 1874: «Ten hours a

day, on an average, I have been at it for the last two months, and get so absorbed that I turn grudgingly to anything else." Yet to direct attention to this bookish absorption of Lowell's is only to inspire a swift protest against misinterpretation of it. "Do you find the real inside of him in his letters?" he wrote, with reference to Richard H. Dana. "I think not—and this is a pretty sure test." Apply the test to Lowell. The «real inside of him» is in his letters, and it is not purely an affair of bookish absorption. It is much more the kind of nature which is reflected in the following fragment from a letter to Thomas Hughes:

And so our bright and busy-minded — is married, and happily too. After mature deliberation with the help of a pipe, I don't think her husband's not smoking is a fatal objection. A—— would tell you that Napoleon did n't, and Goethe and several other more or less successful men. I consent, therefore, on condition that he stuff his pockets with baccy for his poor parishioners when he goes his rounds; they know how good it is. . . . I remember an old crone whom I used to meet every Sunday in Kensington Gardens when she had her outings from the almshouse, and whom I kept supplied with Maccaboy. I think I made her perfectly happy for a week, and on such cheap terms as make me blush. She was a dear old thing, and used to make me prettier curtsies than I saw at court. Good heavens, of what uncostly material is our earthly happiness composed—if we only knew it! What incomes have we not had from a flower, and how unfailing are the dividends of the seasons!

This shows, with unmistakable finality, the «real inside» of Lowell, the part of his nature which was most often in control of his faculties. For him the dividends of the seasons were always profuse, the compound interest on them gathering as they sprang from the contact of his heart with the murmuring, invisible life of the earth. Every one knows how the typical «literary man» sees nature through «literary» spectacles, and how he falls to comparing the magic of the trees with the magic of the poets, not always to the advantage of the former. Lowell could make such comparisons, but the ingenuous spirit in which he made them, preserving always his loyalty to the primrose rather than to the flower's singer, is one of his most potent claims upon the admiration of his readers. It comes out enchantingly in a letter to Professor Norton, written from Elmwood, in which he says:

The nameless author of that delightful poem «The Squirr of Lowe Degree» (may God him save

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and see!) gives a list of every bird he can think of that sang to comfort his hero. Here they are: (1) lavrock, (2) nightingale, (3) pie, (4) popinjay, (5) throstil, (6) marlyn, (7) wren, (8) jay, (9) sparrow, (10) nuthatch, (11) starling, (12) goldfinch, (13) ousel. On Monday the 5th I walked up to the Oaks with Stillman, and in a quarter of an hour had noted on a paper the following birds (most of which counted by dozens): (1) robin, (2) Wilson's thrush (singing), (3) chewink, (4) bluebird (warbling as in spring), (5) phœbe (doing his best), (6) ground sparrow (singing), (7) tree sparrow (singing), (8) nuthatch, (9) flicker (laughing and crying like Andromache), (10) chickadee (doing all he could), (11) goldfinch, (12) linnet, (13) jay, (14) crow (to balance his popinjay), (15) catbird. Thus I take down the gauntlet which you left hanging for all comers in your English hedge. I don't believe that hedge birds are a whit more respectable than hedge priests or hedge schoolmasters. All the while we were there the air was tinkling with one or other of them. Remember—this was in October. Three cheers for the rivers of Damascus!

Affectionately always,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

Et ego in Arcadia, says Mr. Wilbur.

There can be no doubt as to which Muse held conclusive possession of Lowell's heart when he wrote this letter. Nature, nature, the infinite, inexhaustible loveliness of nature—this is his never-failing resource and the root of all that is best in his letters. It kept him young. He exclaims:

Thank God, I am as young as ever. There is an exhaustless fund of inexperience somewhere about me, a Fortunatus purse that keeps me so. I have had my share of bitter experiences like the rest, but they have left no black drop behind them in my blood—*pour me faire envisager la vie en noir*.

And to the last he had the merry mood, the fairly sportive gaiety, which made life a delight to him in his prime. So late as 1891, only two months or so before his death, his note to Judge Hoar about the illness from which they both suffered is as light-hearted as though there were no such thing in the world as pain. The letter runs:

I missed you and marvelled, and am grieved to hear that you had so painful a reason for not coming. I trust you are more than convalescent by this time, and there is nothing pleasanter to look back upon than the gout—unless it be a prison. Even in the very frenzy of its attack I have found topics of consolatory reflection. Is it podagra? I think how much better off I am than the poor centipedes must be. Is it chiraga? I imagine Briareus roaring. I call *my* gout the unearned increment from my good grandfather's Madeira, and think how excellent it must have been, and sip it cool from the bin of fancy, and wish he had

left me the cause instead of the effect. I dare say he would, had he known I was coming and was to be so unreasonable. . . . Convalescence is an admirable time for brooding over mares'-nests, and I hope you may hatch an egg or two. Several handsome chicks of whimsey have clipped the shell under me. Good-by and God bless you. Make the first use of your feet in coming to see me.

The touch of epigrammatic felicity in this letter is of the very grain of Lowell's character. He was a gallant spirit in more senses than one, and peculiarly in that sense which implies instinctive courtliness, a wit as charming and as graceful as it is effortless and pointed. «Good-by,» he says to Mrs. W. K. Clifford; «write when you remember me. No; not that exactly, but oftener. Is that a bull? I don't mind if it bring me Europa.»

His letters resemble those of Dr. Holmes, lately published in Mr. Morse's «Life,» in that, no matter how trivial they were, it was impossible for them to be dull, impossible for them to leave the writer's pen ungilded by the little touch of fancy, of humor, of witty mirth, which will give a man's correspondence a kind of immortality denied to his works. It would be grotesque to elevate the two volumes of Lowell's correspondence above the ten or twelve of his poems and prose; but when it is said that his letters enjoy a kind of immortality which the essays and poetry cannot claim, it is the quintessence of the man's genius that is in question, the aura, the indescribable beauty that fixes him in the deepest depths of his reader's sympathy. This is to be found in his works, but entangled with other things, equally cherishable of course, but «other things» nevertheless, not the central spring of his power. In further elucidation of this, take his criticism. It could not be finer outside of his deliberate essays than it is in them. He put his best into his work, as has been said, and his formal estimates of this man or that aim plainly at the highest ideal he knew. Yet it is unquestionable that the whiteness of his soul is made more tangible in the correspondence, in passages like this from a letter to Mr. Stedman:

I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—but a poem or two from it which I have seen shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I am too old to have a painted *helaira* palmed off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity of mind to be worse than that of body. Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look towards

the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death? *Virginibus puerisque?* To be sure! Let no man write a line that he would not have his daughter read. When a man begins to lust after the Muse instead of loving her, he may be sure that it is never the Muse that he embraces. But I have outlived many heresies, and shall outlive this new Adamite one of Swinburne. The true Church of poetry is founded on a rock, and I have no fear that these smutchy back-doors of hell shall prevail against her.

No one needs to be told how this «chastity of mind» is immanent in every line of Lowell's prose, how all that he wrote made for the same lofty goal; but the truth is more subtly alive as it falls from a man's lips than when it comes from his pen, held more or less in an instructor's mood, and that is why an impulsive protest like that against Swinburne is so precious. Stop and count over the recent collections of letters which «make for righteousness» in the healthy, happy way characteristic of Lowell or Fitzgerald. Consider the point of view from which nine tenths of the criticism published to-day is written. Reckon with the decadents, with the English and American writers who have lost their heads floundering in the dirt after Verlaine and Gabriele d'Annunzio and Friedrich Nietzsche, and similar prophets. Realize the truth, the appalling applicability to affairs at the present time, in art and literature and the drama, of Whitman's old charge, that modern men are so busy adjusting themselves to every new whim of the world that all the strong edges of the decent human being are rubbed off, and he becomes a mere chameleon, a boneless coward in everything that means spiritual and intellectual rectitude. Give all this its due weight, and then return to the «didactic» passages in Lowell's correspondence. Their importance will be better understood.

The precious character of his company as one may get it in his letters touches the imagination anew and holds the mind. The range of the man was so great, he touched life at so many points, that one might trace the Protean wanderings of his spirit through the years celebrated in Professor Norton's volumes, and never have done with citations bearing upon one subject or another. But it is the happiness, it is the stimulus as of a cool breeze across «the flower-lit plain,» that it is specially desired to indicate in this place as the first and last attraction of Lowell's letters. Like the best letters in any literature, they «drive at practice» without seem-

ing to do anything of the sort. They do not preach. They simply show what it means to live with the sunshine in your heart, how beautiful life becomes when it is lived as Lowell lived it. Read the letters that passed between Ernest Renan and his sister when he was a young man; read the correspondence of Thackeray, of Carlyle and Emerson, of Motley, of Dickens, of Lamb, of a score of others who at once recur to the memory spurred by these few names. All bring the same inspiration, all fasten the imagination upon the nobler elements in living and thinking. And yet how rare they are! Stretch the list to its utmost, the names are still not many, the company is still a small one. That is one reason the more why it is worth while to do honor to a side of Lowell's correspondence, of Fitzgerald's, or of Matthew Arnold's, which may, from one point of view, seem to be obvious. The fine things of the world are nearly always obvious. The critics like to twist themselves into knots of metaphysical interpretation over works of art and literature, as over the works of God, which the public is willing to leave more or less exclusively in their hands, as though a technical jargon were the only fit vehicle for the celebration of such themes. But the simplicity of genius, which is often talked about in a hierophantic way, was not given to man to mystify his fellows. Like the moonlight on the sea, it appeals to the inner eye with a spontaneity that is none the less bewitching because the depths beneath silently flow on and do not ask to be considered, to be talked about. The beauty is there on the surface, where every one can see. Why ask for more? It is this splendid frankness which makes Lowell irresistible. It is no small thing for a man's thoughts to be turned inside out, as the publication of his private letters turns them, and the beauty of his nature be rendered only more beautiful thereby. He leaves in the mind the feeling which was inspired in Lowell by the spring.

There never was such a season, if one only did not have to lecture and write articles. There never is such a season, and that shows what a poet God is. He says the same thing over to us so often, and always new. Here I've been reading the same poem for near half a century, and never had a notion what the buttercup in the third stanza meant before. But I won't tell. I'm going to have it all to myself.

He would not tell, and yet to read him closely is to begin to know what "the buttercup in the third stanza" means.

The robe of the mysterious goddess, brodered with buttercups, spurning and yet caressing the dewy grass, flutters and is gone as the reader wanders on in company with Lowell. That she could come back at Matthew Arnold's call is not surprising to those who know his poems well, and yet even to them it seems that she lends her radiance to his letters in unexpected measure. It has been difficult to discard or to modify that impression, which Lowell himself passes on in a note to the Misses Lawrence. "We have been having the coldest weather for many years," he says; "cold and clear as a critique of Matt Arnold's." For crystalline purity like Arnold's one expects to pay in a certain coldness that, if refreshing, is not invariably a perfect delight. But the letters change all this, and if the warm light that plays through them fails to stir the pulse of the reader, the fault must be in him. The austerity of the critic melts away beneath the tenderness of the man. Steadfastly severe his thought remains, and with the classic disposition of his genius it could not have been otherwise; but the relentless gaze of his calm, searching eyes only made life the clearer to him, its smallest joys the more to be appreciated, its most elusive sentiments the more imperious in their plea. His criticism, his satire, his poetry in some instances, have given him the reputation of a man whose every impulse was checked by serene meditation. He took pains to justify himself in many emotions and opinions over which it would not occur to the most of mankind to pause for a moment. Yet this ceases to be troublesome when a passage like this is encountered in one of his letters:

A little brook runs into the sea here [at Bourne-mouth], and my great amusement was to hang upon the bridge and watch two little girls who had laid a plank across the stream below me, almost touching the water, the banks being on a level with it, and kept running across it by turns, splashing themselves by the jiggling of the plank.

Where is the austerity now?

The truth is that Matthew Arnold paid the usual penalty of an author known by his works alone. Admiration of those may go a great distance, and yet fall short of divining the last fleeting secret of the spell which is laid upon the author's world. In the present instance the key is placed within the reach of every one who will recognize that what might be called the scholarship of Arnold's mind was inherent in his very nature, — was not the fruit of experience or study

alone, but the natural condition of his spiritual being. Admit this, and the letters show him in the true light—show him a blithe and winning man, quick to respond to every human interest, and never losing his love of men and things because his first impulse was to know the truth about them, to pierce externals and find their hearts, with an almost impassioned eagerness and concern. His love of truth, writ across his life and works in perhaps too strenuous characters—is it not the charm of Lowell, the charm of Fitzgerald, declaring itself in another guise? Certainly his letters follow theirs with the same bracing atmosphere, the same profoundly human sweetness of tone, the same debonair animation, the same delicate humor, the same witchery as of exalted genius proving with all its might its eternal identification with the happiest and truest side of our nature. Curiously, too, he is more accessible than either of his companions in this paper. Just as Lowell's modernity creates more quickly than Fitzgerald's quaintness a bond of understanding between writer and reader, so Arnold's ultra-modern strain of feeling makes him almost instantly comprehensible and a friend. In his letters he is the type, transfigured, of the man who might be met in familiar social life. His epistolary conversation has the keen edge of talk which might have been heard yesterday, so full is it of the thought, the feeling, which is active now in the development of two nations—of more than two, for Arnold was alive to many more ideas than those of the English-speaking race alone. Because he was so original, because what he thought was so rich in sympathy, in fresh vigor and charm, he is never academic, never "literary." But he makes literary things part of one's daily life. Beneath them, in his letters, there is the same vein of enthusiasm which declares itself in a line to Miss Fanny Arnold: "MY DEAREST FAN: It is an east wind and a gray sky, but I had meant to go to Horsley and see the daffodils." He glides with the utmost facility from a theme as light as this to subjects of much more "solid" significance, as subjects go. He touches both with the same vivacious hand. Sometimes the easy transition from domestic topics to others, accomplished with a good-humored refusal to take the second with any more seriousness than the first, is for its own sake admirable. In a letter to his mother he writes:

Flu and I lunched with Lady de Rothschild on Sunday, and she gave us a splendid box of bon-bons for the children. Tell little Edward the box was

like a trunk, and you take out tray after tray, and in each tray there is a layer of a different sort of bon-bon. Kiss that dear little man for me, and Dicky also.

Then, without a pause, the letter goes on:

On Sunday night I dined with Monckton Milnes, and met all the advanced liberals in religion and politics, and a Cingalese in full costume; so that, having lunched with the Rothschilds, I seemed to be passing my day among Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. But the philosophers were fearful! G. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, a sort of pseudo-Shelley called Swinburne, and so on. Froude, however, was there, and Browning, and Ruskin; the latter and I had some talk, but I should never like him.

A passage like the last would savor of professional criticism in the letters of most men living such a life as Matthew Arnold's. But, it may be repeated, his sincerity, his almost naïve seriousness, takes away the professional note and leaves his observations on books or their authors as charming as what he has to say about the less sophisticated subjects to which reference has been made. His sincerity included himself in its scope. In the whole range of autobiographical criticism it would be hard to find a judgment more reasonable, more exact, more modest in spite of its claims, than that which he passes upon his own work in a letter to his mother.

My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might fairly be urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs.

It would be a small-souled point of view from which this criticism could be criticized as prejudiced. It was merely impossible for Arnold to hold a brief for or against himself any more than he could hold one for or against any other writer. He practised what he preached. He endeavored to throw as much light as he could upon a subject, whether provided by his own work or another's, and then to "step aside," in his own words, "and let humanity decide." It is never his personal taste or feeling which serves as a basis for his criticism or his action. The episode of his pension, offered to him by

Mr. Gladstone, offers a case in point. The affair first appears within the pages of his correspondence, in the following letter:

MY DEAR MORLEY: To my surprise, I have just had a letter from your great leader offering me a pension of £250 «as a public recognition of service rendered to the poetry and literature of England.» To my further surprise, those about me think I ought to accept it, and I am told that — thinks the same. I have written to him, but have not yet got his answer. I write to you, that, whatever his answer may be, I may be fortified (?) by your opinion also, for I have an instinct which tells me that in matters of feeling you and I are apt to be in sympathy. It seems to me that, the fund available for literary pensions being small, and literary men being numerous and needy, it would not look well if a man drawing already from the public purse an income of nearly £1000 a year took £250 a year more from the small public fund available for pensions to letters, science, and art. I feel this so strongly that I should have at once refused, if it were not for those about me. Of course, I should be glad of an addition of £250, and if I find everybody thinking that my scruple is a vain one, I shall at least consider the matter very carefully, though really I do not feel at present as if I *could* accept the offer.

The upshot of Arnold's discussion of this matter with his advisers was that he yielded to their pressure and acquiesced in the offer of his Pericles, as he picturesquely called Mr. Gladstone. But his surrender does not diminish the effect of his hesitancy, for the former was made only when he had been fairly convinced. His indecision paints again the noble constancy of the man—his inability to take a sordid or selfish view of any affair, though it might be ever so closely related to his own fortunes.

Those in the main, it is pleasant to learn more clearly from his letters, were uniformly smooth and sunny. He had griefs and uncongenial labors. To have made him a school inspector, and to have kept him at the task for the best years of his life, was one of those acts of stupidity of which «the weary Titan» has been so often guilty. If one chose to take a sentimental and perhaps strained view of Arnold's situation, it might be said that the government was as tragically blundering when it left him to waste himself over examination-papers in the smaller schools of London and the provinces as it was when it left Gordon to his fate in the Soudan. But Arnold would have been the first to deprecate so extreme a comparison as this. He kicked against the pricks from time to time, but in a buoyant manner. Like Lowell, he could say: «I have had my share of bitter experiences

like the rest, but they have left no black drop behind them in my blood—*pour me faire envisager la vie en noir.*» To have escaped the blight of discouragement, of spiritual inertia, that was his greatest blessing, as it is the corner-stone of his correspondence. His parents and his children might be taken from him; tasks might overwhelm him, and with maddening triviality keep him from the real work of his life—the work he came into the world to do; cruelly bitter things might be printed against him by men who could not agree with his opinions, and forgot to confine themselves to criticism of the opinions, in wrathful anxiety to quench their author: but whatever the annoyance, whatever the sorrow, he met it with more than placid fortitude: he met it with a sweet urbanity that has been unmatched in the history of letters, and he turned from distressful things to fling his whole nature into the enjoyment of his home and his children, his garden, his animals. The last, by the way, occupy a particularly important place in Arnold's letters; and the key in which he writes of his various pets recalls the beauty of his elegiac poems. A letter to Mrs. Arnold, on the death of their pony, is full of this beauty:

Your announcement of dear Lola's death [he says] did indeed give me a pang. I have just been reading your letter again. You tell it beautifully, just all that I should naturally want to know; and all you have done is exactly right, and as I could wish. Perhaps we might have kept a *mèche* of her hair where it used to come down over her forehead, but I should have hated mangling her to take her hoof off, and should not have cared for having it when it was done. You have buried her just in the right place, and I shall often stand by the thorn-tree and think of her. I could indeed say, «Let my last end be like hers!» for her death must have been easy, though I am grieved to hear of her being so wasted and short-breathed. When I was at home at Christmas, I thought she was much as before, and she always liked her apples. I am glad Nelly went to see her. How glad I am, too, that we resisted all proposals to «put her away.» How small has been the trouble and expense of keeping her this year, and how far different is the feeling about her death now from what it would have been if we had put an end to her. There was something in her character which I particularly liked and admired, and I shall never forget her, dear little thing! The tears come into my eyes as I write.

It is in letters like this that Arnold is wholly at one with Fitzgerald and Lowell, pushing all literary things, all things of even remotely artificial temper, far into the background, and spending the entire force of his

spirit upon the humane impulses, the passionately sympathetic thoughts, which spring quicker to the heart of probably every normal reader at sight of the lines on Lola's death than at the touch of the writer's finest prose. And with Arnold, as with the two men of genius whose names have been joined with his so often in this place, the purely humane mood was the common mood of his life, the one to which the reader most frequently

comes back in his letters. «The real inside,» that is the test, as Lowell insists; and though Arnold is in his books one of the rarest spirits of his time, it is not until «the real inside» of him has been apprehended, not until he has been studied at home, that the extraordinary charm of his individuality is fully known. In this he is the type and ideal of what a letter-writer, and, we may add, a man also, in the noblest sense should be.

Royal Cortissoz.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Outgoing President.

NO President of the United States has ever taken other than a serious view of his great responsibilities; but it may be said that few of our Presidents have devoted themselves as conscientiously and minutely to the details of executive duty as has President Cleveland. The paper on «Our Fellow-Citizen of the White House,» in this number of *THE CENTURY*, is therefore of peculiar interest as describing accurately and freshly not only the duties of a President, but the particular methods of a particularly hard-working chief executive.

The paper referred to makes no mention of the well-known fact that the regular and constant duties of President Cleveland in his second term have been interrupted by events of unusual gravity. Certainly not since Lincoln's Presidency has any President been confronted by problems of equal difficulty, or had to meet crises of such excitement and threat. It should be remembered, too, that early in this second term there was a period of illness, occurring at a time of enormous anxiety and pressure.

It is a fact that while the career of the retiring President has been exceptional from the beginning, the period of his second term has been especially so. We have no intention to describe in detail its successes and failures, and shall mention, in an unpartizan spirit, only certain large policies with which, for praise or blame, it is sure to be identified in history. As to which of these policies shall seem from the standpoint of the future most notable, it is impossible for contemporaries to determine.

While there is difference of opinion as to the wisdom of President Cleveland's Hawaiian policy, it has been held by some experts in international relations that an ethical standard was then raised which may be cited in the centuries to come as of value to mankind.

While there is difference of opinion as to the details of the management of the Venezuelan negotiations, there is no difference of enlightened opinion as to the incomparable value of the issue of that negotiation in a treaty of peaceful arbitration between the two great

nations which are the joint inheritors of the language of Shakspeare and of Hampden, and of those principles of justice which, through different forms, perpetuate representative government and human freedom.

Mr. Cleveland's first term was identified, among other things, with the advocacy of a lower tariff, with the attempt to regulate pension legislation, with interest in free art, international copyright, and the reform of the civil service. His second term has been marked by a heroic struggle for that standard of value in the national coinage which exists in the most civilized nations. It stands also for a protest against high tariffs; for economy in expenditure; for defense of our harbors; for the preservation of the national forests; and for the right of the National Executive to interfere in States in certain circumstances, and without gubernatorial invitation, in the interests of law and order.

Along with the great peace treaty, which will distinguish not only an administration, but an age, must be classed Mr. Cleveland's civil-service policy. It has been his good fortune to strike the decisive blow at the spoils system. He has not gone so far as to leave no large accomplishment for his successors; but his orders extending the scope of the merit system are the most sweeping, the most damaging to the old and crying evil of our politics, that any executive has yet been fortunate enough to make.

Mr. Cleveland, with others especially of our strongly individual Presidents, has been the subject of bitter calumny. What Washington was not spared, nor Lincoln, he, too, has suffered; but perhaps in this last case the growing sensationalism of some portions of the press has added somewhat of venom and fantastic invention to the usual abuse of the partizan, the disappointed, and the evil-minded. It may be that no chief executive in a country of such diversified interests and such enormous territory can hope to be generally understood in his term of office, or even in his lifetime. Such a public servant will never be omniscient, will never be free from mistake and error; but the time comes at last, before or after the long release, when good intent

is appreciated by all men of fairness and good will. In some parts of our country, perhaps, the misconception as to both man and motive has been so deep-rooted that with thousands of the present generation it may never be corrected. In answer to accusations of neglect of the claims of friendly obligation, it may be of no avail to point to numerous instances where the opportunity of reconciling public duty with private inclination has been eagerly seized. Those who charge sympathy with the "moneyed classes" rather than with the "masses" deny the necessity of promptly upholding the national credit, in the manner adopted, in behalf of all the people. Many who accuse the President of obstinacy may not acknowledge that a strong man's firm adherence to principle would be a more charitable, and in this case reasonable, explanation of conduct; and so on through the long list of animadversions.

The most extreme partizan opponent of the retiring President must acknowledge, if he knows the history of the man and if he has any fairness in him, that through Mr. Cleveland's entire public career he has taken and firmly held one position after another believing it to be right, and in total disregard of the effect of his action upon his own political fortunes. Surely no American statesman has ever more conspicuously exhibited the rare and saving virtue of civic courage.

But, as already intimated, it is not intended here carefully to weigh achievement, but rather to express those kindly sentiments which all but the most intense partizans must feel at the retirement to private life of a distinguished American, after a disinterested public service in which, often against tremendous odds, he has accomplished some things which will be "written large" in the history of these United States.

And at such a time even an opponent should not refuse, at the very least, the meed of honest intention, and the greeting of good wishes. It was of the President who is now leaving the White House that Lowell wrote:

Let who has felt compute the strain
Of struggle with abuses strong,
The doubtful course, the helpless pain
Of seeing best intents go wrong.
We who look on with critic eyes,
Exempt from action's crucial test,
Human ourselves, at least are wise
In honoring one who did his best.

The Incoming President.

ASIDE from partizan questions and those relating to the tariff, it is gratifying to find in the record of Mr. McKinley's service in the House of Representatives, and in certain utterances of his during the recent campaign, abundant basis for the expectation that he is likely to rise above that dead level of provincialism which increasingly in Congress has been the constant foe of progress. After all, only a small part of the questions to which a President is compelled to address his attention are related to the antecedent division of opinion which we call partizanship, and it is greatly to be desired that a chief executive should be open to the influence of that body of expert and cultivated citizens which in the last resort must shape and order events in a democracy, if they are to be shaped and ordered for the public good. The intelligence of the few is the safeguard of the many, and the chief necessity, as well as the chief difficulty, of a

President is to know upon whom he may rely for such intelligence. But it is much to feel that an incoming President is animated not only by high motives, but by respect for learning and experience—a quality which, humiliating as it may be to confess, has been conspicuously wanting in recent Congresses, due partly to our machine system of nomination, and partly to the poor legislative timber brought down in recent years by unexpected and overwhelming freshets of public opinion.

Examples of Mr. McKinley's support of measures of progress are found in his votes upon the questions of civil-service reform, free art, and international copyright. On the last-named measure he voted constantly with those who took the side of civilization as against that of barbarism. With his cooperation, free art was incorporated in the original McKinley Bill as it left the Committee of the House of which he was chairman, though it was not enacted until the passage of the Wilson Bill. On the fundamental question of the merit system against the spoils system he has been aggressively right. In every platform of his party since 1872 there has been a declaration in favor of the reform, and in several national conventions he has been chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In his letter of acceptance he said:

The pledge of the Republican National Convention that our civil-service laws shall be sustained and "thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable," is in keeping with the position of the party for the past twenty-four years, and will be faithfully observed. . . . The Republican party will take no backward step upon the question. It will seek to improve, but never degrade, the public service.

This course was foreshadowed by his speech of April 24, 1890, in the House of Representatives, in which he said in part:

Mr. Chairman: In the single moment that I have I desire to say that I am opposed to the amendment of the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Houk], to strike from this bill the appropriation for the execution of the civil-service law. My only regret is that the Committee on Appropriations did not give to the commission all the appropriation that was asked for for the improvement and extension of the system. If the Republican party of this country is pledged to any one thing more than another, it is to the maintenance of the civil-service law and its efficient execution; not only that, but to its enlargement and its further application to the public service.

The law that stands upon our statute-books to-day was put there by Republican votes. It was a Republican measure. Every national platform of the Republican party since its enactment has declared not only in favor of its continuance in full vigor, but in favor of its enlargement so as to apply more generally to the public service. And this, Mr. Chairman, is not alone the declaration and purpose of the Republican party, but it is in accordance with its highest and best sentiment—ay, more, it is sustained by the best sentiment of the whole country, Republican and Democratic alike. And there is not a man on this floor who does not know that no party in this country, Democratic or Republican, will have the courage to wipe it from the statute-book or amend it save in the direction of its improvement.

Look at our situation to-day. When this party of ours has control of all the branches of the Government it is proposed to annul this law by withholding appropriations for its execution, when for four years under a Democratic Administration nobody on this side of the house had the temerity to rise in his place and make a motion similar to the one now pending for the nullification of this law. We thought it was good then, good

enough for a Democratic Administration; and I say to my Republican associates it is good enough for a Republican Administration; it is good and wholesome for the whole country. If the law is not administered in letter and spirit impartially, the President can and will supply the remedy. Mr. Chairman, the Republican party must take no backward step. *The merit system is here, and it is here to stay*, and we may just as well understand and accept it now, and give our attention to correcting the abuses, if any exist, and improving the law wherever it can be done to the advantage of the public service.

This quotation reveals, in one who has not been wanting in stanch devotion to party measures, an underlying and statesmanlike perception of the broader ground of good citizenship upon which appeal for the merit system may be made. The same largeness of view—into which others besides Mr. McKinley have had to grow—characterized his references during the campaign to the necessity of extinguishing sectionalism, whether between North and South in its last embers, or between East and West in its first kindling. In this he has risen, if not to the measure, at least to the style of Webster, and under his administration we may look for the steady promotion of a wise, forbearing, patriotic national spirit.

Of the items upon which we may here touch without offense, there remains Mr. McKinley's uncompromising committal of himself to the gold standard. While he has shown evidences of a strong regard for party pledges, and, no doubt, feels obliged to take measures to give a fighting chance to the bimetalists in accordance with the St. Louis platform, it may be that he sees the advantage to a sound financial system of demonstrating to the country at an early day the impossibility of reaching an understanding with European countries on that delusive basis. However this may be, his personal responsibility for the practical administration of treasury affairs will doubtless force him to follow his inclination to cut loose from the present insecure system of national finance, and to do what he can to aid in the construction of a sound, firm, and stable currency in keeping with the experience of the world.

On the Public Wearing of Political «Collars.»

SEVERAL of the chief States of the Union have recently surprised the good people of the country by conspicuous proofs of their humiliating domination by absolutely conscienceless and corrupt political machines. It would almost seem as if the great advances made of late in civil-service reform had stirred up the spoilsmen to an attack all along the line; at any rate, the notable triumphs of the merit system in the National, State, and municipal governments are contemporaneous with the manipulation of the machinery of party nominations by party «bosses» with such success as has seldom been witnessed.

But there are some consolations to be derived from the spectacle. In distributing the prizes of public office the machines have shown such baseness in their selection

of many of their beneficiaries as to betray their own true natures before the eyes of the entire community. The clearest sort of object-lessons have now made the dullest comprehend the fact that this sort of «machine politics» is not politics at all, but simple corruption. The deals are made in private, but the conspirators have to come out into the open to distribute or receive their payments from the trust funds of public office. The legislators who are bought by the payment of campaign expenses, derived ultimately from the cowardly guardians of corporate interests; the «respectable» citizens who are silenced or made allies of by the distribution of honors, salaries, or «opportunities»—all are rewarded in public; all wear their collars, inscribed with the owner's name, in the light of day.

Well, either this sort of thing will not last, or the country will not last. But if vulgar and defiant corruption is not permanently to take the place of government in our States and cities, every citizen who contemplates the disgraceful travesty of free institutions, shown in so many American communities, must do his or her individual part in bringing about the better state of things that is surely coming. There is nothing that cannot be accomplished by a righteous public opinion, and there is not a man or woman in the nation who cannot help to bring that instrument into play upon the backs of public recreants and despoilers.

A Good Example in Government Building.

THE articles devoted in this number of THE CENTURY to the new Congressional Library in Washington will give a good idea of a very notable and unusually successful example of construction under government control. Artistically, there is so much that is good that at the outset it seems ungracious to indulge in specific dispraise; and yet we may say, in passing, that some small portion of the painting now in place we hope to see removed from the walls in the interest of good taste and good art. The reproductions which we are able to give at the time of going to press by no means show forth all the excellent work of the many artists employed. There is some good work in sculpture, but on the whole the sculptors, perhaps for lack of equal opportunity, hardly seem so far to have done as well as the painters in connection with the library building.

In the matter of construction, it is to the credit of all concerned that the building, which was begun in the spring of 1889, is completed within the time limit; and, moreover, with a saving of about \$140,000 on the total appropriation. It is interesting to note, by way of comparison, that the gigantic municipal building in Philadelphia, begun in 1872, is only just now being finished, and that, while the Philadelphia building has already cost not less than \$1.60 per cubic foot, the library has cost but 63 cents per cubic foot, including decorations and everything else.



OPEN LETTERS

How to Utilize Old Magazines.

LOVERS of good current literature are often unable to decide satisfactorily what to do with their accumulation of magazines, reviews, and pamphlets. There was a time when these were not so numerous or voluminous, and the annual accumulation of two or three thumb-scarred volumes was sent by all well-regulated families to receive the bookbinder's care and attention. This done, they were placed on the library shelf with a sort of old-time parental admonition that they were not to speak until spoken to.

Much that these publications contain is of more than current interest or passing worth; then why this estrangement and neglect? Many of us value and esteem these old friends, but we approach them for the sake of lang syne, or else to remove the dust from their neglected covers. We live apart from them, so to speak, and consult them at long intervals. The gaps in these intervals are growing wider each succeeding year, and with the rapidly increasing appearance of cyclopedias, republications, and reference-books, the poor old shelf-worn bound magazines of ten, fifteen, or thirty years ago will become meaningless, except, like Mrs. Chub's picture, «for the name that's on the back.»

By reason of the great number and variety of periodicals which nowadays come into the family, and because of their bulk and the cost involved, fewer people bind them. Another reason for not preserving them is because of the space required to accommodate their rapidly increasing numbers. Assuredly the chief reason must be their unavailability after they are bound and shelved. The name of the magazine or of the review does not suggest the subjects contained or the matter for which we are in search, and without a classified index at hand search is always laborious and often fruitless. But even with a classified index of current literature in the library the difficulty is not removed, and the proper disposition of one's magazines and reviews remains an unsolved problem. The experience of one who has given the subject some attention is here recorded, with the hope that it may act as a thought or suggestion.

There comes a time in nearly all families of the present generation when some of its members are overpowered by the enormity of «back numbers» that cover attic floors, out-of-the-way closet shelves, and sometimes deny visitors the use of a library chair or two. At this juncture the presiding genius of the household is seized with a sudden fit of charity or philanthropy, and the city hospital becomes the recipient of cast-off goods. (There have been cases when the inmates were deluged with as many as twenty sets of Congressional Records, enough to make the poor readers inmates for life!) Having been faced with such a dilemma a few months ago, the hospital decree was issued by the aforesaid

feminine genius of the household, and only by a promise to make careful and satisfactory disposition of the literary property could she be dissuaded from her charitable course.

On the following evening, plans having been devised, work was begun, and it was continued through several weeks of an unusually severe winter, with pleasure, profit, and satisfaction, until the task was completed. From their dark corners came trooping forth CENTURYS, «Harper's», «Forums», «Scribner's», «Nineteenth Century», and «North American», «Contemporary», and «Fortnightly» Reviews, and these were destined to warm themselves in turn under the rich glow of the student's lamp.

The work of dissection is begun, the first step being to remove the covers and the pages of advertisements. Next, with a strong, sharp pair of nippers, the wire fastenings are clipped and drawn, or the threads cut with a sharp knife. A careful examination of the contents is now made, and the separation of the leaves is undertaken. This requires great care, and boxes of pins and small rubber bands should be kept at hand. It so happens now and then at the end of one article and the beginning of another that the leaves part easily without having to cut or tear them. The oftener this occurs the easier becomes the task, and if the printer could only be induced to arrange his matter so that the last page of one article would face the first page of another, the classification would be greatly simplified. Recognizing the inexpediency of this, the best must be made of difficulties, exercising always a little extra care and judgment. Such articles as are not to our liking, or for which we do not care, are first removed and consigned to the waste-paper basket. Serial stories, or even short storiettes if they have any merit, are likely to appear in book form, and consequently they, too, can be consigned, like some of our dear rejected manuscript, «to outer darkness.» Having disposed of stories and undesirable articles, and with still further eliminations which suggest themselves before the work of assortment and classification is begun, the original pile of publications is greatly reduced, and the undertaking seems less heroic. Now classification begins, and the real pleasure of the work is fully realized. Every deposit upon the respective piles is a plunge into a world of thought or an excursion into distant lands. Like the cards in lotto, sheets of paper on which are written comprehensive headings or titles are spread out over a large table, or sometimes over several tables, and upon these sheets the respective articles are placed. In the present instance, as many sheets as there were classifications were laid, and the headings used on these were the titles adopted for the respective volumes after the classified articles had been bound. Some of these were taken from one magazine or review, and some from

another, and indiscriminately mixed. However strained the relations of the editors or managers of the respective publications, no estrangement existed here. Everything was upon an equal and friendly footing, and what was best in *THE CENTURY* would lie down with what was best in *«Harper's,»* and, as if not satisfied without having all that was good, a contribution from *«Scribner's,»* or *«The Forum,»* or *«The Fortnightly,»* or *«The Nineteenth Century,»* or *«The Contemporary Review»* was demanded, and the demand forthwith supplied. *«The North American»* was in demand, but it excluded itself because of its size, which is neither so long nor so broad as it is deep and great. It, therefore, usually formed a pile of its own, but met its friends on the shelves. Thus many good things were brought together and grouped, with a view to getting kindred and congenial spirits in one another's company, giving to the reader the maximum of enjoyment, and conferring upon him the greatest benefits.

The size of the respective volumes cannot be definitely prescribed, but in thickness they should not exceed one and a half inches. A book one inch in thickness is a more convenient size, but it is not always possible to restrict it within any prescribed limit. There may be some very slight variation in the dimension of the pages in the respective magazines and reviews, but in the binding they are trimmed to a uniform size, and while there may be some variation in the margin, it is so trifling that it is scarcely noticed.

The periodicals in the present instance must have numbered five hundred or more, and after their articles were separated, classified, and bound, they numbered between sixty and seventy volumes. In a well-selected library they present an appearance inferior to few and superior to many of its volumes, and rank with the best in conferring elegant wisdom and pleasure. Here are a few of their titles: *«Art Papers,» «Artists,» «Architecture,» «The Stage,» «The Press,» «Clubs,» «Libraries and Museums,» «The South,» «Kentucky,» «Indian and Negro,» «International Questions,» «Biographical,» «Historical,» «Municipal Government,» «Invention and Discovery,» «Industrial Enterprises,» «Educational,» «Colleges and Universities,» «Scientific,» «Financial Papers,» «Authors and Authorship,» «Books and Book Notes,» «Great Ship Canals and Highways of Commerce,» «Government Control of the Railway and the Telegraph,» etc.*

Again, the magazines are brought together in more noticeable and delightful companionship, *«Topics of the Time,» «Points of View,»* and *«Easy Chair»* commingling, comparing notes, and imparting wisdom in one group, while the *«Editor's Drawer»* and *«In Lighter Vein»* go into another, making hearts glad and driving dull care away.

It often happens that it is impossible to separate articles, for the reason that a desirable one ends on one side of a leaf and another may begin on the other side of the same leaf. One article may be on politics and another on some scientific subject, or one on politics and another on religion. This difficulty is remedied by having a volume devoted to *«Politics and Religion»* or *«Politics and Science.»* They either should not or do not generally go together in the affairs of life, but in a mute and submissive volume no harm can be done.

Many other titles will suggest themselves to the reader, taste and inclination being the determining factors.

It is inconceivable to the casual reader how much literature of real and permanent value appears monthly in the magazines and reviews of the United States and England, but all doubt is removed and a clear conception is obtained after consulting the shelf of books just described. Here, for example, is the way an interesting symposium is formed by papers appearing in the volume entitled *«Ships that Sail the Sea,»* viz.: *«Are Fast or Slow Steamers the Safest?» «The Limit of Speed in Ocean Travel,» «The Ship's Company,» «The Good Ship Constitution,» «The Ocean Steamship as a Freight-carrier,» «The Revenue Cutter Service,» «Ocean Passenger Travel,» «With Uncle Sam's Blue-jackets Abroad,» «With Yankee Cruisers in French Waters,» «Speed of Ocean Steamers,» «Steamship Lines of the World,»* etc.

The volume entitled *«The Great Ship-canals and Highways of Commerce»* contains the following between its covers: *«The Present State of the Panama Canal,» «Waterways from the Ocean to the Lakes,» «The Nicaragua Route to the Pacific,» «The Nicaragua Canal,» «Impediments to our Domestic Commerce,» «The International Railroad Problem,» «The Nicaragua Canal and Commerce,» «Our Lake Commerce,» «Ways to the Ocean,» «The Isthmian Ship-railway,» «Ship-railways,» «Evolution of the English Channel,»* and *«Speed in Railway Travel.»*

It would be difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, to find any one work containing more reliable information on the subject mentioned, or one so well suited to the tastes, needs, and capabilities of the general reader.

In the volume devoted to *«Studies of Sundry Subjects»* are collected many odd and incongruous titles, but often a separation is impossible without destroying one or the other of such articles as end or commence on the pages of the same leaf. For example, the splendid paper on *«Our Political Dangers»* by Professor Simon Newcomb, and the brilliant paper of Bishop Spalding on *«Froude's Historical Methods,»* could not have been separated without the destruction of one or the other, and for that reason they were properly assigned to the collection in which they appear. The associations formed in these volumes are democratic, cosmopolitan, catholic, and promiscuous. All sides of all questions, and the leaders of thought representing them, are given an equal chance and an impartial hearing. Emperor, king, president, and subject, the pope, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, John Knox, Dr. John Hall, John Wesley, and Martin Luther, Andrew Carnegie, T. V. Powderly, Henry George, Professor Ely, and David A. Wells, are brought and constantly kept together in intimate and pleasant relationship. France and Germany, England and Russia, Austria and Italy, China and Japan, form a happy union, disclosing their charms to a delighted and interested audience of impartial readers. The formality of courts, the fashion of the ball-room, the conventionalities of society, the differences of rank and condition, the bitterness of national or party feelings, personal estrangements, religious prejudices, all are here waived and made subordinate to a free and easy, united and harmonious, social and kindly spirit, much to be desired but seldom seen in the more real and less ideal affairs and condi-

tions of human society. Thus may be instituted a modern «Thousand and One Nights» entertainment. The occupation of arranging and assorting is in itself very pleasant, having its social side, and bringing the family together into close communion; and it is instructive, as it renews acquaintance with subjects half forgotten, and forms acquaintances with others before ignored.

Then the work itself praises its master and friends, illustrating the process of winnowing the chaff from the grain, typifying the reunion of friends and brothers separated and estranged by differences of opinion and belief, and finally establishing a union of good, wise, noble natures in an ideal republic as enduring, as delightful, and as useful as good.

Herman Justi.

«One Man Who Was Content.»

A DEBT of gratitude is due to Mrs. Van Rensselaer from those who have been so fortunate as to read in the December CENTURY her sketch, «One Man Who Was Content.» This dispassionate recital of the tragedies of a life, and the triumph of personality over fate, is an inspiration to its readers. The tragedies rehearsed in the narrative are not wonderful or unprecedented. They are such as may come into any life, to be taken lightly by the irresponsible or seriously by the thoughtful and introspective soul. It is not to the light-brained, nor scarcely to the light-hearted, that the rehearsal appeals; but rather to him who knows that stinging blows can be dealt by the hand of fate, or to one who has suffered through his own mistakes or the mistakes of others. Personal tragedies are ordinary happenings to the world at large. The death of one man merely makes room for the ambition of another, and each man has his own content to seek, his own happiness to possess, and his own salvation to gain. Individual man, even amid a host of friendly souls, stands sublimely alone with his Creator. To fall by the wayside under adverse circumstances argues only a weakness which fate is justified in crushing out. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: To dwell in resignation «is to acknowledge defeat at the hands of life, to accept it, and in passive endurance to give up the fight for happiness. . . . But the brave man, the wise man,» cannot do this; «he holds to his birthright of hope, and looks forward to a time when,» notwithstanding the enmity of fate, «in some sure way he will reconquer and reestablish contentment.» It is the cheerful tone which commends Mrs. Van Rensselaer's story. From her position nothing, no adversity, no mistake, is irremediable. No matter what the changing conditions of life may present, there is always a chance for readjustment to new denials and new demands. Unkind fate shall not dominate, for there is always something desirable left which can be secured. Pessimism is at present so rampant in literature that optimism is to be doubly appreciated. «The mood of disdain is upon us,» but it is neither a wholesome nor a desirable state. Only that is desirable which brings content, and «the greatest good to the greatest number.» There is no surer way to make a tired, tiresome, and pessimistic people than to make their literature on that pattern. Grant that life is a struggle; grant that there is more of the minor than of the major: but do not sell the

«birthright of hope» by eliminating or disabling man's power of modulating from the minor into the major.

From the most depressing situations may come the most glorious success; and the writer who inspires the world at large with this idea, who models his literature that it may build up hope, elevate character, stimulate thought, and urge to creditable and noble action—to such a one the world owes a debt. If the writer of «One Man Who Was Content» has inspired one depressed, despondent mind to vigorous action which results in accomplishment and content, then has she used her talents to great purpose.

But, some critic observes, the whole story of this one contented man is full of egotism. It puts a premium upon egotism. It is full of the all-important «I.» This criticism is granted; for in dealing with himself one always deals with an egotist. It is an egotist who says (quoting from the story under discussion): «I feel that I have indeed been successful, not because I have done all that with my chances a man might do, but because I have done absolutely all that with my abilities was possible to me.» But, egotistic as it is, it sums up all the possibilities of a life. It is a summary made by a man with sense sufficient to measure himself; and when such an example is found, be it in fiction or reality, it illustrates and accentuates the fact that when a man can measure himself, and know that he has turned all his talents to account, not burying one of them—to such belong rightfully the earnings of content.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's story is a contribution to ethics. It defines man's duty to himself, and it tells him how to discharge that duty, in its teaching that hope and happiness are to be gained through earnest and honest development of talent, and again in the reminder of its concluding idea, that there is no «justification in a record of empty days.»

Estelle Thomas.

A Scientific Basis for Liquor Legislation.

EIGHT years ago a little company of distinguished students of social problems, who called themselves the Sociological Group, took up some of the larger subjects of social welfare, and their studies (for every subject taken up was made the special study of one member, and his conclusions were discussed by them all) were published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in 1889 and the years following. Four years ago they decided to enlarge the group and to concentrate their study on one great subject. Thus it came about that the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem was organized. A fund was subscribed, and an original and comprehensive investigation was begun. No more significant or more public-spirited piece of work was ever undertaken, none that showed a more serious purpose. So entangled is the subject with social and even race prejudices, religious opinions, and political purposes, that it could be investigated satisfactorily in the United States only by a voluntary association of men of the highest character and the best equipment. One of the principal lines of inquiry was into the results of our legislative experience in regulating the liquor traffic; this was undertaken under the supervision of Presidents Eliot of Harvard University and Low of Columbia University, and James C. Carter, Esq., of New York. Another was into the economic and social effects of the

liquor traffic, which was intrusted to a committee of professional economists, of which the late President Francis A. Walker was chairman. In 1894 the committee on the legislative aspects of the problem sent into the field trained investigators, who, after nearly two years' work in eight States, each of which has different liquor laws, submitted their reports, which are now published (*A Study of Liquor Laws*) by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These reports cover sufficient time and area and difference of conditions definitely to establish certain conclusions, which will govern all wise legislation in the future.

The most striking fact emphasized by the whole body of this work is the corruption that liquor laws bring into local politics. The corruption is not always in proportion to the severity of the law, but often in proportion to the complexity of the machinery for its enforcement, and always in proportion to the lagging of public sentiment behind the letter of the law. The worst effect in political corruption has been in Maine, in communities where prohibition had been supported the prohibition amendment to the constitution. The investigation solemnly reports as the result, «a full-blown hypocrisy, which is nowhere so perfect as in the legislative house. Prohibition, which is already clearly waning as a proposed solution of the problem, can never recover from the damaging conclusions drawn by the committee from the study of its operations in Maine and Iowa. True, it has banished breweries and distilleries from Maine, but «there is no evidence that it has diminished the consumption of alcoholic drinks.» The motives of the original prohibitionists, and of many later ones, were good, and some benefits have resulted from prohibition; but «unlooked-for evils of the gravest character also are due to it,» such as «a whole generation of habitual lawbreakers, scorned conscience and shamelessness»; «corruption effective through favoritism in polling, delays, perjuries, neglects»; «officers of the law double-faced and mercenary»; «office-holders unfaithful to pledges»; «bribes, hush-money, and assessments for political purposes»; «used to corrupt the lower courts, the police administration, political organizations, and even the electorate itself.» The same phenomena were found also in Iowa under a prohibitory law, which, as in Maine, produced political, not to say social, immoralities out of proportion to its somewhat slight benefits.

Political evils of another kind followed the State-dispensary system in South Carolina. The army of store-keepers and State constables and commissioners that was organized under this interesting experiment produced an almost invincible political machine, with all a machine's evil qualities. The South Carolina experiment was like many other experiments in this—that the law had directly contrary results, in regard to discouraging consumption, from the results that were expected. It was expected that it would restrict drinking in the rural districts, though perhaps not in the towns; whereas in the towns it distinctly discouraged drinking and lessened crime, while in the country it encouraged intemperance. «There is,» concludes the committee, «no American legislation effective to remove the motive of private profit from the traffic.»

Measuring the success of liquor laws in proportion to their freedom from political corruption, of the eight kinds of laws the effects of which were examined in Maine, Iowa, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, and South Carolina, the most successful of all has been the simple tax law of Ohio. Under this law the traffic is not licensed, but simply taxed. No false morals creep into such frank dealing with it, and there is less chance for political corruption.

Measuring the success of liquor laws by their promotion of temperate habits, the committee has not found that «any one kind of legislation has been more successful than another.» In one community one restrictive system has proved best, in another community another system, each in proportion to its support by local public sentiment and the sincerity of the execution of the law.

One clear and helpful conclusion deduced from this wide study is that in few towns and cities has the limit of license fees been reached. Within a period of five years the fees in Boston were doubled and again increased, without diminishing the number of applicants for licenses. The revenue-producing capacity of the licensed traffic is estimated at the points reached where the illicit traffic is encouraged in any fairly well-policed community.

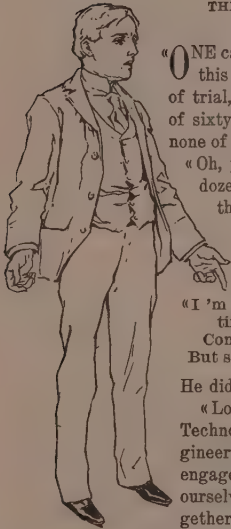
In general, this thorough and illuminating study of our experience with liquor legislation establishes on a scientific basis these facts, which are as important as they are fundamental: Attempts at prohibition have been vicious failures, except in small areas where public sentiment has been virtually unanimous and in towns adjacent to large cities; no successful method has been found in the United States to remove the motive of private profit from the traffic; the greatest success has attended restrictive laws which impose severe taxes, and reduce the number of saloons, confining them to certain localities, and requiring a separation of the traffic in liquors from all other traffic, and imposing all enforceable conditions of publicity, such as the absence of screens, as in Massachusetts; in other words, we have successfully dealt with the problem only by elevating the saloon and then by heavily taxing it. And the investigation gives overwhelming proof that this great subject of social welfare, if no other, *can be dealt with best—indeed, can be dealt with only—in small areas; local laws are the only laws worth having in regulating it, and no local law is worth having except a law that local public sentiment will enforce.* When we find these truths scientifically demonstrated, and our wasteful and corrupting experience, they cease to be mere truisms, for they become the foundation of a real social science. And they have a many-sided significance. They show the way to the true promotion of temperance; they give a clue to effective legislation; they point to the repression of the most corrupting influence in local politics; they indicate a yet imperfectly developed source of public revenue; and they make forever plain the distinction between the real laws of social progress and the dogmas of ignorance or philanthropy. The demonstration is as clear as a demonstration can be of far-reaching conclusions about so complex a subject of social well-being.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

«Trialments, Troublements, and Flickerments.»

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE TECH. GRADUATE'S TRIALMENT.



«ONE can't do any kind of work in this world without having lots of trial,» sighed the schoolma'am of sixty-four unruly urchins; «but none of you have so much as I.»

«Oh, yes, we do,» said the half-dozen boarders in chorus; and the salesman in the engagement-ring-at-cost jewelry-store strummed on his soft-voiced guitar:

«I'm sometimes up, and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home;
But still my soul feels—»

He did not finish.

«Look at me,» growled the Technology graduate in civil engineering. «Just when I'd got engaged, and we congratulated ourselves that we could be together lots evenings, now that I had such a good position in the

John Hancock Building, here I am informed by the president that «our plant is going to be centered,» and I am to be shipped off to Lowell to live in a «corporation boarding-house at \$2.50 per week, or dropped from the company.»»

«Yes,» said the overworked stenographer, pensively; «but how would you like to have a woman write to ask the *same* question for the fourth time, when you had respectfully and fully answered it three times?»

THE PUBLISHER'S FLICKERMENT.

«WELL,» said the publisher of «Cases on Pleading,» «every few days I get an overhauling from some man who knows nothing about printing, who thinks that I am trying to gouge him out of a few dollars. He will say that he has made only half a dozen alterations from copy and he would like to know why I am so extortionate. An author has no idea of the time these (little) changes require. He thinks five minutes enough to squeeze in a word or two here and there, when perhaps that insert will take an hour or an hour and a half. When proof is returned corrected, it must be sent down to the compositor who set it. He looks up the number, hauls out that particular form from under a mass of heavy metal,—and perhaps that form weighs forty pounds, solid lead, too,—drags it to his imposing-stone to unlock it—or you'll understand me better if I say knocks it apart with his

mallet. You know, little wedges called quoins are rammed in alongside the type to keep the tiny bits in place so it cannot drop apart. It has got to be unlocked just right, too, or there will be a pretty kind of «pi.»

«It may be that the correction is at the beginning of a long paragraph; now every bit of that must be changed to get in that one word. If an author would only consider, he would see that a compositor could get in a whole line of new matter in much less time, for every character in the paragraph must be moved along to make way for the newcomer.

«Oh, we have lots of fault found with our innocent proof-readers. I tell you, it is no small matter for any one person to look after some authors' hen-tracked manuscripts, scrutinize their anachronisms, uniformity, spelling, punctuation, capitalization, notice whether there is perfect or no grammar at all in a sentence, look sharp after any historical flaws or misplaced constructions—and all this through the hottest and coldest days of the year, month in and month out, and after Labor Day not even a Saturday afternoon off in which to turn the current of mechanical thinking and prevent absolute dizziness.»

THE CLERK'S TRIALMENT.

«WELL, well, 't is too bad,» said a clerk; «but just let me tell you about my days. I work for the Solid Comfort Grate Company on Chickatawbut street. A customer comes in.



«I want a tiling round my grate.»

«What color?»

«Green.»

«I show a dark green.

«Oh, no; nothing like that.»

«Then I put out a side and a half of Nile green; but that is just what a friend of hers has, and she would not copy for anything. I get a blue-green with wavy lines in the high lights.

«Yes, that is charming; but—» She suddenly finds that she does n't want green, but blue. Why, one woman came in, and after giving me arm-weariness for two hours dragging out tiling, said, 'I am not at all fussy, but I must have something that suits me.'»

«But I want to tell you this. The other day an old gentleman walked in with three ladies. The women proceeded to select some tiling for the library. Each had a different idea of just what color that room needed. I waltzed round there for an hour, and brought out about everything we had in the store, but they could not agree on anything. Finally the old gentleman, who had not said a word in praise or dispraise, spoke up:

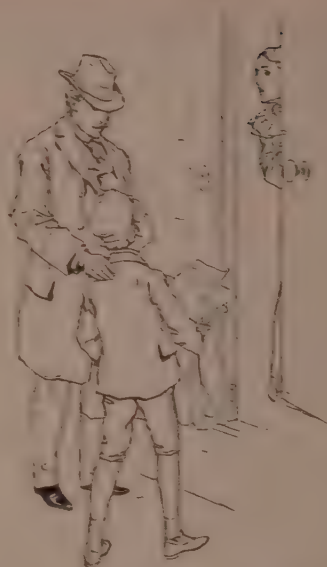
«See here, young man; how long have you been in this business?» I told him. «Well, it is probable that you have got some sense by this time. Just put away or cover up all that stuff you 're taken down, and lay out what you consider would best harmonize with what these women have told you about that room.» I brought out what was, to my thinking, the prettiest thing in our stock. «All right,» said the old gentleman; «I 'll take that. Send it up to the house.» And he handed me the cash on the spot for the most costly thing we had in our establishment. You can be sure I was n't long running down to the bookkeeper to have the bill made out; and all the time I could hear the ladies chirruping: «That's just too lovely!» «Too sweet for anything!» «Uncle always has such good taste!»»

THE CANTASSER'S TROUBLEMENT.

THE life of our boarding-house came in just then—a handsome man of about thirty, who several years ago, before his brother's carelessness had made him blind for life, was a clerk in the New York Stock Exchange.

«Well,» said he, «you know I've gotten my living for some years now by canvassing from house to house with a small boy to guide me. I managed to save up a few hundred dollars, and bought a few shares flat in the Wisconsin Central. You remember it was rather shaky a while ago, and so every morning I made a point of asking my boy to read me the quotations. He had gotten quite used to opening that part of the paper first. One morning we started off in a hurry without looking at it, but the very first house we went to had a newspaper lying on the top step. I rang the bell; nobody came to the door. Rang again, and while waiting for a response the boy picked up the paper to look at the news. Just as a woman opened the door I called out to him in a jovial tone:

«How's your Wisconsin Central this morning?» A more startled female, the boy said, you never saw in your life; and she slammed the door so hard that it almost threw me into a fit of nervous prostration. Though we rang and rang,—for I had been told that the woman



would be a very good customer,—never once did she come near the door. I supposed she thought I had just escaped from Bellevue.»

THE SILK-PEDDLER'S FLICKERMINT.

«If you will bear with me a few minutes,» said a tall man who had been standing at the door listening to the salesmen's troubles, «I 'll give you an experience of mine when I was a silk-peddler in one of our New England country towns. I tell you, the farmers there have a hard tussle with mother earth for a little money, and their wives have a harder one to get a little of that, though some of them are born «close.»

«I had been canvassing this place about a week, and had done pretty well. Some bought because they pitied me when they saw the empty sleeve where my arm was torn off by a rebel shell, but more bought because I sold good silk, and they enjoyed taking their pick from the large assortment of big spools—one-hundred-yard spools and fifty-yard ones, with twist to match gowns of all shades of the rainbow. There was one house right in the middle of the town where I wanted to give the woman a chance to buy. I was rather curious to see her, for I had heard much of her penuriousness,—or «nearness,» as the folks called it,—and yet her husband was the wealthiest man in town. Rumor has it that one day at the Benevolence Society, which «met round» in those days, conversation turned to an aged widow who was doing her pitiful best to keep herself and invalid daughter alive on fifty dollars a year and the occasional contributions of neighbors. The lady of the house where the circle met offered to send three or four quarts of milk if Mrs. Howland, who lived only a stone's throw from the widow, would take it to her. Now «Gashmu saith it» that Mrs. H. kept that milk overnight, skimmed off the cream for butter, and took the rest to the widow, with two cents, which she told her she guessed would pay for the cream she 'd taken.

«Pins cost more forty years ago than they do now; and Mrs. H. had said more than once that she had fifteen pins when she was married, and never needed to buy any since. She was so devoted to her housework that she once walked almost to church before she noticed that she had neglected to put on her bonnet or take off her (Lancaster gingham) apron. She never would let her daughter cook because she might waste some flour; and though that girl married a street-railroad magnate, the entering wedge of the trouble that led to a separation between her and her husband was because she did not know enough about cooking to superintend a cook.

«Well, Mrs. H. was more gracious than I expected; for she said that (his) sister in an adjoining town had bought very good silk of me, and she did n't care if she looked at what I had. She should n't buy more than one spool anyway, for she thought —'s thread was good enough to make any dress except a silk, and it would do well enough there for the skirt seams; but her daughter would n't hear a word to anything but silk for basques, and she supposed she'd have to be extravagant and indulge her. She queried whether the black silk would turn gray in time.

«If my daughter should want to use it on the sewing-machine when she stitches the seams of the basque at her aunt Nancy's, will the silk keep breakin' and fuzzin' up?»

«I assured her that it was made in such a way that that was an impossibility.

«(Is the silk you sell as good as the «Bon Ton» that is advertised so much?)



«I fully believed that it was.

«Do you think it feels as smooth as «Sewin' & Holden's?»

«I told her I should be happy to compare the two.

«Wall, 'most all o' «his» folks 'cept Nancy use «Polar Star»; but Nancy told me to be sure to buy some silk from you when you came along, and I always like to oblige Nancy.»

«I told her that it was always better to keep in with one's relatives if possible.

«Don't you think your price is rather high for this size? Do you think there are one hundred yards on this spool?» And she slowly revolved it in the strong sunlight.

«I told her I had never heard any complaint.

«Wall, don't you know they might make the wood of sixty or seventy spools thicker than the others, and kinder mix them in with the regular size, and so cheat people?»

«I told her that my firm was known all over the country for absolute honesty in its dealings.

«Wall, s'pose you measure the silk on this spool; it looks rather small for a hundred yards.»

«It would have been bad enough to ask a two-armed peddler to measure a hundred-yard spool of silk! She noticed my hesitation, and ejaculated:

«(Oh, you think there ain't a hundred yards?)

«(No, madam, I don't; but will you take the spool if there are one hundred yards?)

«Having assured me she would, I asked for a tape-measure; but one could not be found. She said her daughter must have been using it and put it away somewhere, but a breadth of the carpet was a yard, and I could go by that. I did n't want to disarrange the furniture too much, so I knelt down on a breadth in front of the open fire and began to unwind the silk. I measured about thirty yards, then took off my coat, and went on measuring. I am rather a large man, and I was n't used to that kind of gymnastics. The fire seemed to grow hotter and hotter, and I did n't want to overlap on the yards by the thickness of a finger-nail, for if the silk did not hold out my reputation would be lost. Now and then sparks from the crackling birchwood flew on my shirt-sleeves, and the heat from the big backlog grew greater and greater. As I neared the end of the spool my excitement grew. Mrs. H.'s keen eyes were upon me. Suppose it should n't hold out? I drew in my arm for the hundredth time, passed the silk along between the thumb and finger of my hand to the opposite end of the breadth, and—there was just enough to make one hundred yards and three quarters of an inch over.

«Since that morning Mrs. Howland has told her neighbors always to buy their sewing-silk of that one-armed peddler.»

C. A. Brooks.

In the Tea Corner.

THE curtains shut us from the night,
The storm-beat came as from afar;
Her little hands, like waves of light,
Flashed white around the samovar.

A swinging lantern lit the scene;
Its crimson glow about us lay
Upon the inlaid wood between
The service brought from far Cathay.

I followed her with half-closed eyes
As daintily she made the tea,
Whose gracious incense seemed to rise
Like some rare Eastern sorcery.

Yet might I have restrained my love
But for the light that shimmered o'er
The flowing sleeves and bosom of
The Li Hung jacket that she wore.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

The Modern Cats.

I started out, in hope and youth,
To find the perfect wife;
But now I doubt, to tell the truth,
If she exists in life.
I had a most complete ideal
Of gracious womanhood,
Yet not too high-flown to be real,
Too witty to be good.

I only asked for striking looks
Combined with grace and style,
Good health, good breeding, love of books,
A bright and ready smile;
Neatness, of course, and common sense,
Social position, too;
Culture, a few accomplishments,
And tact to help them through;

Perfect good temper (for I own
That mine is sometimes short);
A wise economy (I'm prone
To spend more than I ought);
No disagreeable relatives
(For I have several such);
And a small fortune, for it gives
Ease—(and I have n't much).

Alas! for fifteen years I've tried
To realize this dream,
And yet no nearer to my bride—
My ideal bride—I seem!
Oh! if these lines should meet the eye
Of such a model she,
My heart awaits her sweet reply
(Care of THE CENTURY).

P. LAMAR.

«Songs of New York's Numbered Streets.»

«Songs of New York's Numbered Streets» is the title of a dainty little volume of poems from the pen of that gifted poetess Rita Little More, whose «Lines of New York's Avenues» made such a stir when they first appeared a year since. The songs begin with an ode to First street, and take up successively and successfully, in an astonishing variety of rhythms, each street up to One Hundred and Twenty-third.

Miss More is not without her faults; yet she is so evidently young, and so much in earnest, that we feel sure she will improve as the years go on; and in course of time, when her complete works constitute a directory of the streets of the metropolis, her pen will have attained the cunning of an Al hard.

As we have implied, there are one hundred and twenty-three poems in the collection, and the demands of space will prevent our printing even the shortest excerpts from each of them; but we cannot forbear quoting a few which celebrate the more noted of the numbered streets.

Especially graceful and tuneful are the verses entitled «Third Street», beginning:

Oh, Third street! Third street! Third street! if all who
pass you daily
Could look within your many homes, it would surprise
them really.

And this one about Twenty-third street has a grace and freshness that are the more marked when we consider the prosaic subject:

It is town you're ever stopping,
Here's the street to do your shopping—
Running east and running west.
If you've money to invest,
Particularly if female,
Stop here without fail.

There is an irregularity about the rhythm here that reminds one of Browning and Emerson.

This hits off Fourteenth street to a nicety:

Pearls and gems. Want to see 'em?
Go, then, to a dime museum:
You will find it quite a treat
Most anywhere in Fourteenth street;
That is where a person goes
If he wants continuous shows.

Miss More's sonnet to East Tenth street is very delightful; but as it is one hundred lines in length, we must pass it by. A striking instance of the independence of Miss More, her freedom from the bondage of dusty tradition, is this use of one hundred lines to make one sonnet. But while we admire this quality in her work, we must protest against some of her rhymes. The fact that Wordsworth and Whitier and Keats are sometimes careless in their rhymes does not make it any the less reprehensible for her to rhyme «tea-cups» with «sea-moss», or «soap-suds» with «words».

Here is an original way of looking at the street that lies just north of Forty-first; we quote it entire:

It is really quite a treat
To write a poem about Forty-second street;
For it has a certain quality—
What you might term an individuality.
On it is the Grand Central Station,
Entrance to our noble nation!
Mark the hurrying crowds go by,
All of them very alert and spry.
Never stopping on account of snow or rain
As they hurry along to catch a train.
What the names of our streets are reckoned
The first is decidedly Forty-second.

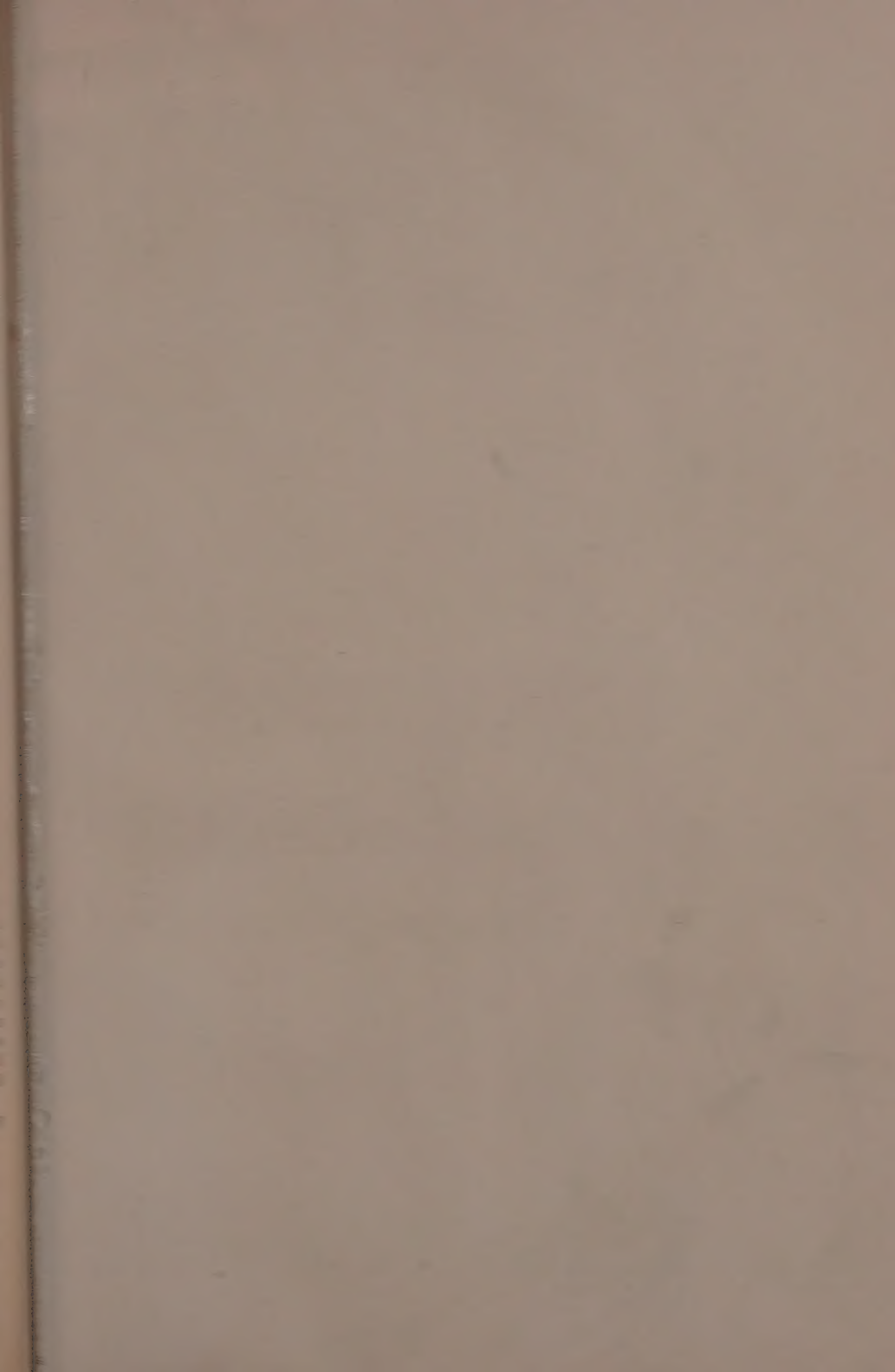
Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first streets are treated in roudian form, in which Miss More plainly shows the influence of Austin Dobson. We think, however, that it is a mistake to repeat the refrain more than five times in a roudian.

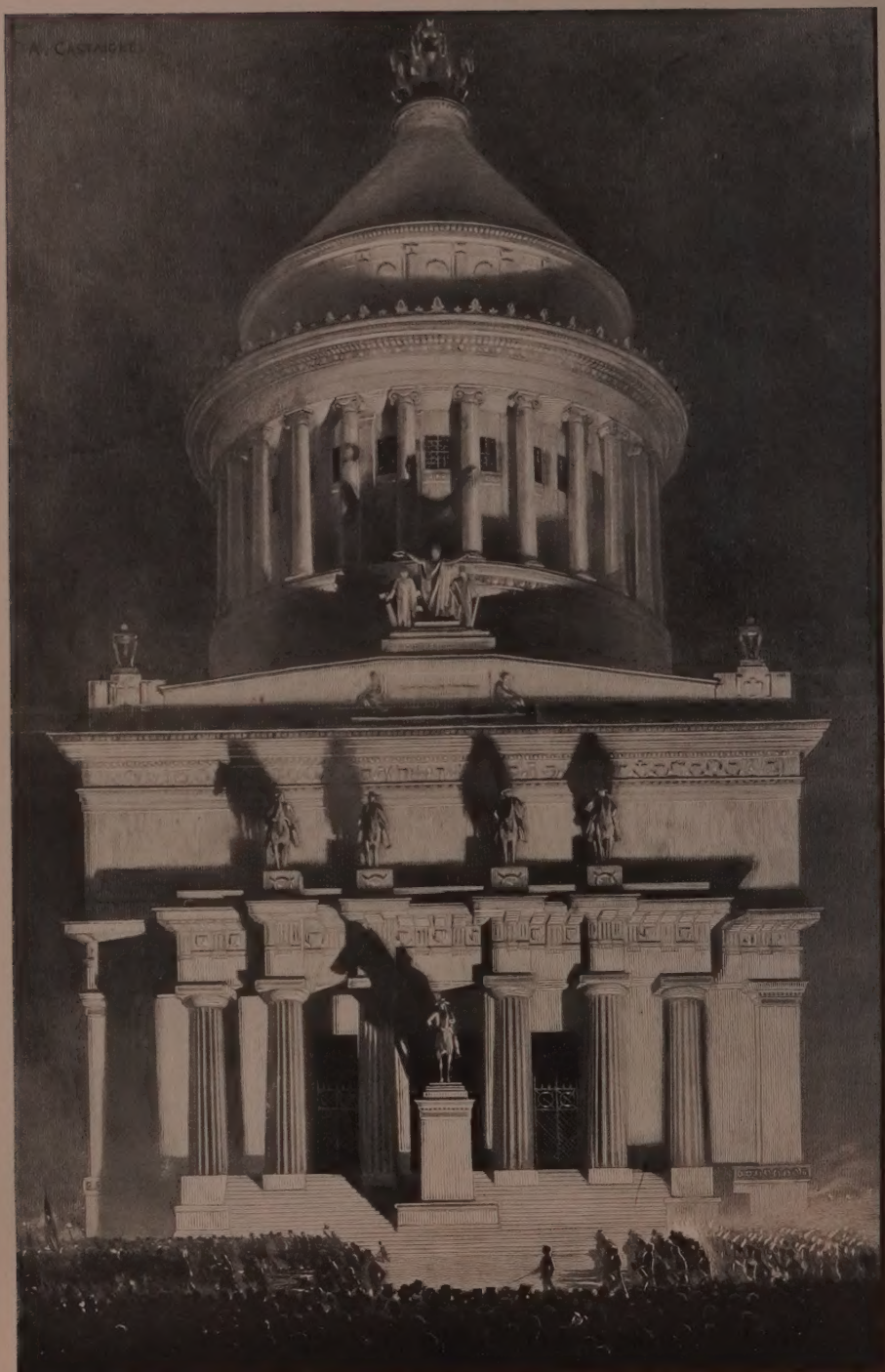
We understand that Volume II of «Songs of New York's Numbered Streets» is in press, and will deal with all the numbered streets lying north of One Hundred and Twenty-third. Miss More should be able to write a very noble poem upon One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and we look to her to do it. As we have no Alfred Austin on this side of the water, it behooves us to encourage our native talent; and as Miss Rita Little More has displayed great originality in her choice of subjects, we take pleasure in asking her to write still further.

We will conclude the review by quoting in its entirety the «Lines to Twenty-second Street»:

And what shall I say of you,
Now you're in view?
Not so many people have heard
Of you as have heard about Twenty-third.
Yet in the economy of streets you're necessary,
Very.
You are the back door of the shopping marts;
And the arts
Are beheld to you because studios,
As every one knows,
Abound within your confines:
Hence these lines.

Charles Butler Loomis.





DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT—RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.
MOST OF THE DETAILS OF SCULPTURE ARE MERELY SUGGESTIVE.